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THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY—THE PRINCE AND HIS SUITE DESCENDING THE STALHEIMSKLEV
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.—No Liberal statesman is attacked with so much bitterness as Mr. Chamberlain, and it must be admitted that he often provokes resentment by the unnecessary violence with which he states his opinions. But if we examine his proposals rather than his way of expressing them, it is not very easy to understand the persistent abuse with which he is assailed. The charge usually brought against him is that he advocates Socialism, and in a sense, as he himself said the other day at Warrington, this is true enough. For our laws are already to a considerable extent Socialistic. "The Poor Law is Socialism. The Education Act is Socialism. The greater part of our municipal work is Socialism. Every kindly act of legislation by which the community recognises its obligations and responsibilities to its poorer members is Socialistic." But if those who accuse Mr. Chamberlain of being a Socialist mean that his aims are the same as those of the Democratic Federation, they must have strange notions as to the objects at which the Democratic Federation aims. The most important of his schemes is his plan for "multiplying the number of those who have a direct interest in the soil which they till." Now, this part of his policy may or may not commend itself to economists; but it is certainly not Socialistic in the ordinary sense of the word. On the contrary, there is no proposal which is so heartily disliked by the Socialist party. In every continental country peasant proprietors are the most formidable opponents of Socialism; and it is perfectly well understood that if we had a similar class in England its members would not in this respect be essentially different from peasant proprietors elsewhere. As for the means by which Mr. Chamberlain hopes to establish the system he advocates, he is strongly opposed to confiscation. He desires that local authorities shall not take a square yard of land from any one without adequate compensation. Do Conservatives and Moderate Liberals suppose that if the Democratic Federation had its way it would be equally considerate?

IRISH PROSPECTS.—Lord Carnarvon still continues to wear the pair of rose-coloured spectacles which he put on when he became Viceroy. Speaking at Belfast on Tuesday he said that he did not regret the non-renewal of the Crimes' Act, as he believed that "a kindlier and a better spirit had been evoked among the people." Every well-wisher to his country must hope that these sanguine anticipations are correct. Unfortunately, such evidence as is attainable seems to tell in the opposite direction. Mr. Parnell, who never speaks without weighing his words, has lately used extraordinary frankness, declaring that he will be satisfied with nothing short of a kind of Home Rule which is almost indistinguishable from downright separation. It is quite possible that he says more than he means, on the principle of the farmer who asked his landlord for a barn in order that he might get a gate, but he would not speak as he does unless he knew that these violent harangues are highly relished by the mass of the Irish people. Or, take the case of the Irish National League. It is a body of no small political importance, for the speakers at its meetings are either the same men or the same sort of men as those who uphold Parnellism in the House of Commons. Well, do the League speeches show any signs of a better and kindlier spirit? Not a bit of it. They gloat over the chances of the disintegration of the Empire, they are filled with anti-British virulence, they dare the detested landlord to ask for his rent. These are not merely "wild and whirling words." They are words which are very readily translatable into deeds. This weighty fact is apparent in several parts of the South, where rick-burnings, cattle-houghings, and midnight attacks on the houses of obnoxious persons are once more prevalent. Even Mr. Parnell had the grace to say a few words on this subject the other day. He deprecated these occurrences, on the ground that they inflicted enormous injury on the cause of Irish freedom. Archbishop Walsh might fitly use his vast influence in the same direction. In the speech which he made after his induction he was eloquent about the vicious system of primary education, and the necessity of Home Rule, but he was quite mum on the subject of moonlighters. Yet a sincere dénonciation of these cowardly and malignant outrages from a man in his position would do more to stop them than all the soldiers and police in Ireland.

LORD SALISBURY'S LUCK.—As it would never do to admit that Lord Salisbury manages foreign affairs with greater adroitness than Mr. Gladstone did, Liberal writers get over the difficulty by crediting the former with better luck. The suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien* without any fuss was, we are assured, merely a stroke of good fortune; the stars in their courses fought for Lord Salisbury—perhaps out of jealousy of Mr. Gladstone's planet-like effulgence—and that is the end of the matter. It will be seen that this convenient theory might be made to fit any occasion. Kassala, it appears, has not fallen, after all; at least, not in civilised fashion. So far as can be gathered from the somewhat conflicting accounts which have come to hand, the gallant garrison began to feel "blue mouldy for want of a bating" after their final repulse of the besieging force. It will be remem-

bered that a large number of cattle were captured from the enemy in that brilliant sortie, and we ventured to conjecture at the time that considerable feasting took place among the victors. Hence, like Jeshurun, they "waxed fat, and kicked"—kicked one another, and perhaps fired all round, in American fashion, for the pure fun of the thing. The besiegers apparently wished to share the amusement; at all events, we have it reported that negotiations were set on foot, with the final result of two Hadendowa sheikhs being allowed to enter the town. This was the "capitulation;" in this fashion did Kassala the Heroic surrender. But, except these two holy gentlemen, all the rest of the besieging force remained outside the walls, and, finding it rather dull work, they very sensibly began to disperse to their homes. Perhaps they may have despaired of ever overcoming a garrison who, after being closely besieged for a year and a half, with next to no food for the chief part of the time, remained so full of fight that they could not keep their hands off one another. Anyhow, the Hadendowa horde became small by degrees and beautifully less, while the garrison, no longer cut off from the outside world, took advantage of the opportunity to bring in food supplies. As the Abyssinian relieving force is now *en route* for Kassala, the place may be considered out of danger, for which happy result Lord Salisbury's "luck" is to be thanked. The Hadendowas did not, of course, make themselves scarce because they heard of the coming of the dreaded Abyssinians, nor had Lord Salisbury anything to do with setting Ras Aloula in motion. It was all "luck," pure and simple.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.—There is now good reason to believe that the affair of the Caroline Islands will not lead to war, and much of the credit for this result is due to the manliness and self control of King Alfonso. It is true that if he had associated himself with the war party he would have been ruined; for all the world knows how a conflict between Germany and Spain would have ended, and there can be no doubt that the Spanish people, defeated and humiliated, would have given expression to their anger by sweeping away the Monarchy. Still, the outcry for war was for some time so vehement that a weak sovereign would have found it hard to resist the current of popular excitement. King Alfonso never for a moment hesitated. If he was to lose his Crown, he determined that he would lose, not for having plunged his people into a frightful and hopeless struggle, but for having sought to guard them against the consequences of their own recklessness. It is possible that he may now have to encounter a new peril, for he is accused of having prostrated himself before Prince Bismarck; but we may hope that the majority of the nation will be sensible enough to see that there is absolutely no foundation for this foolish charge. The German Chancellor will, no doubt, do what he can to help the young King to come with honour out of his present difficulties. Germany committed a serious blunder in attempting to seize the Caroline Islands, but she has acted with much dignity from the moment when it became obvious that her conduct would be bitterly condemned in Spain. She has not resented the insults of the Madrid mob, nor has she advanced a single harsh or unreasonable demand. The dispute might be easily brought to an end by arbitration, and Prince Bismarck will do good service to his own country and to Spain if he agrees to accept this method of settlement.

THE CHOLERA.—The returns of the week show a decided diminution in the number of deaths caused by cholera in Spain. This decrease may be due either to the cooler weather of September, or to the fact that the most susceptible persons have already been killed off. In the South of France, although the malady shows a tendency to spread in the districts adjacent to Marseilles and Toulon, it has nowhere broken out with the intensity and rapidity which has characterised its progress in Spain. Whether the Palermo outbreak will be similarly localised remains to be seen. The present epidemic has shown more clearly than ever that, whatever the cholera *bacillus* may be, water is the most potent retainer and conveyer of the disease. Madrid, the largest town in Spain, has an excellent water supply, and it has suffered very slightly. The same may be said of Seville, and in a less degree (for the water supply is inferior) of Barcelona. But where the people were dependent on sewage-tainted rivers and cesspool-impregnated wells for their beverage, the mortality assumed terrible proportions. Some weeks ago we advocated in these columns the improvisation of a rough-and-ready water-supply from untainted sources in the cholera-smitten districts of Spain. It would have needed skill, capital, and energy, but something might have been done, and thousands of lives saved. At all events it is to be hoped that the stern lessons taught by this terrible epidemic will not be forgotten, but that before long every town in Spain will be provided with a pure water-supply, a matter of no great engineering difficulty in so mountainous a country. It is curious that at Cardiff one man should die after drinking the plague-stricken water on board the *Crindau*, while another should remain unscathed. Presuming the fact to be as above stated, the explanation, it may be supposed, is that some people are impervious to the poison.

A REAL LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE.—Mr. Chamberlain probably made little account of the letter in which Mr. W. Angerstein explained why he, a Liberal past and present, feels himself compelled to fight under Conservative colours

at the forthcoming General Election. There can be no question about the sincerity and robustness of this gentleman's Liberalism. A large landowner in North Lincolnshire, he was mainly instrumental in winning the constituency from the Conservatives in 1880. Nor has he even now abandoned the political principles for which he then fought so stoutly. "I am the same Liberal which I have always shown myself to be during the whole course of a long life." Then how comes it that he has accepted the chairmanship of a Conservative Association? Because, in his opinion, the Liberal creed is no longer that of the party which usurps the good old name. Radical and revolutionary principles have taken the place of the tenets in which he was brought up, and he therefore conceives it to be the duty "of all good subjects of the Queen, whatever their politics may be, to unite for the common object of defeating any Radical candidate." There must be very many Liberals who feel as Mr. Angerstein, although they lack the moral courage to affirm their convictions by word and deed, as he has done. Between their principles and those of modern Conservatism there are only a few shades of difference; but they are divided from the Radicals by an impassable gulf. So strong, however, are the ties of party, that they help those whom they hate in their hearts, while they oppose the party whose platform is practically the same as their own. Nor is it to be expected that many of them will follow Mr. Angerstein's example. Some may play the sulky Achilles at the General Election; but the majority will probably vote as they have been accustomed to vote sooner than contribute to a Tory triumph. None the less is Mr. Angerstein's frank avowal "writing on the wall" which Lord Hartington might ponder with advantage. Mr. Chamberlain can afford to disregard it, because he stakes his political fortunes on a Radical victory, with or without Whig assistance. But Lord Hartington has no chance of succeeding to the Liberal leadership except by Whig support; and where would he find himself if the example set by Mr. Angerstein were widely followed?

IRELAND AND ENGLISH POLITICAL PARTIES.—If Mr. Parnell hoped that he would obtain Radical support for his present policy, he must have been bitterly disappointed by Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Warrington. Mr. Chamberlain dealt with the subject frankly, and henceforth there will be no excuse for any one who misrepresents his opinions as to the relations which ought to exist between Ireland and this part of the United Kingdom. He is willing to concede to Ireland all the advantages of local government which he proposes to confer on England and Scotland, but beyond this he resolutely declines to go. Unfortunately, Lord Randolph Churchill, in his latest speech, did not take the opportunity of making a similar statement; but, whatever may be Lord Randolph's intentions, there can be no doubt that on this question the Tory party as a whole agrees with Mr. Chamberlain. It may not, indeed, be prepared to give the same privileges to Ireland as to England and Scotland; but it will certainly never consent to grant Home Rule, as Home Rule is understood by Mr. Parnell. For it is now clearer than ever that Home Rule in Mr. Parnell's sense would mean separation; and in the end separation would be even more disastrous to Ireland than to Great Britain. Notwithstanding the opposition of all the great English parties, it is likely enough that Mr. Parnell will be as successful as he hopes to be in the General Election; but if every English statesman would follow the example of Mr. Chamberlain, and mark precisely the line beyond which he will not make concessions, there can be little doubt that the Irish people would soon begin to reconcile themselves to the inevitable. Hitherto the Nationalists have always believed that some powerful political party on this side of St. George's Channel would ultimately be compelled to accept their terms. They are not so foolish as to suppose that they can triumph if this belief is shown to be a delusion.

MORE AGAINST REVOLVERS.—We have often referred to this subject before, but we need not apologise. Public apathy is only to be overcome by perpetual reiteration. The revolver ought to be placed in the same category as dynamite; a special permit should be necessary to render its possession lawful. In a thickly-peopled country like this the revolver is, as a weapon of defence, practically useless, while it is a constant cause of accidents and a terrible incentive to crime. It is a curious fact that people will shoot who will hesitate to use cold steel. To the perpetrator it seems less barbarous and bloody-minded to inflict death or wounds by a pistol than by a knife. It is well known that there are no quarrels more embittered than family quarrels, especially when property is in dispute; yet that terrible tragedy which occurred in the Deeley family near Birmingham, and which may cost three lives, would probably have ended in nothing more than a bout of fisticuffs had not the detestable revolver been brought on the scene. And close to the same city the revolver was responsible for another dreadful affair, the only too common case of love (so-called) and jealousy, ending in murder and suicide. It is certain that many of these dismal dramas would never be enacted if these pestilent little firearms were less easy of attainment.

RUSSIA AND BOKHARA.—Finding it inconvenient to prosecute their designs in Afghanistan just at present, the Russian annexationists are beginning to cast sheep's eyes at Bokhara. Practically, that Khanate already belongs to

Russia, being on a very similar footing to Khiva. The Ameer of Bokhara used to be a very great potentate, and when the Russians first came creeping down from the north and touched the fringe of his dominions, he issued an order to have them swept off the face of the earth. This endeavour succeeded so badly that, in a comparatively short time, the proud Ameer had to sue for terms as the only way of saving his kingdom, and those which he had to accept reduced him to the position of a mere vassal of the Russian Empire. He was allowed, however, so long as he conducted himself properly, to exercise a certain degree of independence, and the Russian Government always went through the farce of asking his consent before interfering with matters within his jurisdiction. Tired of this anomalous and irksome position, the Ameer has just abdicated in favour of his second son Turani Khan, who bears the reputation of being a bitter hater of Russia. What has become of his elder brother is not stated. He may possibly be dead by this time, but when in the mesh he enjoyed great popularity among the Bokhariotes, who always looked to him as their destined deliverer from the Russian yoke. If alive, he will certainly endeavour to oust his brother from the throne, and then will come Russia's opportunity to pluck the ripe pear. An excuse for a quarrel is already being concocted at St. Petersburg, which has suddenly become impressed with the vital necessity of extending the Transcaspian Railway to Bokhara. Now the Ameer and all his people detest railways, which they perversely regard as iron chains invented by the dogs of Christians for the bondage of True Believers. Disturbances may therefore be expected during the construction of the line, and Russia will then have a ready-made excuse for effacing Bokhara from the map of Central Asia as she formerly effaced Khokan.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.—The General Election in France is to take place early in October, and the other evening M. Brisson opened what is called the electoral period with a speech at a banquet given to him by some of his supporters in Paris. The most important and interesting part of his speech was that in which he dealt with the relations between Church and State in France. His tone in discussing the subject was rather indecisive, but on the whole he inclined to the belief that the time had not yet come for disestablishment. Probably this is the opinion of the majority of Frenchmen. Some Frenchmen hold that if the Church were disestablished it would soon be broken up into a number of mutually hostile sects; but they forget the influence which would be exerted upon it by its common enemies, the Freethinkers. Confronted by these resolute opponents, it would see the absolute necessity of union; and the chances are that it would become even more powerful and zealous than it is now. Its opportunities of damaging the Republic would certainly be considerably increased, since the State would have fewer direct means of controlling its action. If the Republicans are prudent, therefore, they will take M. Brisson's advice on this question, and refrain from hasty legislation. The clergy, no doubt, make themselves extremely troublesome, and most of them would be delighted to aid in the restoration of Monarchical institutions. But at present the Government knows exactly how far their opposition can go, whereas it is impossible to foretell the dangers they might create if they were perfectly free.

DAMAGING VOTERS' LISTS.—When a shopkeeper has goods stolen which he has exposed for sale at his shop-door, the judge or magistrate is wont to read him a well-merited lecture for tempting people beyond their powers of endurance. And do not Vestrymen deserve a similar rebuke when they hang up books containing lists of voters on doors abutting on public thoroughfares? Several poor ignorant women have been heavily fined lately for defacing these sacred volumes by tearing leaves out, though they alleged, and very likely truly enough, that they took them for railway excursion handbills, which, of course, are meant to be carried away piecemeal. The fact is that this plan of exhibiting lists of voters is quite unworthy of the present age, especially in large cities. It may still be tolerable in rural places, where wayfarers are few, and where the church-door is to some extent protected by the churchyard. But it should be abandoned in London at once and for ever. Printing is cheap enough nowadays, and it would be far more convenient to the public if copies of the lists in question were kept both *inside* the Vestry Hall, and also at the licensed victuallers', coffee-houses, and post offices of the parish. The lists would be far more carefully studied than they now are, and the extra expense incurred in printing a few more copies than at present would be a mere trifle.

THE WYOMING OUTRAGE.—The massacre of Chinese labourers in Wyoming is as brutal an outrage as was ever perpetrated in the so-called interests of labour. In this instance, no pretence was made that the unhappy Celestials had shocked white men's decorum by their loose morality or insanitary practices. It was purely a trade dispute, such as often happens in England, the only difference being that a foreign element became intruded into the strife. A number of miners struck work; some hundreds of Chinese were hired to take their places; thereupon the former deliberately armed themselves, slew in cold blood a score or two of the interlopers, and drove off the rest into the mountains, to take their chance of dying of cold and starvation. It is said that

the Chinese Government has formally demanded reparation for this abominable business. That matter can be left for diplomacy to settle, but outraged humanity demands that the perpetrators of the massacre shall have stern justice dealt out to them as swiftly as may be. In any other case, this duty might be relegated to the Washington Government, with every assurance that the guilty would receive their deserts. But there is such bitter antipathy to the Chinese among the American working classes that we fear the Executive will not be over anxious to punish the murderers *en bloc*. One or two may be tried, and perhaps be condemned, if it be possible to convince an American jury that killing a Chinaman without provocation is murder. Something more than that, however, is required if terror is to be instilled into the whole body of lawless rowdies, not merely in Wyoming, but throughout the United States. This foul scum of humanity has been allowed too long a day of grace by far, and if the massacre of these poor Chinese only draws the attention of the American people generally to the discredit attaching to a country where such horrors are possible, the atrocious tragedy will not have been altogether in vain.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of Two Whole Sheets, one of which is devoted to an ILLUSTRATED HISTORY of ABERDEEN.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock, *OLIVIA*, by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be ENACTED a new play in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled *HOODMAN BLIND*. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices: Private Boxes, 4s. 1s. to 4s. 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office open from 9.30 to 5.0. No fees. Doors open at 7.30. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. Morning Performance of *HOODMAN BLIND*, Saturday, September 19, at two. Doors open at 1.30.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8, Comedietta. Followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called *THE GREAT PINK PEARL*. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.45, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (3.700).

Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

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ON FRIDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885
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NINE PERFORMANCES PER WEEK
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Doors open at 9.30 and 7.
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No fees of any description.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.
MAYTIME, BASIL BRADLEY.
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N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.
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GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY
THE JOURNEY FROM BERGEN TO VOSS

THE Prince of Wales arrived at Bergen from the Hardanger Fjord on August 25th, and, after spending a short time in the city, started by rail for Vossevangen, and thence by road for Gudvangen on the Sogne Fjord. On the 25th August the Prince arrived at Bergen. "He had been recommended by the King," writes our artist, "to go to Voss by rail, and then to Gudvangen by road, in order to see some of the best Norwegian scenery. The train started at 4 P.M. The distance to be traversed was sixty-six English miles in 4 h. 25 min., and during that space more than fifty tunnels had to be passed. There were no first-class carriages on the line at all. The Prince had a second-class carriage allotted him. It was constructed somewhat in the American fashion, there being communication between carriage and carriage. The Prince sat in the doorway to get the view, his dog Beattie took possession of a comfortable seat and went to sleep, and two of the suite sat outside on the platform. The line was narrow gauge, and the carriage a miniature one. The pace was slow, but it would have been a thousand pities to pass at express speed through such scenery. Every instant it changed as we ran along the bank of lake, fjord, or river on the left hand, and cultivated land on the right.

"The stations we stopped at were little chalets. They had refreshment rooms where coffee was to be got, bread and raw salmon, bread with thin slices of cheese. Sometimes the rims of our hats seemed to project over the seaweed on the shore. Women in rowing boats laden with hay passed along. Girls on the other side were peeping through the fixed racks on which their hay is hung out to dry. Inquisitive dogs ran after us, barking, catching us up at will. Now we were running along the alluvium of a river, now piercing the ancient moraine of a glacier. Below ran the river on a bed of snow-white pebbles. Above, the saddles of the mountains were patched with snow, warm with the setting sun. Such were the glimpses we got, between tunnels. Some of these were quite straight, and the little mouth receded from us till it looked like the bull's-eye of a target. The wall of the tunnel would be quite thin occasionally, pierced now and then with squint holes, through which we could see the water. Ah, but the air in the tunnels was 'infernal' sometimes, and recalled Baker Street on the Underground too forcibly. Never were there so many alternations of gleam and gloom. Once more in the light we could see, perhaps, a man towing his boat against the rapid river, and beyond in patches up the slope those curious little cornfields, so tiny oftentimes that we could count the shocks. There was one with only seven.

"The series of dissolving views was closed by one of surpassing loveliness. The moon at the full stood low above the hills seamed with snow. She was of a primrose tint, the sky being of the most delicate ultramarine ash, and a path of primrose light stretched across a lake to our feet."

At Vossevangen the railway ends, and the Prince and his party halted at the well-known Fleischer's Hotel, whose landlord is so appropriately described by Mrs. Stone as "a jovial, jolly individual, of the Mark Tapley type," and in the morning one of the *piggies*, or waiting-maids, was decked out in a bridal-gown, in order to give the Prince an idea of the bridal costume of a Hardanger maiden. The crown, which was placed on the maiden's head by Mr. Tyrwhitt Wilson, is of silver-gilt, and exceedingly tastefully wrought. From Vossevangen the Prince started by road for Gudvangen. This drive is one of the finest in Norway, the road ascending for more than a thousand feet, almost to the top of a magnificent cliff, the Stalheimsklev, whence the road descends a precipitous slope in abrupt windings to Gudvangen. This road, which runs through the narrow Nærodal, has been cut and blasted out of the solid rock, and almost overhangs a terrible precipice, with a foaming torrent beneath. The road is a marvellous triumph of engineering, and the grandeur of the scene is enhanced by the waterfalls which dash down the mountains on either side. One of our illustrations shows the Prince coming down from the Stalheimsklev. Behind him is Lord Suffield in a carriage, then Mr. Tyrwhitt Wilson, A.D.C., our artist bringing up the rear in a four-wheeled carriage. At Gudvangen the Prince found the *Osborne*, and subsequently steamed away for Molde.

At Molde, where the Prince arrived on Friday, August 29th, the *Sunbeam* was lying, with Sir Thomas Brassey and Mr. Gladstone on board. The Prince paid a visit to Mr. Gladstone, and took afternoon tea with him, Mr. Gladstone and Sir Thomas Brassey dining in the evening on board the *Osborne*. From Molde, on the following day, the Prince took a trip to the picturesque Eikisdalsvand. This lake is about twelve miles in length, and is a narrow rocky ravine, overshadowed on either side by mountains covered with snow and glaciers, the former reaching down to the shores of the lake until late in the summer. Our illustration shows the Prince returning from the lake to Nöste. Our artist writes: "The road runs along an ancient moraine, formed of white granite boulders lying amongst the sand. We passed by several log-huts, with the women and children standing at the doors. Many of the huts had a thick layer of soil on their roofs, from which sprung small trees—firs or silver birch. Ahead of the Prince along the narrow road galloped five loose ponies, driven by the dogs Beattie, the Prince's dog, a rare Laplander, and Trogen, a Lap reindeer tracker, belonging to Mr. Hambro. The Prince drove a carriage, and behind him sat Mr. Montagu Guest, the Comte de St. Prest following. The Prince had lunched with Mr. Guest, who owns a fishing chalet at the end of the Eikisdalsvand in the Siradal."

A MILK GIRL—ST. JAMES'S PARK

UNTIL the other day there flourished in St. James's Park, at the end of the Mall, in the shade of the tall trees near the Spring Gardens entrance, an institution known as the "Milk Fair." It was at least two centuries old. Writing in 1699, Tom Brown describes how Members of Parliament were interrupted in their discussions while airing in the "Green Walk" by the noisy milk-folk crying, "A can of milk, ladies?" "A can of red cow's milk, sir?" In 1712 Warburton advised his friend Mason to study pastoral "among the cows and milkwomen." Gay, in his "Trivia," speaks of "the attending asses, with their milky cheer," while a French chronicler, writing in 1771, says, "Most of the cows are driven in about noon and evening, and tied to posts at the extremity of the grass-plots, and passengers are served with their milk, with all the cleanliness peculiar to the English, at a penny a mug." Little more than a week ago, "Milk Fair" was still in full swing, with its cows, its posts, and its milk at a penny a mug, only that of recent years the dumpy little white mugs have been replaced by dingy glass tumblers. The late Walter Thornbury states in his "Old and New London" that the vendors are almost without exception descendants from those who have had their stalls here for the last century or more. It is said, however, that some of the stall-keepers have latterly subtil their rights, which they held by a privilege granted from Royalty, to the gatekeepers. However this may be, an edict has lately been promulgated by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, utterly abolishing "Milk Fair." All the vendors have fled, save two, who stood up for their ancient rights, and who have, in virtue of their prolonged tenure (150 years), been allowed to carry on their avocation in another part of the park. In our issue No. 185, June 14th, 1873, there is a picture entitled "Curds and Whey in St. James's Park."—Our present engraving is copied from a print dated 1786.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT ABERDARE

THE meetings of the Eisteddfod were this year held at Aberdare, a town in the mining district of Glamorgan. The attendance was probably greater than at any previous meeting in the heart of Wales. Each morning a long procession, composed of the Benefit Clubs, Volunteers, &c., escorted the President of the day to the Pavilion, a huge canvas-covered wooden building. No National Eisteddfod can be legitimately held unless opened by an assemblage of the bards and ovals at the "Gorsedd," when the great prayer is offered and the bards are called into the circle of stones, which is kept clear of unauthorised persons by the "Awenyddion," or disciples. Clwydfardd, Arch Druid, now eighty-five years of age, but still hale, presided.

The most interesting event of the after proceedings is the chairing of the winner of the Chair Prize. On the name being proclaimed two Chief Bards descend into the audience to escort him, if present, to the chair, while a blast is blown upon trumpets within and without the place of meeting. On being placed in the chair a sheathed sword is held over him by the Chief Druid, all the bards who can touch it doing so at the same time. The Druid then cries aloud three times, "A oes Heddwch?" ("Is there Peace?")



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY—MR. GLADSTONE VISITING THE PRINCE AT
MOLDE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "OSBORNE"
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Sydney P. Hall



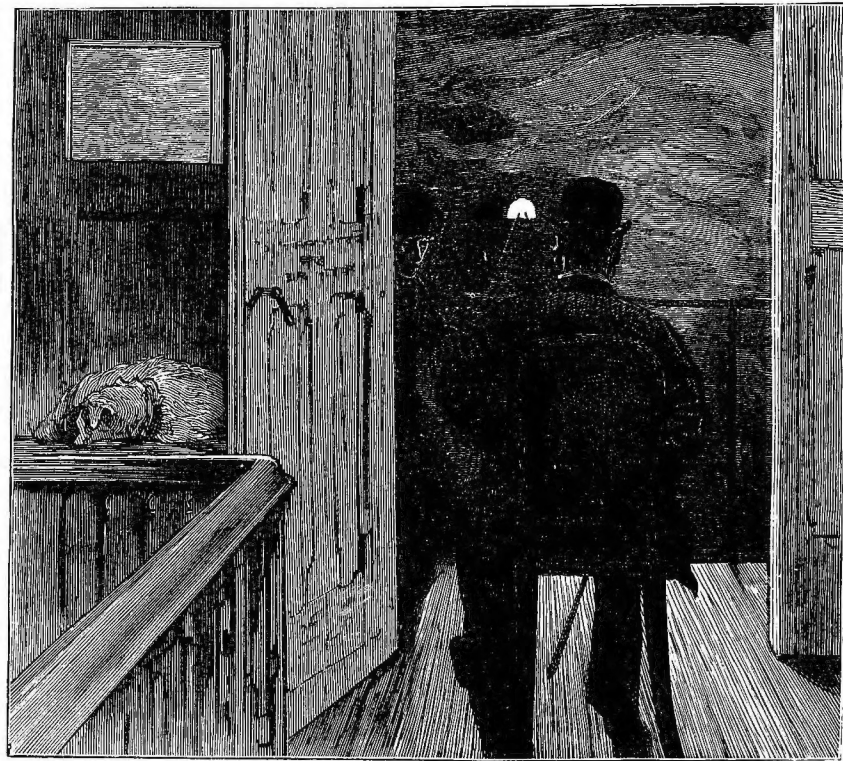
THE EVICTIONS AT "MILK FAIR," ST. JAMES'S PARK—A MILK GIRL OF THE
OLDEN TIME
Facsimile of a Print Published in 1786.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY—TRYING A BRIDAL CROWN ON THE HEAD OF A WAITING-MAID AT VOSSEVANGEN
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

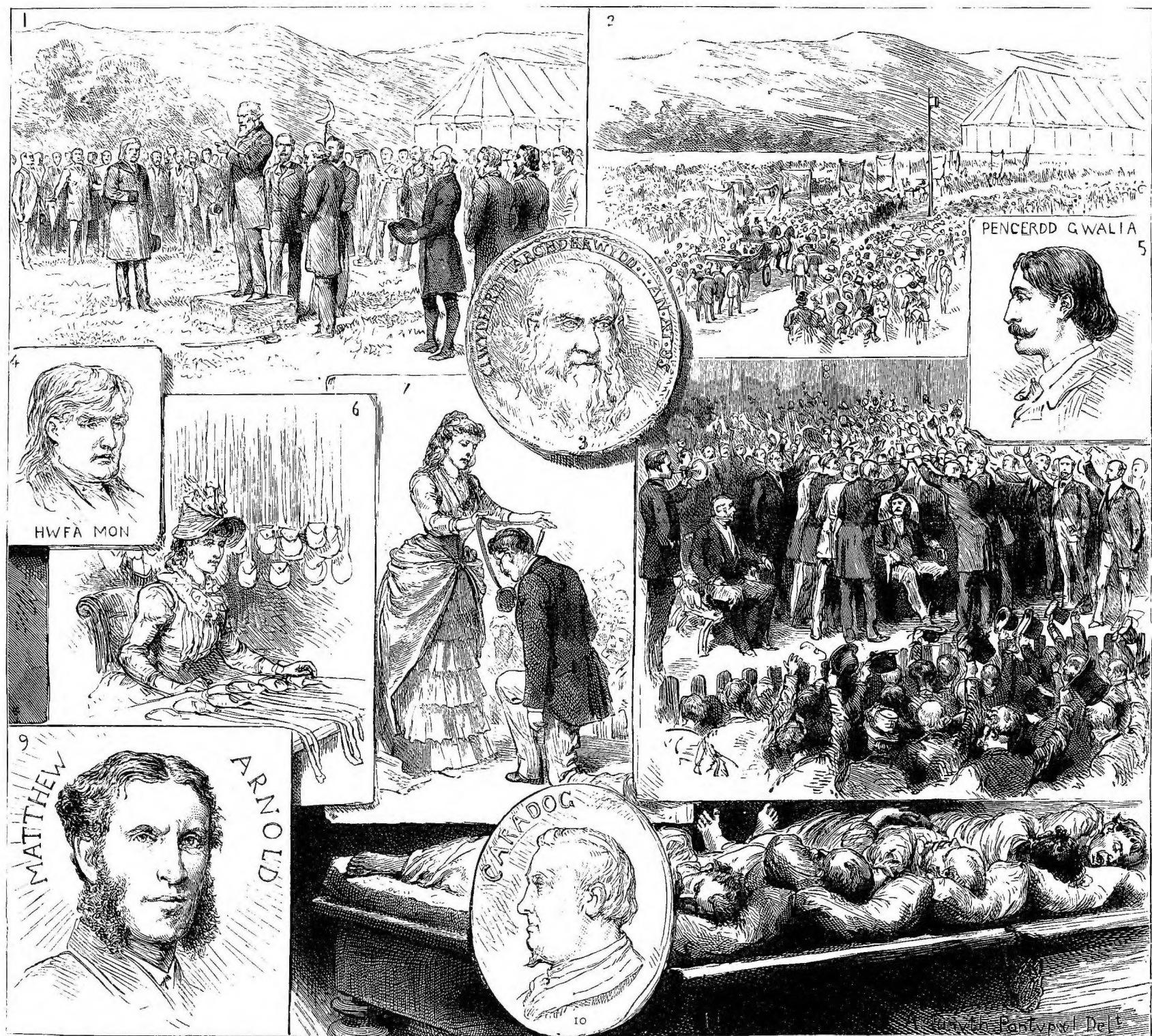


ON THE RETURN FROM THE EIKISDALSVAND—THE PRINCE AND THE PONIES



THE PRINCE IN ONE OF THE TUNNELS OF THE BERGEN-VOSS RAILWAY

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR SYDNEY P. HALL



1. The Opening of the Gorsedd by Clwydfardd, the Chief Druid
2. Procession Accompanying the President of the Day to the Pavilion
3. Clwydiardd Archderwydd, Aet 85

4. Hwfa Môn
5. Pencerd Gwalia
6. Lady Curator of the Prize Badges
7. Investiture of a Prize-Winner

8. Chairing the Winner of the Chair-Prize—"A Oes Heddwch"
9. Mr. Matthew Arnold
10. Caradog
11. Hotel Accommodation

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT ABERDARE

to which the assembly shout the answer, "Heddwch!" ("There is Peace!")

A vast number of rewards are given, and the bags containing these are in the custody of a lady of the town, who selects them as the winners are called up when the investiture is made. Among the best known supporters of the Eisteddfod present were the "Pencerdd Gwalia," better known in London as Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen; "Caradog," the conductor of the United Welsh Choirs on the occasion of their winning the Challenge Cup at the Crystal Palace; and "Hwfa Môn," who is known as the "Bard of the Five Chairs," having won that chief honour on five occasions.

Mr. Matthew Arnold accompanied Lord Aberdare to the meetings on several days, and on Thursday essayed to speak, but the assembly was too huge for any speaker to control. The great number of visitors to the town rendered the streets impassable, but as a rule the crowd of colliers and ironworkers was good-natured and patient, and very generous to the many disabled tars and other mumpers who cross the border. Hotel accommodation was scarce, and the spectacle of half-a-dozen bards occupying a billiard-table was too touching not to be sketched.

THE BERDAN TORPEDO

THIS torpedo was recently invented by General Berdan, of Constantinople. In this system two torpedoes are used, attached to each other by a wire line. This double torpedo is especially designed to render the protection of torpedo nets useless, and operates in two ways. In one, the first torpedo, which is explosive, strikes the net and blows it to pieces, and makes a passage for the second, which is following at a distance of thirty or forty feet. More stress is laid, however, upon the value of the second mode of operation, which we illustrate. In this the first torpedo is not explosive, and is steered by rudder lines from the torpedo boat or from the shore; while there are some peculiar contrivances in the second torpedo which cause it to make a dive under the net when the first torpedo becomes fouled in the meshes. Thus, on being sent off, each torpedo proceeds with its own motive power, the speed of the second being regulated to need a slight assistance from the first, afforded by a thin rope or wire cord. When the netting is reached the first torpedo will stop; the cord between the first and second torpedoes, formerly taut, at once slackens, and lets fall a species of rudder ledge or trap underneath the centre of the second torpedo. This rudder causes the torpedo to dive down into the water, where it will progress obliquely at an angle of 15 deg. In this manner it will dive under the ship's netting. Having gone the length of the tow-line the torpedo will be brought up to the surface again, the surface in this case being the ship's bottom, which is not protected, as are its sides, by iron plates. Striking her the explosion follows. The entire length of the torpedo is 31 feet; its depth 31 inches, its displacement 2,800 lbs. The firing apparatus is a small copper pin, which, on being struck, breaks off, liberates a bolt which shoots against the cap of an ordinary rifle cartridge, and causes the explosion. The motive power is gained by the combustion of three rows of four one-hundred pound rocket tubes, filled with rocket powder. This powder is compressed with a mixture of clay, which secures regular burning, and the time required for the torpedo to run a distance of one English mile, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. The pressure of gas given off is from 2,000 to 5,000 lbs. to the square inch. The gas generated by combustion of the rocket powder rushes through a nozzle, and acts upon several compartments of a turbine, which revolves the torpedo screw. The torpedo, as we have said, can be steered from the torpedo-boat with great accuracy by means of guide lines. In our illustration the first torpedo is supposed to have become entangled in the net, while the second torpedo is shown in three successive positions.

PAYING THE ALEXANDRIAN INDEMNITIES

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Mr. J. Carruthers Allan, and needs but little description. After the burning of Alexandria, it may be remembered that the Egyptian Government awarded indemnities to those merchants and inhabitants who had suffered losses through the rebel incendiaries. Unfortunately the Government had not the wherewithal to pay, and as the indemnified were mainly foreign subjects, they resented the delay by repeated demonstrations, by threats of burning the Government offices to the ground, and by petitions for redress to every European Power. Ultimately, after three years, Europe consented to grant Egypt a guaranteed loan of 9,000,000*l.*, about half of which was to be devoted to the payment of the indemnities. Accordingly, on August 21st, the claimants were summoned to the Government offices to receive their money, and our sketch shows the scene from the junction of the two roads leading from the Ras-al-teen and Fort Pharos. "The payment of the indemnity claims," writes Mr. Allan, "is sure to be followed by a general revival of trade. The town is rapidly being rebuilt, and it is to be hoped that the Alexandria of the future will far surpass the Alexandria of the past."

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE

FORTY years ago English yachtsmen were fond of racing their vessels; still comfort was the first consideration, speed a secondary matter, in building and fitting-out a pleasure yacht. A revolution, however, dates from August 22nd, 1851, when the U.S. clipper *America*, 170 tons, beat most of the best vessels of the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes, the nearest on her arrival being at least eight miles distant. The result of this defeat was to make the crack racing yacht of to-day quite unlike that of a generation ago. A strongly-marked dividing line has arisen between the cruiser and the racer, the latter having been brought to a remarkable pitch of perfection. The yachting tonnage of this country now exceeds three millions sterling. Other countries have considerable fleets, but our only formidable rivals are the Americans.

The owner of the *America*, after his famous victory, offered the Queen's Cup to yachtsmen to be "perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." Last year Sir Richard Sutton, being satisfied with the quality of his new 80-ton cutter *Genesta*, which, during the season had won 850*l.*, with seven first and eight second and third prizes, determined to challenge the best of the Americans to a trial of skill and seamanship. This the latter, after some negotiations, accepted, and accordingly the *Genesta*, under the command of her skipper, Captain Carter, proceeded some months ago to New York. It was only after a series of closely contested trials that the Americans selected a vessel to be pitted against the Englishman. The *Priscilla* of New York and the *Puritan* of Boston were found to be superior to all other American yachts, and, in a "best of three" contest, the latter had the advantage, and was chosen champion.

The *Genesta* (our engravings of which are from photographs by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth) was designed by Mr. Beavor Webb, and built at Partick, on the Clyde, by Messrs. Henderson Brothers. She first appeared May 31st, 1884, at the regatta of the New Thames Yacht Club, between Southend and Harwich.

The *Puritan* (our engraving of which is from a photograph forwarded to us by Mr. J. Morison, of the Cunard Steamship Company) was designed by Mr. Edward Burgess, and built by James Lawley and Son, of City Point, South Boston, Massachusetts. She belongs to Messrs. Bennett and Douglass. Her skipper is Captain Aubrey Crocker, of Provincetown, a famous yacht-sailing master.

Some account of the attempted racing will be found under the head of "Pastimes."

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF

AND

OLD ENGLISH REVELS AT WANTAGE

See page 289.

ADMIRAL COURBET'S STATE FUNERAL AT ABBEVILLE

ADMIRAL COURBET died on board his flag-ship at Makung, curiously enough on the very day on which he received the news of the signing of the Tientsin Treaty. Cholera breaking out at Toulon on the eve of the arrival of the vessel conveying his remains to France prevented the grand state reception prepared for the dead Admiral in the Mediterranean dockyard; and the body was landed at Salins d'Hyères. Thence it was taken to Paris, where it was honoured by a military and official pageant in the Church of the Invalides.

The final ceremonies took place on Tuesday, September 1, at Abbeville, where Admiral Courbet was born on June 26, 1827. The body was received at the railway station by the Bishop of Amiens and by the civic authorities, and brought to a chapel in St. Vulfran Church, where it lay in state one day and one night in a *chapelle ardente* of black and purple velvet erected in the picturesque Corn Market, now named Place Courbet. On Tuesday a grand procession brought the mortal remains of the deceased warrior into St. Vulfran's chancel, and thence, after a pathetic eulogy by the Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Freppel, to the grave prepared in the Cemetery "de la Chapelle," which overlooks the town. Admiral Galiber, Minister of "La Marine," and the Mayor, M. François, pronounced the farewell formal speeches. Our sketches are by M. V. J. Vaillant, and show (1) the house in which Admiral Courbet was born. It is draped in mourning on the left front; a little further down La Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, another house likewise dressed out in black, is the residence of his sister, Madame Cornet-Courbet. On the opposite side is the Hôtel de Ville. (2) La Place Courbet, in which "La Veillée des Morts" took place on the eve of the funeral, in the *chapelle ardente*, designed by M. Duvignaud, the scene-painter of the Théâtre Français, who also was commissioned to prepare *la maquette*, or model of the *chapelle ardente* for the Invalides ceremony. (3) The Cemetery. An arch of evergreen boughs overhangs the vault where Abbeville has laid her gallant son. A plain slab is laid over it until a more fitting memorial can be erected to his memory. On the right is the *chapelle mortuaire* of the Courbet family.

THE TRIAL OF RIEL

WE have already chronicled the progress of the trial at Regina of Louis Riel for organising and heading the recent rebellion in North-Western Canada, and now illustrate the appearance of the Court during the proceedings. The trial ended on August 2nd. We need not recapitulate the evidence, but we may say that General Middleton and other witnesses testified that they believed Riel to be perfectly sane and cunning. On the last day Riel's counsel made an eloquent appeal, alleging justification, urging extenuating circumstances, and advancing the plea of insanity. At the close Riel addressed the jury for two hours, prefacing his remarks by a prayer for himself, the lawyers, the Court, and all present. He detailed his grievances at length, and declared that his mission had been a benefit to the half-breeds, and he believed God had helped him to perform it. He knew he had been protected by God when General Middleton's bullets flew about his head at Batouche. "If," he concluded, "you believe the plea of insanity of the defence, that I am not responsible for my acts, acquit me. Since I have been quarrelling with the insane acts of the Government, if you believe in the Crown, which contends that I am responsible, acquit me. You are perfectly justified in declaring that having my reason and sound mind, I have acted responsibly and in sound mind, while the Government, my aggressor, has acted madly, if there be high treason it must be on their side not on mine." The summing up of the judge naturally took another view of the case, and he instructed the jury to find Riel guilty unless they were thoroughly convinced that he was irresponsible and insane during the commission of his acts. When the jury retired Riel knelt and prayed fervently, and going into the jury-room during the recess sat on every chair, praying on each, and sprinkling them with holy water. When the jury returned and the foreman moved to tears announced the verdict of guilty, Riel who received the news on his knees jumped up, and apparently regained his calmness. He then again addressed the Court for two hours, at the close of which the judge sentenced him to be hanged at Regina on September 18th. Riel's counsel at once appealed, and numerous meetings were held by the French portion of the population urging the Government to remit his sentence. The appeal is still pending, the case having been argued before the Winnipeg Court of Queen's Bench, Riel's counsel contending that the verdict of the Regina jury should have been one of insanity, that the jury should have numbered twelve men, and that the verdict should be set aside.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Edward F. Wilson.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 293.

ABERDEEN ILLUSTRATED

A DESCRIPTIVE and pictorial account of Aberdeen will be found on pp. 297 *et seqq.* With regard to Lord Provost Matthews, whose portrait we give, we may state that he is a member of the firm of Messrs. Matthews and Mackenzie, architects, Aberdeen. Among the recent works of his firm are the new Art Galleries and the Northern Assurance Company's buildings. Mr. Matthews takes a keen interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the town: in his own profession he has shown himself "a past-master," and personally he is very popular on account of his genial manners and kindly common-sense. We should mention regarding our illustration of "The Langstone," that this stone, which some antiquarians allege ought to be called "The Crabstone," is supposed to mark the spot where in 1572 the Gordons, who adhered to Queen Mary's interest, defeated the Forbes clan and their followers, who had made a descent upon Aberdeen in order to drive the Gordons out of the town. The fight was called "The Battle of Crabstone." Walter Thorn, in his "History of Aberdeen," gives an interesting account of the struggle.

In conclusion, from an interesting forthcoming little work on the "Infirmary and Boys' and Girls' Hospitals," by Mr. Alexander Walker, ex-Dean Guild of Aberdeen, whose authority on Aberdonian history and archaeology is of the highest, we may extract the following passage: "In the eighteenth century the population did not exceed 10,000, yet the extent of building and the amount of improvements done between 1730 and 1750 was enormous. During that period the magistrates rebuilt the then oldest part of St. Nicholas Church, the present West Kirk. They built Robert Gordon's Hospital, the Infirmary, the Workhouse, and Bedlam . . . and last, but not least, they successfully fought a famine which was then in the land. In one transaction the magistrates bought 6,000 bolls of oatmeal, which they retailed out to the starving people at one shilling the peck. Don't let us forget either that they were distracted, as all the North of Scotland was, by the political and

dynastic differences of the time. In the Town Council, the Guildry, in the Convener Court of the Incorporated Trades, almost in every household in Aberdeen, the House of Stuart as well as the House of Hanover had supporters, who were not always easily kept from springing at each others' throats."

Most ample acknowledgements are due to Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., photographers, of Aberdeen, whose beautiful photographs of the city have been of much service to our artist in the production of the Supplement. Many of these photographs attain the highest level of excellence.

NOTE.—In our account of "Koldinghuus" last week we said that the figure of Scipio was destroyed by the Russians in 1854. "Russians" was, of course, a printers' error for "Prussians."—A "Jersey Correspondent" is informed that Ham, the birthplace of Princess Marie Amélie d'Orleans, is near Richmond, in Surrey.



MR. GLADSTONE arrived on Monday at Hawarden from Fasque. During the journey he was seen by Sir Andrew Clark, who said that he was in good health, but requires to take care of himself. To calls for a speech from the crowd at Carlisle station Mr. Gladstone replied by pointing to his throat.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING of the British Association began at Aberdeen on Wednesday under promising auspices. The opening address of the President of the year, Sir Lyon Playfair, was an exposition of the claims and uses of science. He contrasted the scanty aid given by the State in England to scientific inquiry with the ampler support which it received in other countries, especially in the United States. He complained of the subordinate position occupied by science, less at the Universities than in our primary and secondary schools. Having indicated some of the chief contributions made by science to industry and civilisation, he concluded by pronouncing the cultivation of abstract science to be the condition for progress.

ON TUESDAY MR. CHAMBERLAIN made to a large Liberal gathering at Warrington his expected reply to Lord Randolph Churchill's speech at Sheffield last week, and his also expected comments on Lord Hartington's recent protests against his and other schemes of agrarian innovation. Mr. Chamberlain expressed his belief that the Moderate Liberals would not accept Lord Randolph Churchill's invitation to join the Conservatives, because, among other reasons, if some of them felt alarm at the Radical programme, they were still more disgusted by the speeches and actions of the new Government. The Tory party was one the indifference of which to all political principles kept pace with its greediness for office, and, if the Moderate Liberals rejected the Radical settlement of the land question, it would outbid the Radicals on that very question. Referring to Lord Hartington, without naming him, Mr. Chamberlain said that the constituencies would not be satisfied were the Liberals to offer nothing better than a new scheme of local government and of land-transfer, significantly adding, "If we cannot convince our allies of the justice and reasonableness of our views, then, with whatever reluctance, we must part company." Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to reiterate his old programme of land reform, graduated taxation, and gratuitous education, laying especial stress on the proposal to give local authorities power to purchase land at a fair price, and to let it again for small holdings, for labourers' allotments, and for artisans' dwellings. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain declared that the population of England and Scotland, reinforced by a fifth of the people of Ireland, would reject Mr. Parnell's scheme of an independent Irish Parliament, having for its first object the imposition of protective duties on British manufactures. He gave a plan which he had framed a year ago to replace by a national elective Council in Ireland the network of administrative Boards appointed by the Government in London, and, confiding to his audience an episode in the secret history of Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet, he said that his plan was withdrawn because it did not meet with the support of the Moderate Liberals.

IN THE COURSE OF HIS LONG ADDRESS, Mr. Chamberlain abstained from any reference, however deserved or anticipated, to something that had happened just before it was delivered. On the day of the public meeting at which he spoke there had been held, also at Warrington, a Conference of the Liberal Associations of South-West Lancashire and Cheshire. Five resolutions were submitted to it, two of which embodied Mr. Chamberlain's agrarian scheme. These two resolutions were opposed on the ground both that they would "help to split the Liberal party," and that, if adopted, they would be conducive to "an extensive system of land jobbery." Ultimately they were rejected by a large majority, which did not, however, diminish the vigour of Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent advocacy of the scheme which they embodied.

THE ILLNESS OF MR. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., still causes anxiety, and his medical advisers have not allowed him to leave town, as was intended last week.

MR. PLIMSOLL is re-appearing in the political arena as Liberal candidate for the Central Division of Sheffield, the electors of which he has been addressing in a characteristically impulsive speech. He denounced the House of Lords as at present constituted; declared himself in favour of Disestablishment; and, in order to promote the return of working men to Parliament, would propose the payment of 300*l.* a year to any Member of Parliament who chose to claim it.

LORD CARNARVON is making a vice-regal progress in Ulster, and visited Belfast on Tuesday. Responding to the toast of his health at a mayoral banquet, he referred to the charges brought against him in England of showing indifference to the cause of law and order, and to the apprehension here that there is a revival of disturbance and outrage in Ireland. For himself he did not regret that he had tried to engender confidence by confidence; and, if there was disorder, it was confined to certain parts of Ireland where unfortunately it had long prevailed. Lord Carnarvon expressed his deep sympathy with the Irish landlords, but nevertheless deemed it opportune to admonish them to exercise their rights with all consideration and forbearance in the present peculiarly anxious state of public affairs.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL TRADE UNION CONGRESS has been in session this week at Southport. The President's opening address might be described as that of a working-class Mr. Chamberlain, much of whose programme he adopted, with the additional demand that, to counterbalance the influence of the capitalist class in the House of Commons, labour should be largely represented in Parliament, which could only be effected by throwing the cost of elections on the rates or the Imperial Exchequer, and by the payment of Members of Parliament. His remedy for the depression of trade was a general Eight Hours' Bill, which would give employment to thousands of their starving brothers and sisters.

A NOVEL MODE of electioneering is being tried in East Dorsetshire, where a caravan which cost 200*l.* has been placed at the disposal of Liberal orators for a month's campaign, during which they

will traverse the division, delivering addresses in favour of the candidates of the party.

ON MONDAY, the 2nd battalion of the East Surrey Regiment, recently returned from Egypt, received an enthusiastic public welcome at Dover, where it is to be quartered. The men looked in excellent condition.

THE RUN ON THE BANK OF IRELAND has been promptly and successfully met by an addition of no less than half a million of sovereigns to its stock of gold, drawn from the Bank of England.

THE GREAT TUNNEL of four miles and a quarter under the mouth of the Severn has been completed, and there is now direct connection between South Wales and the Great Western Railway Company's system on the Gloucestershire side of the river.

A LABOURER working on board the *Crindan*, which had arrived at Cardiff from Barcelona, died of Asiatic cholera towards the end of last week, through drinking some impure water taken on board at Barcelona. The *Crindan*, which was immediately disinfected and removed to the quarantine station, returned to Cardiff dock on Tuesday with a perfectly healthy crew.

SOME RELICS OF THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH have been sold this week at Bosworth Park. They were very ancient weapons, believed to have been used on Bosworth Field, and 13s. were given for an old helmet and breastplate, and 5s. for a pair of halberds.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, on a voyage from Canada to Londonderry, of Mrs. Russell Stevenson, sister of the Countess of Dufferin; of Miss Mary Atkinson, many years Honorary Secretary to the Society of Lady Artists; a week after his arrival in London from Cairo, of Mr. F. W. Rowsell, English Commissioner for the Domains in Egypt, and previously Director of Contracts at the Admiralty; in his seventy-fourth year, of Alderman Sir Charles Whetham, a member of the firm of Whetham and Sons, flax and hemp manufacturers, Lord Mayor of London in 1878-9, some time representing the City on the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, in 1878, the unsuccessful Conservative candidate for Bridport, his native town; in his seventy-sixth year, of Colonel Yolland, originally an officer of Engineers, appointed in 1854 one of the Inspectors of the Board of Trade, previously engaged in the Ordnance Survey, to which he contributed an account of the Lough Foyle case, and afterwards selected as the engineer member of the Commission appointed to report on the best mode of training the officers of the Scientific Corps, the Engineers, and Artillery; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. T. F. Parvell, H.M.'s Commissioner of Prisons, Scotland, late Captain 16th Lancers; of the Rev. Dr. Bulley, since 1855, when he succeeded Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, a staunch Conservative and academic Don of the old and stately school; of the Rev. Robert Taylor, one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in Yorkshire, who was ordained in 1828, and for forty-five years Vicar of Barnby Moor and Farnyfoes, in the East Riding; and in his sixty-seventh year of Mr. Thomas Southgate, Q.C., in 1865 Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.



II.

LORD COWPER writes plaintively in the *Nineteenth Century* on "What is a Moderate Liberal to do?" His general conclusion is that those who think with him should continue to work with the Radicals, and that Mr. Chamberlain is a politician of a high order of excellence.—The Earl of Ducie contributes "An Episode of the Armada," which recounts the adventures of a Captain Cuellar, who had the ill-fortune, in 1588, to be wrecked on the coast of Ireland, where he suffered grievous hardships.—"The Enclosure of Commons," by Mr. H. R. Grenfell, takes an opposite view to the popular one on the subject of the fencing in, by individuals, of waste places. Mr. Grenfell mocks at the idea of keeping open vast spaces, such as Dartmoor and the New Forest, as playgrounds.

Macmillan contains an excellent paper on "The Windward Islands," wherein the shortcomings of the administering officials are freely exposed.—"The Question of Drink in England" contains some suggestive remarks; but the writer apparently has scant practical knowledge of his subject.

In *Blackwood* the "Reminiscences of an Attaché," under the heading, "A Strange Occurrence," supplies food for thought and matter for investigation to members of the Psychological Society.—"Chance Continental Acquaintances" is amusing, and conceived in a vein of quiet banter; while "England and France in Indo-China" puts very fairly the main factors in the situation which has arisen out of the recent ebullitions of French enthusiasm for colonial conquest.

In the *Century* the late General Grant's account of the Siege of Vicksburg is given. It is a plain, straightforward, unpretending narrative. It is supplemented effectively by "A Woman's Diary of the Siege of Vicksburg," which is written with much skill and brightness.—Mrs. Burton Harrison's story, "Crow's Nest," is a sad and pathetic tale of a very probable incident in the American Civil War.

The *Gentleman's* has an interesting paper by Mr. Alfred St. Johnston on "An Australian Corroboree," the wild and mysterious dance of the still savage Australian Aborigines.—"Colour Music," by the Rev. J. Crofts, will repay perusal. This gentleman pleads for a colour art which will meet with responsiveness in men, who are keenly susceptible to colour harmonies.

Belgravia is almost entirely given up to fictional literature; amid this we may favourably notice Mr. Crawford Scott's "A Late Confession" and "The General," by the Rev. C. W. Bardsley.

The *St. Nicholas* for September is an uncommonly good number. Mr. C. F. Holder writes a really capital natural history paper about crabs, entitled "Spiders of the Sea," which will be read with pleasure by old as well as young folks.—Miss Sophie Swett's "A Great Financial Scheme" is creditable, if founded on fact, to the smartness of the American boy. It is almost needless to add that this periodical is adorned with excellent illustrations.

Mr. Austin Brereton has collected many facts about actors who have worked and died in one of the most beautiful portions of the Thames Valley, which he contributes to the *Theatre* in the form of an article entitled "Theatrical Richmond."—Mr. H. Savile Clarke writes in a common-sense manner on the much-discussed question of "The Stage and Society."—"Recollections of a German Theatre," by Mr. Charles Hervey, shows how much rational amusement is obtainable for a comparatively small outlay when the stage is intelligently patronised by a whole community.

The opening paper in the *Army and Navy Magazine* is by Colonel G. B. Malletson, C.S.I., on "Prince Eugene of Savoy." It is but the beginning of a work, and so far as the three chapters given enable one to form an opinion, will prove a fascinating portrait of a striking and brilliant military career.—Mr. Frederick Dixon tells well the oft-told tale of "The Last Fight of the *Revenge*;" and Mr. Percy M. Thornton has some spirited lines, "A French Balalaeva," on the charge of the Cuirassiers who helped to secure MacMahon's line of retreat at Reichshofen.

The poetical sanitary qualities of "St. Wenefride's Well" are gracefully treated in *Good Words* by Mr. William Trant; and

Mr. William Mitchell writes a thoughtful paper about "Pantomime Children," in which he protests against the "unhealthy excitement" to which the little folk are liable by the conditions of their profession.—Mrs. Panton continues pleasantly her series of papers about "Village Acquaintance."

Besides its serial and fictional matter, the *Argosy* has an ingeniously comic paper on "Board-Ship Friendships," in which facetiously enthusiastic men are warned against "the Delilahs who go about the decks in the coolest and freshest toilettes and in the most delicious straw hats."

In *Hibernia* the Rev. H. Stuart Fagan brings to a conclusion his earnestly worded and interesting article, "A Plea for Irish Manufactures."—Mr. Eugene Davis writes from Lausanne in Switzerland verses full of fire and patriotism, headed "Hibernia Resurgens."

From Madrid we have received the *Revista General de Marina* for August. The opening article deals with the career of Cosmo Damian De Churrua, who fell in what the Spaniards term the glorious disaster of Trafalgar.—The second paper, by Don Francisco Lopez Garvayo, is exhaustive in its treatment of the question of armour for fortifications, and is supplied with an abundance of carefully-drawn diagrams illustrative of the subject.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a beautiful line engraving of Mr. B. W. Leader's picture, "The Evening Hour."—Mr. Austin Dobson has a few words to say about "The Gray Memorial;" and Mr. F. G. Stephens has continued from a former number "Hammersmith and Chiswick," with illustrations by Mr. Tristram Ellis. This paper has very much to do with Hogarth, and is pleasant reading.

Mr. W. J. Lottie's admirable articles on "Windsor" continue still to be a prominent feature in the *Portfolio*; but among the contents this month we must give the palm to "Down by the River," by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, whose sketch of the history of the Thames and of the many changes in our national life which its banks have looked upon is charmingly put out of hand.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an engraving by R. S. Lueders from Mr. Frank Dicksee's suggestive and beautiful picture "Chivalry."—We may also favourably notice Mr. David Hannay's paper on "Granada," which is rendered more pleasing by its excellent illustrations of Moorish architecture.

Mr. F. Espinasse in *Harper's* has in "The House of Murray" brought together a large body of interesting facts anent the great publishing firm of Albemarle Street, which is enlivened by much entertaining anecdotal matter.—Mr. Julian Hawthorne's story, "When Half-Gods Go, the Gods Arrive," will repay perusal.

Besides the serials in *Longman's*, the short articles are above the average of merit this month. Mr. Bernard Hastie's "L'Afrique Spinks" is deliciously droll, and will keep the reader laughing from the first page to the last.—Mr. P. G. Hamerton's "The Poor Collector" is full of sound advice for the man of small means who is yet ambitious of having an art collection about him.—The Rev. J. G. Wood writes "My Garden Wall," which is characterised by acute observation of floral and insect life in the country.

Cornhill contains a capital paper, "Impressions of Holland," in which there is shown a keen perception of the artistic qualities of Dutch scenery in its colour, and effects of light and shade.—"Fireworks at Home and Abroad" is an amusing, if somewhat slightly constructed, piece of fiction.

Temple Bar has its usual excellent biographical article on Thomas Moore, entitled "The Bard of Erin." It is based on the abundant material supplied by the volumes which the late Earl Russell would not be at the pains to have edited. The same magazine supplies us with a vivid and brightly-drawn picture of Cuban life in "Havana; from a Tourist's Note-Book."

In *All the Year Round* there is a sensibly written article on "The Auxiliary Navy," dealing with the possibility of utilising our fishermen and boatmen round the shores for coast defence.—"Florida Sketches" are very well done, the writer treating his subject in an entertaining manner. The mind readily pictures to itself the aspect of Jacksonville and the ways of its population.

A COLD AND DRY SUMMER

It reads like a contradiction in terms. We know what is meant when we speak of a cold and wet summer. A good many examples in recent years have qualified us to understand what that means. We know, too, what is meant by a warm and dry summer. The summer of last year, to go no farther back, gives us a good example of that, but a cold and dry summer is certainly something new, and that is precisely the description of the season that is just passing away. June, July, and August are the three months of summer, and in every part of the British Islands June and August failed to attain the average heat, while July, though up to the average in a few places, was in general also deficient. It might have been expected, according to almost every precedent, that, being cold, the summer months would also be wet, but so far from that the drought was quite as remarkable a feature as the cold.

In June the average rainfall of the month was only reached in the Outer Hebrides, in the Shetland Islands, and at York. Every other station reporting to the Meteorological Office was deficient, and the stations in Ireland and in the west of Scotland, where in most years summer showers are frequent, were the most deficient. July only came up to the average rainfall in the far north; everywhere else there was a serious drought, while August resembled the August of last year in being remarkably dry, but it was most unlike it as to temperature. The want of warm weather in August has been most remarkable; and the experience of London affords a very good illustration of the difference between August of this year and August, 1884.

In August last year the shade temperature rose in London above 80 on fifteen days; the highest being 94 on August 11th. In August of this year the thermometer once touched 80, but never rose above it, and the next figure was 77 degrees. Again, in August, 1884, the maximum thermometer in London was above 70 on twenty-six days; in August of this year it was only above 70 on twelve days. The difference in the amount of heat received by the ripening crops in a month when the shade heat is over 80 every second day, and another month when it does not rise over 70 often than twelve days out of thirty-one, must be immense, and in August the deficiency of heat could not possibly be due to the rain clouds. The rain which fell in London in August of this year was no doubt more than the rainfall of August, 1884, but still it did not amount to one-half of the average rain of the month. How then is the cold to be accounted for? No doubt the barren, dry east winds, which were so prevalent this year, had something to do with the matter. But still the result is very curious; and the explanation of our cold and dry summer may be accepted as a meteorological puzzle set by the weather to the weather-wise.

One result it has had already, of which more is likely to be heard—it has greatly complicated the agricultural problem in every way. Cattle food will be very scarce, and fresh grass is not to be had; as a consequence, the price of cattle and sheep, long drooping, is now falling rapidly. And farm labourers, too, find that most unpleasant results have already followed from the cold dry season. The weeds are killed by the drought, and there is little chance that they will spring now; the crops, so light in straw, can easily be carried, and labour is not required. Altogether it seems likely that all who have to do with agriculture, and many more besides, will have good cause to remember long our cold dry summer.



QUEEN ANNE'S STATUE in front of St. Paul's is at last being taken down, and will be replaced by a replica in Sicilian marble.

VENICE proposes to hold an International Exhibition in 1887. The necessary buildings would probably be constructed on the Lido.

FAMOUS AUTHORS rarely leave much money behind them, but Victor Hugo proves the exception to the rule. His monetary affairs have just been wound up, and his executor estimates the late writer's fortune at about 200,000*fr.* In 1884 alone his author's rights amounted to 48,000*fr.*

A LADIES' YACHT RACE was sailed on Saturday in the Portsmouth Regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club. Five service yachts were steered by ladies—all but one of the fair coxswains being wives of naval officers—and, in spite of the heavy sea, the ladies handled their boats admirably.

SUNDAY HARVESTING has been officially permitted this year in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, owing to the bad weather during the week. Farmers were allowed by the Minister of Public Worship to work on the two past Sundays after church time, provided that their hands did not object to the extra labour.

A COW WITH A WOODEN LEG is now astonishing Yorkshire agriculturists. The unlucky beast broke her leg some time ago, and as the limb had to be amputated, a veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of substituting a wooden leg. The plan answered well, and the cow is now contentedly grazing on a farm near York.

A NOVEL MOUSE-TRAP may be seen in the Whitstable Museum. A few evenings since two young mice, when supper-hunting, popped their heads into the shell of an oyster put away in an earthen pan. The oyster closed its shell and held the mice fast, so that next morning they were found quite dead. Mice and oyster have been preserved in spirit and placed in the local museum.

BICYCLISTS AS MILITARY SCOUTS proved very successful at the late Austrian manoeuvres. Four officers and four sergeants were on wheels, and conveyed orders and gathered information with marvellous despatch, so that further experiments will be carried out in military cycling. Bicycles, we are reminded, were similarly used this year in some of the preliminary manoeuvres of the Easter Volunteer Review.

FRENCH COLONIAL EXTENSION, if supported by certain political parties, does not meet with much practical support from the French nation. It is a curious fact that Gallic emigrants distinctly avoid French colonies, and prefer those under foreign rule. Year by year fewer Frenchmen emigrate—indeed, not 4,000 left France last year, and most of these came from the neighbourhood bordering the Spanish frontier. Thus colonisation advocates can have little ground for declaring that the French population needs a foreign outlet.

THE DANGER OF BEING BURIED ALIVE has inspired a Belgian inventor with the design of an ingenious coffin, which the Antwerp Exhibition Committee refused to admit. The coffin is fitted with a curious piece of mechanism, worked by the pressure of the earth thrown on the coffin, which liberates a stiletto so placed as to pierce the heart of the occupant. Thus the supposed deceased is effectually killed, and escapes the horrors of resuscitation.

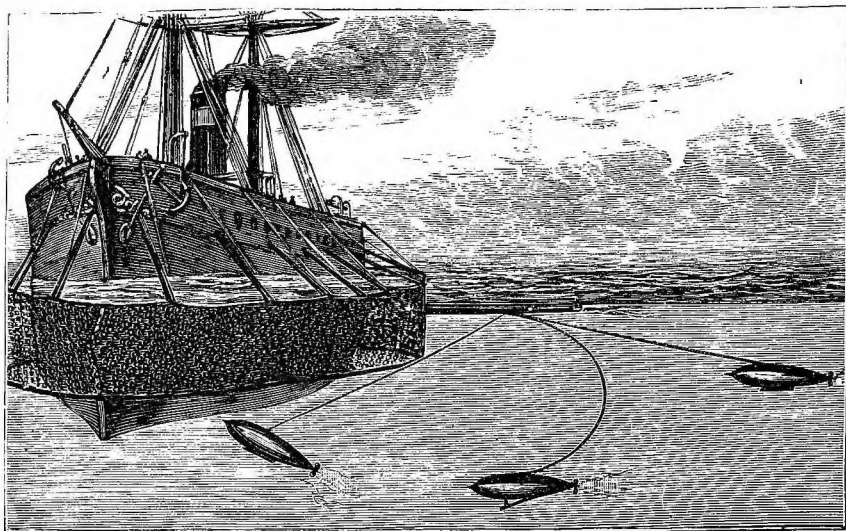
THE AMERICAN ART-WORLD anticipates some particularly good Exhibitions this winter. Thus the new galleries of the American Art Association will be inaugurated in New York on November 1st, by a special collection of carefully chosen oil-paintings by native artists resident at home and abroad—including some of the best American works from the Paris Salon,—and a prize exhibition of native water-colours. The annual display of studies and sketches will follow, and in December there will be a Black and White Exhibition.

YET ANOTHER FATAL ALPINE ACCIDENT, this time near Zermatt. A young Englishman, Mr. Devas, recently when strolling with a friend towards the Riffel House from the Gorner Glacier by the Théodule Pass, tried to take a short cut across some wet and slippery rocks leading to a grassy slope. He reached an awkward place whence he could neither advance nor retreat, and as his friend was coming to his aid Mr. Devas lost his footing, and slipped down 70 ft. on to a ledge of turf, whence he rebounded to some further 70 ft. below. When rescued he was found with a fractured skull, and remained unconscious till his death next day.

THE BRITISH REPUTATION FOR MOUNTAINEERING FEATS is jealously guarded, according to a story in the *Independence Belge*. A Bâle climber, who had last year failed to scale the Gspaltenhorn, in the Bernese Oberland, accomplished the ascent this season, and planted on the summit a silken flag, embroidered with his name. While relating his exploit at dinner at Mürren, an Englishman at the table listened gloomily, and disappeared suddenly at the close of the meal. Next day the Swiss mountaineer left Mürren, and when he reached home at Bâle he found a parcel containing the flag which he had planted on the Gspaltenhorn, and which the Englishman had specially made the ascent to displace.

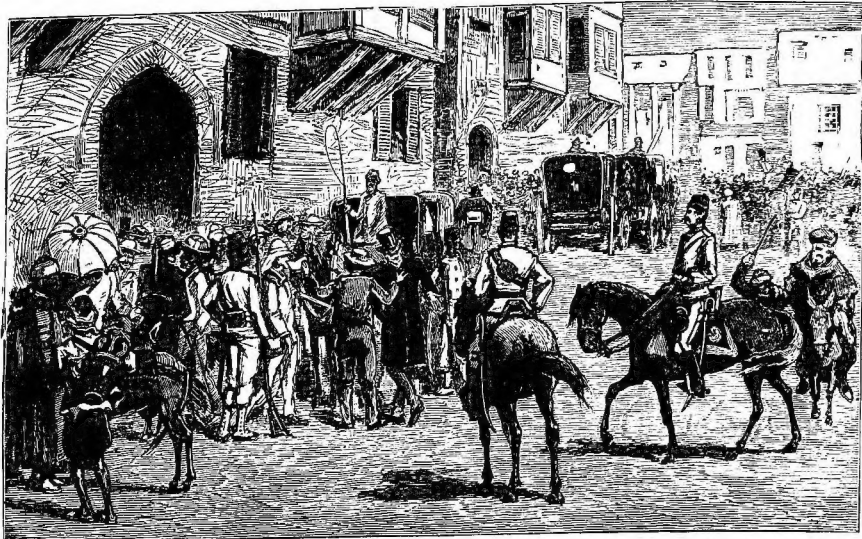
THE DANISH CASTLE OF FREDENSBORG, now the meeting-place of so many Royal personages, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, takes its name—the Castle of Peace—from the treaty signed with Sweden after a war lasting eleven years. Frederic IV. built the palace in 1720; and, as Norway was then united with Denmark, he filled the gardens with statues of Norwegian types—the fishermen, farmers, pastors, girls in festival dress, &c. The castle occupies a beautiful site looking over the Esrom Lake, and the gardens are specially lovely with their long leafy alleys, fountains, and rustic pavilions. The present Danish King has restored the old castle, which is furnished very plainly, and contains some valuable historical portraits.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,238 deaths were registered, against 1,371 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 133, being 252 below the average, and at the rate of 15.8 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week since September, 1881. There were 3 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 2), 46 from measles (a decline of 9), 14 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 16 from diphtheria (a rise of 2), 30 from whooping-cough (a fall of 15), 8 from enteric fever (a decline of 6), 83 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 38), and 3 from choleraic diarrhoea (a fall of 6). There were 295 small-pox and 266 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals on Saturday last. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 159, a decline of 42, and were 13 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 38 deaths, 32 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,538 births, against 2,413 during the previous week, being 101 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57.2 deg., and 2.7 deg. below the average. Rain fell on five days of the week to the aggregate amount of 0.40 of an inch. The registered duration of bright sunshine in the week was 26.9 hours, against 24.9 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

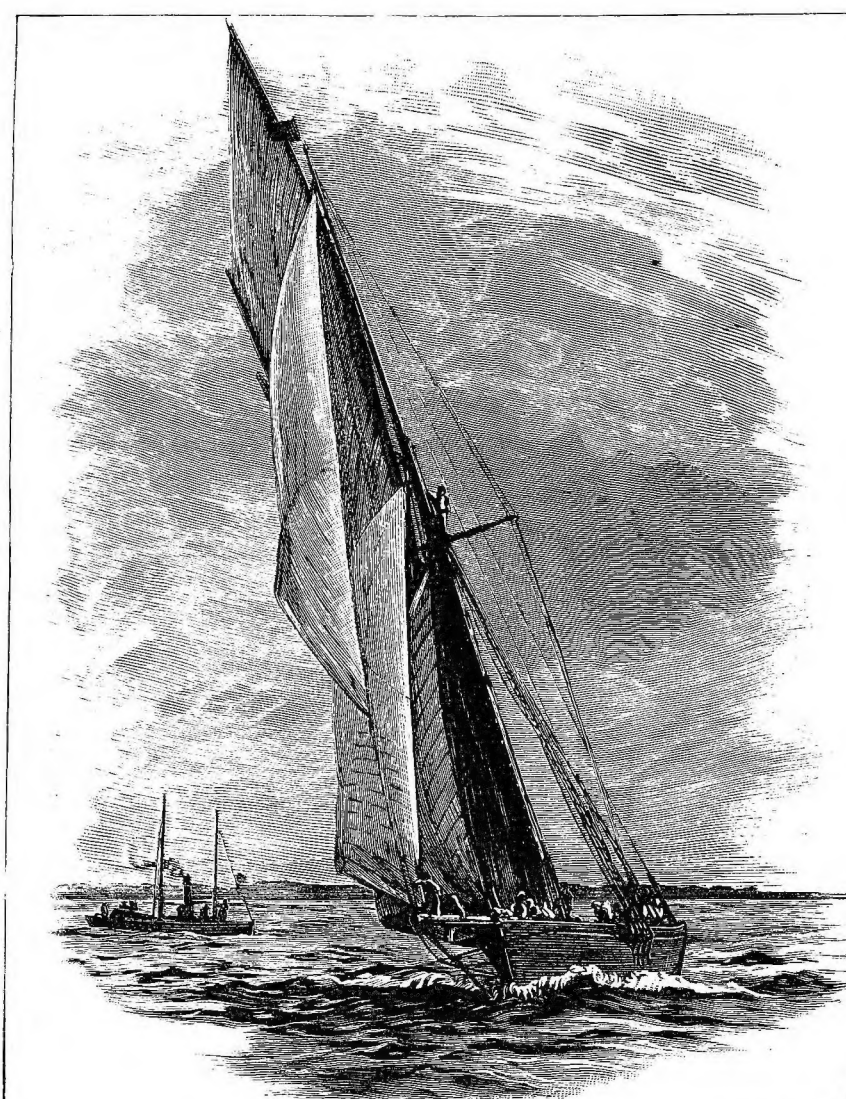


THE NEW "BERDAN" TORPEDO

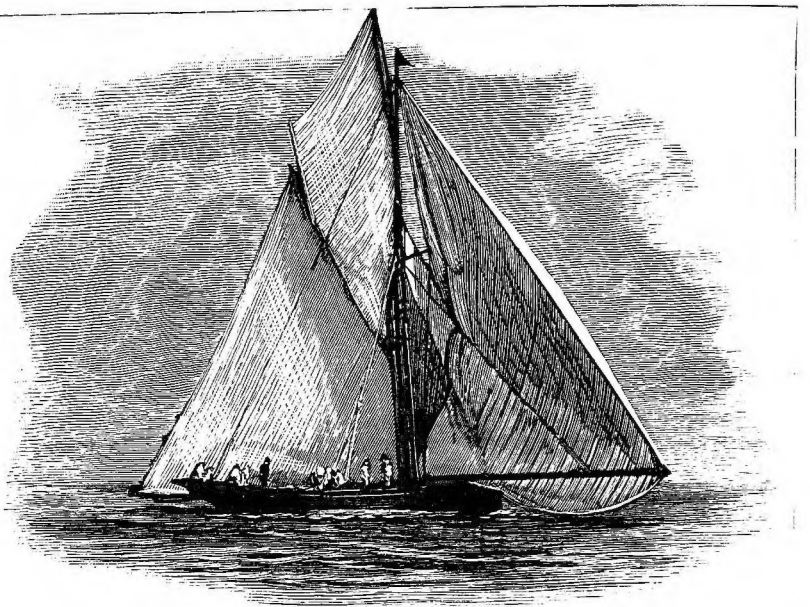
In the Berdan system two torpedoes, united by a line, are used instead of one. The cut shows the second torpedo sinking under a torpedo net, and attacking the ship's bottom



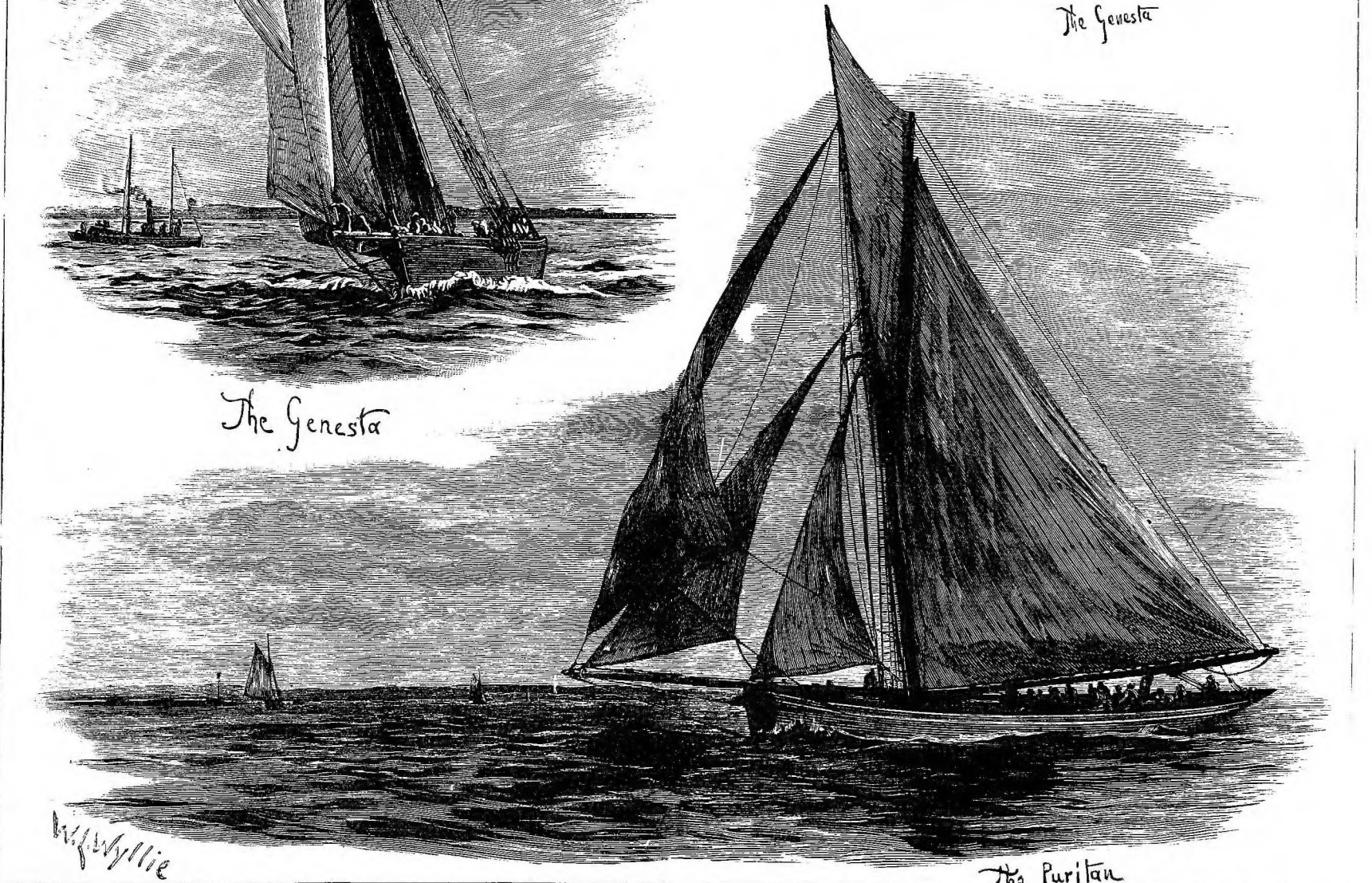
THE PAYMENT OF THE ALEXANDRIAN INDEMNITY CLAIMS AT THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, ALEXANDRIA



The Genesta



The Genesta

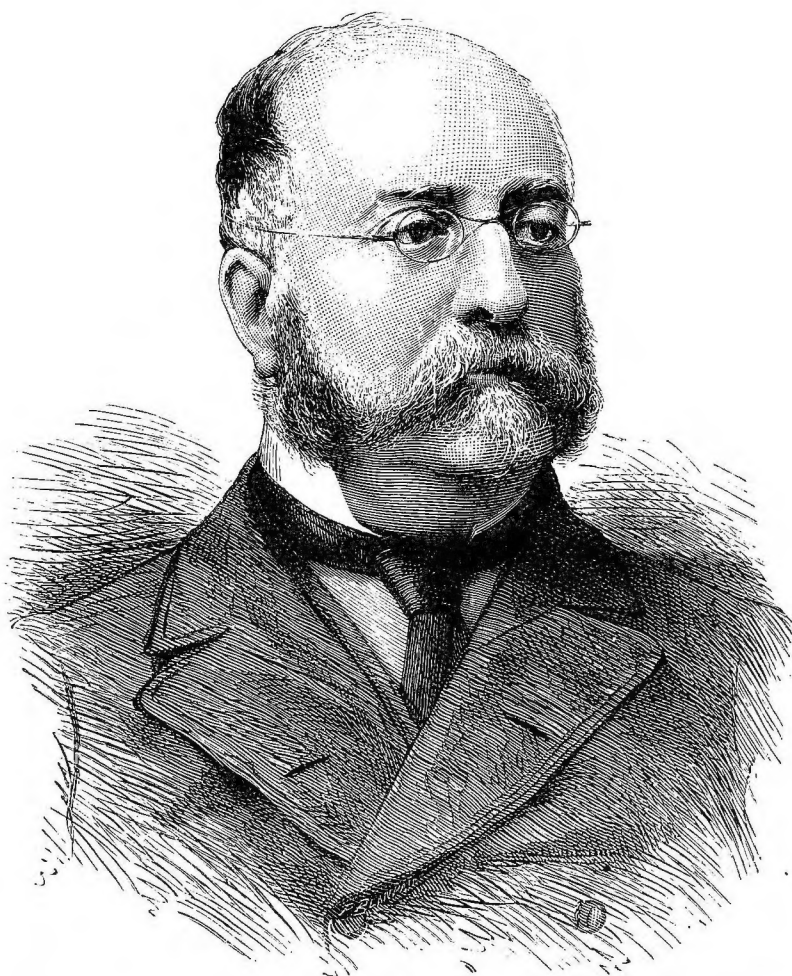


The Puritan

THE YACHTS "GENESTA" AND "PURITAN" COMPETING THIS WEEK AT NEW YORK FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP

SIR H. D. WOLFF

SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., is the son of the late Dr. Wolff, the celebrated missionary, and afterwards Vicar of Isle Brewers, Somersetshire. His mother was Lady Georgiana Mary, daughter of the second Earl of Orford. He was born in 1836, and was educated at Rugby. He received an appointment in the Foreign Office, and was subsequently attached to the Legation in Florence. When the Conservatives came into office in 1858 he served as Private Secretary successively to Lord Malmesbury and Sir E. B. Lytton. Between 1859 and 1864 (in which year the British Protectorate ceased) he held highly confidential positions in connection with the Government of the Ionian Islands. In 1878-9 he represented this country on the European Commission for the Organisation of Eastern Roumelia. From 1874 to 1885 he sat as M.P. for Christchurch. In 1885 he was elected for Portsmouth. In 1852 he married Adeline, daughter of Sholto Douglas, Esq. Recently Sir H. D. Wolff has proceeded to Turkey on a mission of the highest importance, the object of our Government being to obtain the good offices of the Sultan in settling the affairs of Egypt. Sir Henry is doubtless as well fitted as any man in the country for such a delicate errand, but it is quite probable that he will fail in getting what he wants owing to the inherent difficulties of the case. The fact is that we want the Sultan to interfere in Egyptian affairs just so far as suits our interests, but no farther, and the Commander of the Faithful naturally does not see the fun of being made a cat's paw to pull our chestnuts out of the fire. Moreover, the Turks have had good cause to distrust England ever since Mr. Gladstone came into office, and as the November elections may restore him to power, why should the Sultan trouble himself to oblige the nominee of a Cabinet which may presently have vanished into thin air? It is this perpetual swing of the electoral pendulum which makes England diplomatically so weak. Continental statesmen cannot tell whether they are dealing with shadows or substances.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.



SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, M.P., K.C.B., G.C.M.G.
NOW ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO THE TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENTS

OLD ENGLISH REVELS AT WANTAGE

A PICTURESQUE party was given on August 26th and 27th at Lockinge Park, near Wantage, the seat of Lord and Lady Wantage. Invitations were issued to most of the leading families in the county, and several hundred ladies and gentlemen attended, attired in the richest old English costumes. Even the cottagers on the estate appeared in mediæval garb, and altogether the scene was one of the prettiest ever presented in that part of the country. The visitors, who came by road and rail from long distances, began arriving at about two o'clock, and were heartily welcomed by Lord and Lady Wantage on the lawn, which soon became thronged with a brilliant company. The cloudy morning was succeeded by the finest of afternoons, and the revels were carried out to perfection. At three o'clock a procession of great length was formed, including some hundred of ladies and gentlemen in costume, among whom were Lord and Lady Wantage, the lords of different Berkshire manors, with their attendant pages and heralds, besides jesters, yeomen, halberdiers, foresters, forest maidens, falconers, and guests in costume. The procession, which was accompanied by bands of music and choristers, took a circuitous route through the park to a shady spot, where, beneath a stately elm, the ladies in costume were seated on a dais, and the general body of visitors formed a circle, in which the play of *Robin Hood and His Merrie Men* was performed with excellent effect. This performance was followed by a succession of old English sports, comprising the quintain, tournament, riband dance, bull baiting, &c., and concluding with the startling apparition of the vivified statue of Alfred the Great descended from his pedestal in the market-place of Wantage.

The chief interest of the procession was concentrated on two points, namely, the car of the Summer Queen (Miss M. Ryan), drawn by four fine bullocks with gilded horns and hoofs, and, secondly, the litter of Lady Wantage, representing Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by her knights and the lords of the surrounding manors, &c.

The play of *Robin Hood and His Merrie*



1. Lord Wantage
2. Lady Wantage

3. Part of the Procession
4. The Bull Fight

5. The Joust
6. Part of the Procession

THE OLD ENGLISH REVELS AT LOCKINGE, NEAR WANTAGE, THE SEAT OF LORD WANTAGE

Men was acted with great spirit throughout, an excellent chorus being supplied by the choirs of Wantage, Lockinge, and Ardington. The Joust was performed in the presence of the Summer Queen, with blowing of trumpets and shout of heralds in careful imitation of ancient procedure.

The Riband Dance was performed by an equal number of lads and lasses, each holding the end of a coloured riband attached to the top of a painted pole set in the ground. They plaited and unplaited the ribands during the dance with considerable skill.

The bull fight afforded a good deal of amusement, the principal torador being mounted on a white donkey, splendidly caparisoned in scarlet trappings, but which would not face the foe. The bull was pluckily manœuvred by Lord Balmiel and his brother, the Hon. W. Lindsay.

Just as it was growing dark, Wayland Smith, the wizard, whose cave still exists near the White Horse Hill, undertook to call up King Alfred the Great, that the monarch might see the changes which had taken place since he was in Wantage 1,000 years ago. At a wave of his hand and a puff of smoke, Alfred stood in their midst looking exactly as if he had descended from the pedestal in Wantage Market Place.

In the evening there was a costume dance in an enormous tent, in which an admirable floor had been laid down.



THE quarrel between SPAIN and GERMANY threatened at the close of last week to develop into a rupture of diplomatic relations, and even into actual war, but thanks to the cool good sense of King Alphonso and the conciliatory attitude of Germany the dispute is now in a fair way of settlement. It appears that on the 21st ult. three Spanish war vessels had anchored off Yap (one of the Caroline Islands), and their commanders were arranging for the installation of a Spanish Government. On the 24th, however, a German gun boat arrived, whose commander, with characteristic Teutonic promptitude, landed a force, and hoisting the German flag in the most prominent position took possession of the island in the name of his Emperor. The Spanish commanders protested vainly, and sending to Manila telegraphed home to Madrid, where the news caused the most intense popular excitement. Crowds assembled in the streets shouting "Down with Germany." A rush was made for the German Embassy, whence the German arms were torn down, to be subsequently burnt in the Puerta del Sol, and the crowd stationing itself before the French Embassy sang the "Marseillaise" amid general enthusiasm. Nor was the excitement confined to the masses, as the Liberal party at once held a meeting presided over by Señor Sagasta, at which it was agreed that the occupation of Yap ought to be considered a *casus belli*, and that if the Liberals were called to power they would at once recall the Spanish Minister from Berlin, and hand the German Minister his passports. Next day the King arrived at Madrid and held a Cabinet Council, at which he seems to have spoken with great firmness against yielding to the popular outcry. The Ministry also did all in their power to prevent any renewal of the demonstrations, and Señor Canovas has freely expressed his regret to Count Solms, the German Minister, for the outrage. On his side the Minister declared that he attached no importance to the incident, and still hoped for a satisfactory settlement of the main question in dispute.

Indeed it was evident from the first that the whole matter was being utilised by the ultra-Liberal Republican Party for their own purpose. By favouring the popular agitation they hoped to place King Alphonso in the dilemma of having to choose between declaring a disastrous war which could only end in defeat, and incurring the anger of the Spanish people by yielding to the German demands. Fortunately the courteous tone adopted by Germany, and her readiness to treat the question in a fair and equitable manner, has thwarted their schemes. It is far from improbable that Prince Bismarck's somewhat unwonted good temper is due to the apprehension of causing another revolution in Spain, which would end in dethroning the King and plunging the country into anarchy, and he had doubtless miscalculated the effect that the step of annexing the Carolines would have upon Spain. Consequently he hastened to assure the Spanish Government that the commander of the gunboat had been ordered not to hoist his flag at Yap if he found that the Spaniards were in possession, and that the act was thus contrary to his instructions. By the latest advices also Germany appears perfectly ready to withdraw her claims on the territory in dispute. Indeed, the Emperor is said to have written to the King disclaiming any intention to encroach upon Spanish rights. Following the cue of the Government the German Press have been moderate in their comments on the incidents at Madrid, though there have been some remarks on the unwarrantable excitability of the Spanish nation, and some self-congratulation on the prudence displayed by Germany last year in not raising the Spanish Legation to the rank of an Embassy, and recognising Spain as a first-rate Power—"a country so little able to observe the forms in which intercourse between the Powers is conducted." As a contrast to the general irascibility of Spain, the cool judgment and prudence of the young King are highly extolled.

In FRANCE the quarrel has naturally been watched with intense interest, and much popular sympathy has been generally expressed for Spain, the Spanish David being congratulated upon having quelled the German Goliath by his resolute mien. At the same time, there are some more sober-thinking folk who half suspect Señor Zorrilla and certain *boursiers* of having some share in rousing the popular excitement. France, however, is now very busy with her home matters, and particularly with the forthcoming elections, which have been fixed for October 4th. M. Brisson virtually opened the Ministerial campaign by an important speech on Tuesday at a banquet in Paris. He regretted greatly that it had been found impossible to put forth a united list of Republican candidates, and then entered upon a vigorous defence of the present Republic, which, "left without frontier, army, fortresses, guns, credit, and schools, had restored the eastern frontier, reformed Paris, created a national army, erected thousands of schools, carried out great public works, enacted liberty of the Press and of public meeting, legalised trade unions, encouraged provident societies, and organised compulsory and secular education." Turning to the vexed question of religion, he declared that the majority of Frenchmen were unprepared at present for immediate disestablishment, and that the details of the question had not been sufficiently studied, but meanwhile the Government would vindicate the rights of civil society by keeping priests away from the schools and from politics. As to forthcoming measures, M. Brisson warmly advocated the abolition of the voluntariat, a readjustment of military service, and the formation of a colonial army with a strong native element. M. Floquet, as leader of the Radicals, has also been making a speech for his party, the Royalists have issued a manifesto denouncing the misdeeds of the Republic, and for the few ensuing weeks France may expect to be deluged with political orations. There is little other news of interest, save that the French autumn manœuvres are now taking place, under Generals Billot and Villmette, that the matricide Virvent has been

sentenced to hard labour for life, and that there have been some further disturbances in Tonquin, in the province of Quinson, where a number of Christians have been massacred and villages burnt. General Prudhomme, however, after three days' operations, has now restored order.

The cholera, both in FRANCE and SPAIN, shows signs of decreasing. Thus the cases in Spain had decreased on Tuesday to 1,785, and 664 deaths, in Toulon there had been no deaths, and in Marseilles eight. In ITALY the epidemic continues in the provinces of Parma and Caserta, while it is now officially declared to exist in Palermo. This news and the arrival of fugitives from Sicily at Naples has greatly alarmed the Neapolitans, who are clamouring for quarantine on all arrivals from Sicily. It is rumoured also that cholera has appeared in BELGIUM at Mons. There were two fresh cases at Gibraltar on Monday and one on Tuesday.

From EGYPT comes the news that Kassala has never been taken after all. According to a letter received by Colonel Chermide from the Abyssinian chief Ras Aloula all was right in the town on August 15th. The garrison, it appears, had fallen out among themselves, and had subsequently made a truce with the Hadendowas. Only two of the Hadendowas sheiks, however, were in the town, and the terms of the truce were in favour of the garrison. The rebels were stated to be in a dispersed state, and provisions were entering the town freely. He hoped to march shortly to its relief, and the vanguard of his force had already started—the remainder was to follow on September 11th. Rumours are current of Osman Digma's death, a spy having reported that it occurred at a Conference at Gadamay between Osman Digma and seven sheiks, whom he was endeavouring to persuade to act against the British. A dispute arose, in the course of which Osman Digma was shot dead. News has been received from Sennaar, where the Governor is not only holding out, but is gaining over many adherents to the Khédivial cause. At Khartoum anarchy is said still to prevail, and it is rumoured that Mohamet el Kheir, the rebel Governor of Berber, has gone there to restore order. Father Bonomi, the well-known missionary, disbelieves the story of the Mahdi's death. He describes him as being a man of towering stature, with a fat, round face, and hard, unquailing eyes—unquestionably a fanatic honestly believing in his mission to restore the pure Islam. His authority over his followers was unlimited. He prohibited singing except in honour of the Prophet, and also smoking, and transgressors of these edicts were punished with a hundred stripes from a whip of hippopotamus hide. A first theft was punishable with the loss of the right hand, and a second with the amputation of the left foot. From CAIRO the only noteworthy item is the practical suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptian* by the French authorities. A note was sent by the French Consulate intimating that the line taken by the journal was offensive in the last degree to friendly Powers, and obstructive to French policy in Egypt, and that unless it was changed the paper would be suppressed. The editor then, taking the bull by the horns, announced the voluntary suspension of his paper. General Stephenson is going for a tour up the Nile next week.

In TURKEY Sir Drummond Wolff has been quietly pursuing his task, and has been holding conferences with the Ottoman delegates Assym Pasha and Kiamil Pasha. The negotiations do not appear to have proceeded very far, and both sides are seemingly fencing as to what concrete proposals shall be made. At the second sitting Sir Drummond Wolff explained the various difficulties connected with the Egyptian question, and pointed out in various ways how they might be solved, without, however, making any definitive proposal in the name of his Government, or binding himself to a fixed line of policy. On their side the Turkish delegates were no less careful. In his private audience with the Sultan Sir Drummond Wolff is said to have pointed out to the Sultan that his dignity as Suzerain of Egypt is impaired by the occupation of Egypt by foreign troops. Consequently it was to his advantage to unite with England for the establishment of a state of things which would enable England to leave Egypt with as little delay as possible.

In INDIA the Afghan settlement still remains the chief topic, and strong hopes are universally expressed that the Government will not deem it necessary to abandon the precautionary measures which have recently been inaugurated. Not that at present the authorities show any signs of this, as the arrangements for raising the new Bengal regiments and other military reforms are being promptly carried out. There will probably be an additional force of 10,000 British and 17,000 native troops, exclusive of the reserves, added to the Indian army. It is likely also that the territorial system will be introduced in the native army—a step which will greatly facilitate the working of the new reserve scheme, the main feature of which is said to be the keeping on the roll of their respective regiments men who have taken a discharge after between three and fifteen years' service, while allowing them a retaining fee of three rupees monthly, and making them turn out monthly for training. There has been unusually heavy rain during the past three weeks in Lower Bengal, causing disastrous floods. The scheme for the development of trade with Tibet is being pushed forward, and Mr. Macaulay, Secretary to the General and Revenue Department of Bengal, is to be dispatched to Peking on a special mission for this object.

In the UNITED STATES there has been an organised attack on Chinese immigrants in Wyoming. The workmen at the Rock Springs collieries had struck, and Chinese had been imported to take their places. The miners, however, armed with guns, marched into the Chinese quarters, killed a number of them, and drove the remainder to the hills, burning eighty of their houses. The greatest possible interest has been taken in the International Yacht Race between the *Genesta* and the *Puritan*. The subject is treated at length in our Illustration article, but we may mention that owing to want of wind on Monday the course was not completed by either vessel, and that consequently the umpire decided that no race had taken place. At the close of the day the *Puritan* was ahead of the *Genesta*. On Tuesday, in taking up their positions, the vessels fouled, the *Genesta* breaking her bowsprit by running it through the *Puritan's* mainsail and breaking it off short. This naturally necessitated a further postponement of the race.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we learn from the Russian Press that the abandonment by RUSSIA of the Zulfikar Pass was due to the simple fact that it did not possess the strategical value originally attributed to it.—In GERMANY the International Telegraph Conference has been hard at work, and various existing international rules and regulations have been amended. Some rules with regard to international telephony have also been adopted. Five minutes' conversation is reckoned to be the unit on which charges are to be based.—AUSTRIA is very angry with Prussia for her expulsion of Austrian Poles from Silesia, and is getting anxious about the constant antagonism existing between her Czech and German populations.—In HOLLAND the Socialists are holding meetings and demonstrations at Amsterdam, and have presented the Burgomaster with a resolution condemning the conduct of the police during the recent disturbances.—SERBIA is still somewhat disorganised, and the state of siege has been proclaimed in several fresh agricultural districts.—BULGARIA and ROUMANIA are vigorously quarrelling over a piece of disputed frontier at Arab Tabia—the dispute being attributed to Russian intrigues.—MONTENEGRO has decided to transform her militia into a standing army.—In SOUTH AFRICA

all is quiet in Basutoland and Pondoland, and nothing of interest is reported from Natal or Zululand. Much anxiety, however, prevails at Vryburg regarding the settlement of the land question. It is stated that the whole of Stellaland is in favour of General Warren's settlement, and that if it is not adhered to great dissatisfaction will be felt.



THE QUEEN continues at Balmoral. On Saturday Her Majesty entertained the Duchess of Albany at lunch, while Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse made an excursion to the Linn of Dee and the Bannoch. Prince Christian Victor and Sir R. Cross also went out deer-stalking, and in the evening Sir R. Cross dined with the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. J. Barclay of Montreal officiated, and later the Rev. Mr. Barclay and Sir R. Cross joined the Royal party at dinner. Princes Henry of Battenberg and Christian Victor on Monday joined Mr. Mackenzie's grouse-drive in Glen Muick, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse going out deer-stalking. In the evening Sir R. Cross and Colonel and Mrs. Stanley Clarke dined with the Queen. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Battenberg made the ascent of Lochnagar and met Her Majesty in the afternoon at the Glassall Shiel. In the evening the Duchess of Albany and Baron von Pawel-Rammingen dined with the Queen.

During his stay with the King of Sweden at Stockholm the Prince of Wales enjoyed varied sport, going out wild swan shooting at the Manor House, Ekolstein, and elk-stalking on Baron Dickson's estate at Skeppstun. A gala performance was given in the Prince's honour at the Royal Theatre, and he was also present with King Oscar on Saturday at the regatta of the Swedish yacht clubs, subsequently witnessing the illuminations and fireworks. Meanwhile the Princess and her daughters, with the Queen of Denmark, reached Copenhagen on Saturday after a very rough passage from Lübeck, and were most enthusiastically received by the Danes. Next day the Czar and Czarina arrived, being greeted by the whole Danish Royal family, including the King of Greece. The Prince and Princess of Wales return to England early next month.

Except the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who are at Eastwell, all the other members of the Royal family are either on the Continent or in Scotland. Princess Christian returns from Germany in time to distribute, on October 28, the late Lady Peck's prizes to the inmates of the National Orphan Home, Ham Common, Surrey.—The Crown Prince of Austria narrowly escaped a serious carriage accident on Sunday. His horses ran away, and he was thrown into a ditch, but fortunately he only sustained an injury to his left hand, and a severe shaking.—The Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden and Princess Hilda of Nassau will be married on Sunday, the 20th inst. at Hohenburg Castle, near Langries, Upper Bavaria.



THE CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE FOR 1885 is to be held in Glasgow on the 6th of October and two following days. It will be presided over by a Scotch Peer, Lord Polwarth, and the list of Vice-Presidents includes the names of the Earl of Chichester, Lord Ebury, the Dean of Canterbury, and the Lord Mayor of London.

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Carlisle branch of the Diocesan Church Extension Society, Bishop Goodwin pointed out, as illustrating the vitality of the Church of England, that during the twenty-three years of the Society's existence it had expended 52,000*l.* of its own funds in building and improving churches and parsonage houses and in augmenting small livings. In addition, it had expended on these objects from public and private sources 288,000*l.*, of which not less than a quarter of a million had come from private sources. If the Church of England were unhappily ever disestablished the Bishop of Carlisle hoped that these figures would be borne in mind. To take away from them what they had been doing for themselves during the last twenty-three years would be nothing short of rank robbery.

IN A BRIEF AND TEMPERATE REJOINDER to the letter of the Bishop of Carlisle, referred to in this column last week, Lord Ebury disclaims a wish to impute dishonourable conduct to any prelates or clergymen of the Church of England. But he reiterates his belief that, owing to the episcopal toleration of Romish tendencies in the Church, a large number of clergy and laity are now openly attempting to obliterate the Reformation, and all that it carries with it. Deplorable as Disestablishment would be, Lord Ebury considers that a misfortune of unspeakably greater moment would be a return to the slavery from which we were delivered in the sixteenth century.

IN AN ADDRESS issued by him as President of the Prayer Book Revision Society, Lord Ebury also dwells on what he regards as progress made in "unprotestantising" the Church of England, and suggests as a remedy the removal from the Prayer Book of those words and phrases which may be interpreted in a Romish sense, together with that of the Ornaments Rubric, which the Bishop of Liverpool has pronounced to be inimical to "true peace in the Church."

IN A LETTER approving of the object of the Funeral Reform Association, the Bishop of Sodor and Man makes the novel suggestion that the body of the dead person should be removed from the crowded dwelling-house in a large town to the church or cemetery, the mourners arriving next morning for the ceremony. In this way the necessity for street processions would be obviated.

THE NEW BISHOP OF BRISBANE sailed for his Diocese on Saturday. Previously to his departure there was a valedictory service at St. John the Evangelist, Red Lion Square, of which he has been for many years the energetic Vicar. The Bishop takes with him five clergymen, and desires to raise for his Diocese a fund of at least 5,000*l.*, of which 1,000*l.* has been promised.

THE VICAR OF MUNKTON, in the Isle of Thanet, whose example, it is said, is being followed by other Kentish clergymen, has informed the hop-growers of his parish that in consequence of the failure of the hop-crop in that district, he intends not only to remit the extraordinary tithe for the second half of the ecclesiastical year, but to return the amount already paid for the half-year ending on the 1st of April last.

THERE has been an unpleasant correspondence between the Gresham Committee of the Common Council and Dr. Cowie, the Dean of Exeter, in regard to his non-performance of his duties as Gresham Lecturer in Geometry, an appointment which he received in 1854, with a salary of 100*l.* a year and a room in Gresham

College. Out of the normal 116 lectures of the last ten years he had given in person only 57, the other 59 having been delivered by deputy. As Dean Cowie's health, which was indifferent, is now to a great extent restored, the Common Council, on the recommendation of their Committee, have resolved to give him notice that if he does not resume his lectures in person they will proceed to appoint another lecturer. The average attendance at the geometry lectures has been 41.

THE LORD MAYOR, Sir R. N. Fowler, took part on Monday in laying the foundation-stone of a new Congregational Church to be erected at Croydon in the Early Decorated style of Gothic architecture, and to cost 10,000*l.* A donation of 1,000*l.* to the building fund, with a public clock and chimies, has been made by Mr. J. T. Balfour, ex-Mayor of Croydon, and M.P. for Tamworth.

ON MONDAY the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin was inducted in the Pro-Cathedral of that city before a vast congregation, which included the Lord Mayor and Corporation and several Nationalist M.P.s. Replying afterwards to an address from the clergy and laity of the Diocese, Archbishop Walsh spoke sympathetically of the general objects of the Nationalist party.



THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.—If the Hereford Festival this year attracts less public attention than usual, the fault must entirely be laid to the charge of a Committee which has subordinated higher to merely local considerations. As performances, the rendition of familiar works in the Western Cathedral City by a small band of sixty-four players, and the three cathedral choirs reinforced by choristers from Bradford, the whole under the baton of the Hereford organist, demand, of course, little more than local consideration. Even from this limited point of view the programmes of the present festival are open to serious criticism, for Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* was heard at the Three Choirs Festival last year under the direction of the composer himself, and *Elijah*, *Redemption*, and *Messiah*, now once more announced, were then also performed. The other choral works given in the cathedral this week were Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Bach's *Reformation* cantata, through which Luther's "Ein feste Burg" so effectively runs, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. When the names of the artists—Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Enriquez, Misses Anna Williams and Coward; Messrs. Lloyd, Kearton, Santley, and Brereton—have been published, little or nothing is left to be said about the performances given this week under that able organist Dr. Langdon Colborne.

There only remain to be mentioned the two special features of the Festival, that is to say, the church music and the novelties. When the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester meet, choral services by the great past and present masters of English church music might reasonably be expected in that degree of perfection which long training in the placid closes of the provincial Cathedral, far from the madding crowd, and the distractions of metropolitan life, alone can command. The music was fairly well selected. The choral services commenced on Tuesday morning with Dr. Colborne's own "Te Deum" and "Benedictus," and Sir F. Gore Ouseley's anthem, "Great is the Lord," reinforced by a sermon by the Rev. Prebendary Poole, and during the week "services" by Garrett, Stainer, and Gibbons, and anthems by Boyce, Goss, and Wesley have also been heard. The opening and closing services with orchestra, and the evening choral celebrations, all so popular at Worcester, were at Hereford unfortunately dispensed with. But *en revanche* there was to be yesterday evening a chamber concert, which now replaces the once anomalous hall.

Only two novelties were accepted for Hereford, neither of any exceptional importance. One was a musicianly setting by Mr. C. Harford Lloyd of twelve lines by Mr. Weatherly on the Scandinavian legend of the death and resurrection of Balder, the god of Light and Day. For the soprano solo Miss Anna Williams was engaged. The other was a more ambitious work, a cantata, *St. Kevin*, by Dr. Joseph Smith, a young musician of Dublin. Dr. Smith has obvious ability, and while he may even now anatomise the libretto which has been provided for his use; yet eventually, when he has risen in the world of art, should he be sufficiently fortunate to secure the last remaining copy of *St. Kevin*, he will probably know very well what to do with it. Dr. Smith's happiest idea, in the treatment of the legend familiar to everybody through the poem of Moore, is the employment of real and imitated Irish melodies. One theme used in an intermezzo in the second part is of genuinely national origin, it being that associated with the legend, and it comes to the hearer as refreshing as water to the soldier in the Bayuda Desert, or as an illicit still to a Hibernian peasant. For the rest it is impossible to say whether the untutored auditor can the more admire the exquisite simplicity with which the librettist handles his *dramatis persone*—and makes his artless heroine (whose hand and heart has been refused by the sainted hero) beg for one night's "rest within thy gate, till morning rises only," with the result that "all that night young Kevin's brain was filled with dreams unholy"—or the charming ingenuousness with which the composer refers to an orchestral intermezzo as "intended to describe the sleep and dream of Kevin," and a female chorus as "representing the thought passing through the mind of the sleeping Kathleen." Every lad at the Paris Conservatoire seeks to begin life, so Auber once said, with a five-act opera; while German students have a natural predilection for a choral symphony as a mere starting point. After some grumbling at the expense of an absurdly unappreciative age, they try back, and eventually win the position their several talents warrant. The composer of *St. Kevin* has obviously so much ability that it may be hoped a similar bright fate may be in store for Dr. Joseph Smith. On Tuesday night at Hereford Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. Kearton and Brereton sang the solos, and the composer conducted.

CHORAL COMPETITIONS.—These competitions concluded at the Albert Hall on Friday. Strong protests have been made against the manner in which they were organised, and the audience on Friday broke into open rebellion against one of the decisions of the judges. The Nottingham Philharmonic took the first prize of 100*l.*, the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society that of 60*l.*, the Arvonian Male Choir 60*l.*, and the Leeds and Scarborough Harmonic Society 30*l.* As we mentioned last week, the best London and provincial choirs held aloof altogether from the affair.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Nilsson will in October begin a concert tour of Germany.—We understand that a private association is being organised to work the next season at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye is mentioned as managing director.—Mr. Curwen is about to publish another volume on "Worship Music," from particulars gathered all over Europe. The subjects treated will include the music in the religious services of the Russians, Moravians, Welsh Calvinists, German Protestants, the Chapels Royal and Cathedrals, Roman Catholics, and so forth, down to the Salvation Army.—Joseph Servais, son of the celebrated violoncellist, died last week in Belgium, aged thirty-five. He also was a violoncello player.—Dr. Ferdinand Praeger is passing through the press a volume of Wagner's letters, entitled "Wagner According To Himself."—The Glasgow Choral Union have chosen Dvorák's *The*

Spectre's Bride instead of Gounod's *Mors et Vita* for the February concert under Mr. Manns.—In consequence of an epidemic among the choir boys at St. Paul's Cathedral, the services will for the present be conducted by adult vocalists.—According to the German papers, Herr Richter will probably visit Paris with his orchestra this winter.—The organ grinder at Manchester, who was this week robbed of 125*l.*, which it was proved he had saved in six months, is but one of a multitude. Barrel organs (the pipes made in the Black Forest, and put together in London) cost about 20*l.* for ten tunes. They are let out by *Padroni* at from 1*l.* per week, and the ordinary takings for one of the best organs average 200*l.* per annum upwards for the man and woman.—Mrs. Oscar Beringer has adapted from Edwin Arnold and Dean Milman the story of *Nala and Damayanti* from the Sanscrit of Vyasa, *temp.* about B.C. 1400. Mr. Thomas Wingham, of the Oratory, Brompton, is setting the libretto to music as a five-act opera.—Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons, the piano-makers, have organised a series of symphony concerts at St. James's Hall next November. There will be an orchestra of sixty, and the conductors will be Messrs. Mount and Ganz.



MR. H. B. DENNE, of the South-Eastern Circuit, who was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1870, has been appointed Recorder of Margate in succession to the late Mr. Kingsford.

SPEAKING THIS WEEK AT VENTNOR on the so-called Land Laws, and doubtless having in his eye the emancipatory provisions of Lord Cairns' Settled Estates Act, the Attorney-General assured his hearers that—the mansion-house attached to an estate excepted—there was no portion of the land of this country which the owner could not sell to-morrow if he wished to dispose of it. What really demanded attention in connection with the transfer of land was the cost of the sale. He had known in the Isle of Wight of small pieces of property worth only 400*l.* or 500*l.* costing 40*l.* or 50*l.* for the transfer, perhaps more than two years' income from the property. He would gladly do anything he could to make land as easily transferable as a horse or a cow.

IN HIS CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY at the opening of the adjourned Quarter Sessions for Surrey, Mr. Hardman, Chairman of the First Court, observed that, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the laws for the protection of young girls, he had told the Peers that one of the greatest dangers to the morality of the young was the way in which they were huddled together in single rooms, where the decencies of civilised life could not possibly be observed. That, he believed, was the real cause of the immorality of which they had lately heard so much.

THE PROCEEDINGS in the *cause célèbre* of Eliza Armstrong were resumed at Bow Street on Monday, continued on Tuesday, and then adjourned until Saturday (to-day). All the six defendants appeared, and were represented by counsel with the exception of Mr. Stead, the editor of the *Pail Mail Gazette*, who, however, had a legal adviser to aid him on technical points of law and procedure. On Monday Mr. Poland stated the case against them, and examined Eliza Armstrong and her mother. The former gave her evidence intelligently, and described her various migrations and adventures from the time when she was engaged by Mrs. Jarrett to be her servant at Winchester—instead of going thither she was taken to France—up to her restoration to her mother in Mr. Stead's house at Wimbledon. In cross-examination only some slight discrepancies in her evidence was disclosed, and Mr. Stead admitted the general truthfulness of her narrative. The cross-examination of Mrs. Armstrong so far indicated the line of defence to be adopted as to elicit from her the admissions that she had been thrice fined for drunkenness, once for assault, and once for the use of obscene language. All the defendants are at large on bail.

AN APPLICATION was made in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice on part of the lessee of the Comedy Theatre to restrain Miss Violet Cameron, the popular actress, from repudiating her agreement to act at this theatre for six months from the 1st of October next at a salary of 40*l.* a week. An agreement to that effect had undoubtedly been signed by Miss Cameron, but it appeared that in a second one, which had been substituted for it, the management reserved the right to prolong the engagement for a further four months. That agreement had not been signed, and was still incomplete. On this ground Mr. Justice A. L. Smith refused the application.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST on one of the engine-drivers who died from injuries received in the collision at Earl's Court, on the 23rd ult., ended in a verdict of "Accidental Death," the jury adding a recommendation to the several companies to observe greater punctuality in starting their trains.



THE new decorations of the LYCEUM, as revealed to the eyes of the crowded audience assembled to welcome the return of Mr. Irving and his company, have been received with misgiving even by the most friendly of critics, and in some quarters have provoked decided expressions of disappointment. The old box front decorations introduced by Madame Vestris in 1847 have long been greatly admired. It has been said by apologists for Mr. Phipps's innovations that the former were "heavy," and if by this is meant that they did not dazzle or fatigue the eye, or obtrude themselves on the attention of the spectator, the charge may have some sort of foundation. But this, together with their intrinsic beauty and harmonious combination, really constituted their merit. Mr. Phipps, however, believes in polychromatic display. He has accordingly swept away all the medallions in relief, together with the little Cupids and flowers, birds and clusters of columns, and having thus obtained perfectly flat surfaces has covered them everywhere with a variety of decorative designs in colour, with gold borders. That many of these designs are worthy in themselves may be admitted; but the details are not bold enough for theatre decoration. The general result to one seated in the midst of the stalls is that of a great blaze of colour in numberless divisions, as if the whole wide circuit had been lined with the stuff out of which Harlequin's dresses are manufactured. The play-going mind is no doubt conservative in such matters. Mr. Irving has contributed more perhaps than any other manager of the Lyceum to clothe that house with agreeable associations; and perhaps for this reason many of his patrons will be loth to miss features which rendered that house unique among the theatres of London. But unhappily there are far more substantial reasons for deploring the change.

The structural alterations introduced into the house and the improvements in the general arrangements for the comfort and con-

venience of visitors are, on the other hand, worthy of all praise. More elbow, or rather knee room, more pure air, and a better view of the stage from hitherto unfavoured sides and corners, have been skilfully secured without apparently any diminution in the seating capacity. If the old row of gas footlights, with the inevitable one or two broken glasses and the flare and the hovering vapours, could only be exchanged for the cool brilliance of the electric light, the Lyceum would perhaps come as near to perfection as is practicable in this world. For mere innovations there is certainly no demand. No change, at all events, appears for the present to be desired in the Lyceum bill. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry and their associates have as is well known cut short their summer holiday, and abandoned their customary professional tour in the country simply because London playgoers still want to see *Olivia*. It would be strange, indeed, if this beautiful revival of a beautiful play should fall in its term of favour short of any of the most successful revivals on the same stage. It is safe to predict—and those essayists who are apt to rail at the tastes of modern playgoers should take note of the fact—that it will run yet for many a night. Mr. Irving as the Vicar plays even with a finer touch of simple dignity and true pathos than before and Miss Terry's performance certainly exhibits nothing of the weariness which might be expected to result from much repetition. Nowhere, indeed, is the maxim that "practice makes perfect" better exemplified than on the stage. Mr. Howe's honest old farmer, Mr. Norman Forbes's gentle, pedantic Moses, and other impersonations have gained conspicuously in finish since the first representation here; and if this is any degree less true of Mr. Terriss's Squire Thornhill it is only because that impersonation attained from the first a really ideal perfection.

The reported probability of a forthcoming season of German performances in London, under the direction of Herr Pollini, of Hamburg, is we believe at present only a "probability." Now that the whimsical comedies of Von Moser and his school are, in an adapted form, taking possession of our stage, it would be interesting to many to witness a series of performances of these pieces in the original. Of such it is said that the repertory will be composed.

Human Nature, the new romantic play in four acts and many tableaux, long in preparation at DRURY LANE, will be produced this evening. Its authors, Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, have taken the war in the Soudan, from the march of the Guards through London to the stirring military scenes in the desert, for their chief source of sensational incidents.

MR. H. A. JONES is writing a farcical comedy in three acts, in which Mr. Thomas Thorne will play the leading part at the VAUDEVILLE. This house reopens this (Saturday) evening with Mr. J. P. Hurst's successful piece *Loose Tiles*. Mr. Hurst also furnishes a new comedy-drama, called *Nearly Severed*.

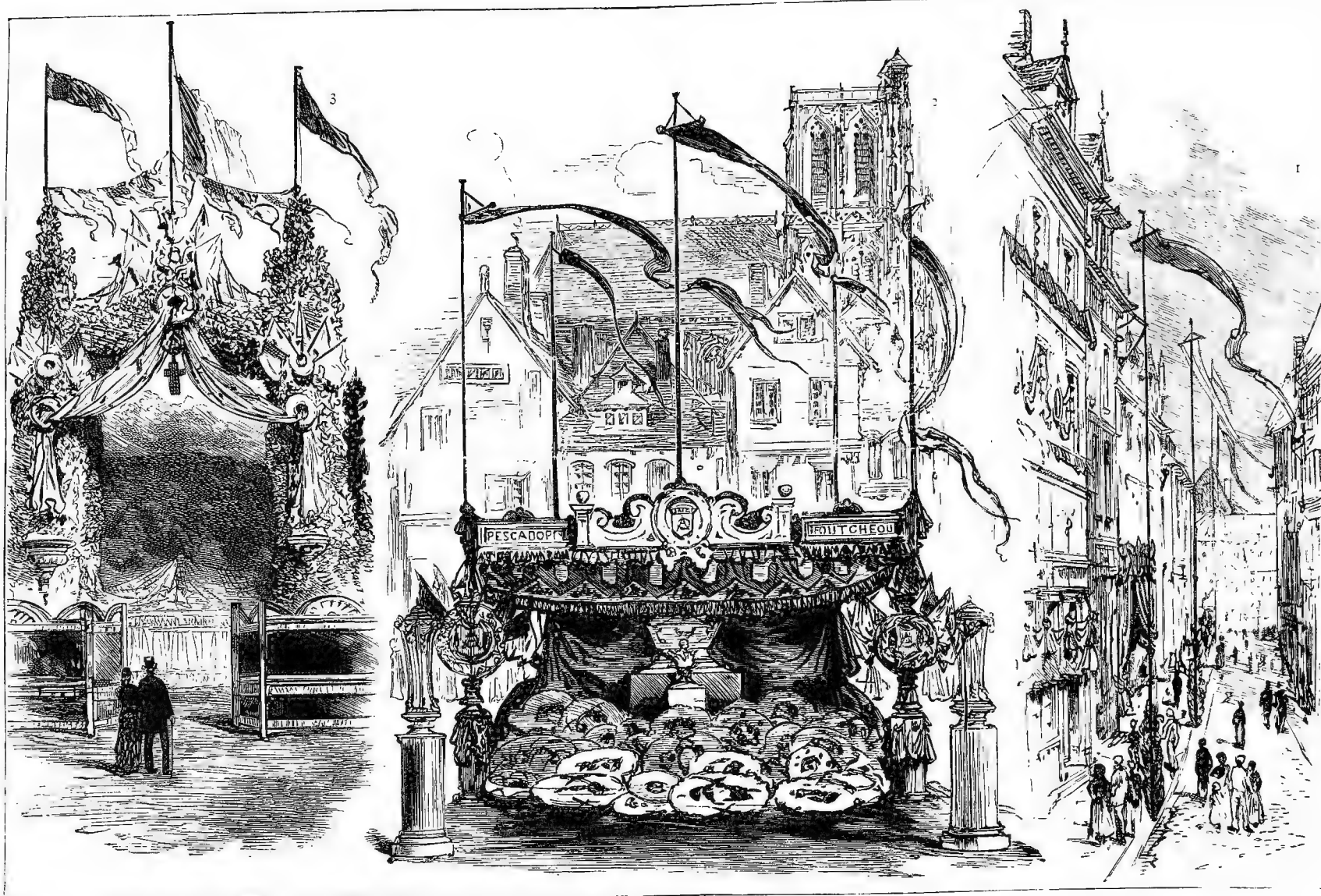


THE TURF.—A highly-successful meeting was concluded on Saturday last at Derby. The rain in the earlier part of the week had caused the going to be very good, and fields ruled large. On the first day the chief events were the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes, won by the Duke of Portland's Modwena, and the Peveril of the Peak Plate, which Clochette secured for Lord Lascelles by a neck from Corunna, who was conceding 13 lbs. On Friday, in the Harrington Stakes, Cataract won cleverly by a length from Philosophy, who found her penalty too much for her; while The Child secured the verdict by half-a-length from Ripon in the Highfield Selling Plate. The latter had his revenge on Monday, however, when he won the Selling Nursery Plate, The Child, with her 3 lb. penalty, getting no nearer than third. The veteran Ramsbury won the Selling High-Weight Handicap from Cambusdoon, and was afterwards sold for 150 guineas. In the Harrington Plate Pearl Diver galloped away from a very large field, and was never caught. This week has been, as regards racing, the lull before the storm. Nevertheless, there have been minor meetings at Warwick, Four Oaks Park, and Heavitree. At Warwick fair fields were obtained, but there was nothing remarkable in the racing. On Tuesday Captain Machell's Droitwich took the Town Stakes in a canter, Hammon was successful in the Leamington Plate, while Sinbad the Sailor made a winning *début* in the Kenilworth Maiden Plate. On Wednesday the Dolus filly cantered in for the Avon Two-Year-Old Plate, while Kerosene won the Warwick Welter Cup from Kimbolton, who failed to get home with the penalty earned for his success in the Chaddesden Plate at Derby, and eight others. The St. Leger market remains much the same as last week. Melton, in spite of evil rumours at the beginning of the week, remains firm at about 7 to 4 on, but Isobar has come up to 13 to 2, while Lonely has retired to about 10 to 1. For the Great Yorkshire Handicap King Monmouth is favourite at 3 to 1.

CRICKET.—The season is now nearly at an end, but owing to the fine weather it dies hard. Much interest therefore has been taken in the Scarborough festival, which has been productive of some very good play. Last week the Gentlemen defeated the Players by an innings and 25 runs, a result mainly due to the batting of Dr. W. G. Grace who made 174, and the bowling of Messrs. Evans and Christopherson. For the losers Gunn made 82. The match between Yorkshire and a strong M.C.C. team was drawn much in favour of the "tykes." The results of the inter-county cricket show Nolts to be for the third year in succession the champion county. Yorkshire is second, and Lancashire third. By the system which accords precedence according to the number of defeats suffered, Kent is fourth, Surrey fifth, and Derbyshire sixth, but this is manifestly absurd. A more correct result is obtained by taking the proportion of matches won to the number played. This places Surrey fourth, Kent fifth, and Derbyshire last, below Gloucestershire, Middlesex, and Sussex.—No less than thirty-five "centuries" have been made in first-class county cricket this year, including four scores of over 200. Mr. W. W. Read has made five "centuries," and Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. W. Newham, and Shrewsbury three each.—Several ladies' cricket matches have taken place lately. At Harthill the Harthill ladies have defeated those of Houghton; at Clevedon the Clevedon "nine" have beaten the Somersetshire Grasshoppers (ladies' club), and the ladies of Derry have played a draw with those of Limavaddy at Drenagh.—Next year's Australian Eleven will not contain any member of the last team, Spofforth having decided not to join it.—In America the first match of the English team, that with New York, has been drawn greatly in favour of the former.

YACHTING.—The match for the *America's Cup* between the *Genesta* and the *Puritan* has been ill-fated. On Monday the breeze was so light that neither could complete the forty miles within the seven hours allotted. On Tuesday just before the start the *Puritan* fouled the *Genesta*, with the result that the latter's bowsprit was carried away, while the *Puritan's* mainsail was badly torn. The necessary repairing has postponed the race till Friday (yesterday). From the result of Monday's racing, in which the *Puritan* had a considerable lead, it seems likely that the *Genesta* will be beaten.

FOOTBALL is already in full swing among the Association Clubs in the North. Everton have been defeated by Blackburn Rovers,



1. In the Rue de l'Hotel de Ville: The Residences of the late Admiral and his Sister are Draped in Black
 2. The Lying in State in La Place Courbet
 3. The Tomb of the late Admiral in the Cemetery
 THE STATE FUNERAL OF THE LATE ADMIRAL COURBET AT ABBEVILLE



C. Nolin (Witness) Interpreter Judge Richardson Magistrate Le Jeune Louis Riel Crown Counsel Osier

Crown Counsel C. Robinson Prisoner's Counsel Captain Dene (Mounted Police)

THE TRIAL AT REGINA, N.W. TERRITORY, OF LOUIS RIEL, THE LEADER OF THE RECENT HALF-BREED REVOLT IN CANADA



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"The visitor helped himself with less sign of moderation than might have been expected from the terms of his acceptance of O'Rourke's offer."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

THE driver, bearing in mind O'Rourke's promise of five francs in case the station were reached in time for the mail train, put his fat-ribbed heavy-footed horse to the road at such a pace as he had never travelled in his life before. Once or twice the horse manifested a decided desire to stand still and think out the reason of this extraordinary haste; but the driver flourished him along to such good purpose that O'Rourke had five minutes to wait for the train, though it came punctually to time. He gave the driver his promised tip, secured a ticket for the first stage of his journey, and walked on to the platform carrying his portmanteau. He had been thinking of Angela, and Maskelyne, and his own chances all the way; but now he suddenly recalled Dobroski to mind. That venerable conspirator and he would travel to England together.

He had not intended this, and he did not like the prospect. In any case he had a sufficiently difficult part to play, and he was annoyed to find the difficulties enhanced by this altogether accidental companionship. He would have preferred to appear even ignorant of Dobroski's presence in London until it became a matter of public notoriety; and now chance set them en route together, and everybody would suppose that on his side the companionship was an act of open braggadocio. Fraser would have been delighted at the opportunity of so much distinction as the protests of the press were almost sure to bring; but then Fraser had no plans to spoil and no great game to play, and nothing to satisfy except that curious desire to find his name in print, whether coupled with adjectives laudatory or disparaging. O'Rourke set his portmanteau on the platform, and walked up and down thinking of this unwelcome incident, until the sound of the hour gave notice of the train's approach, and Dobroski's picturesque figure emerged from a waiting-room, and Dobroski's mournful countenance fell upon him. At this instant he was conscious of an inspiration, and, snatching up his portmanteau in his left hand, he hastened forth with the right stretched out in greeting. Dobroski met him with a grave surprise.

"I have had time to think, sir," said O'Rourke. "It will be best for us to go together." There was no time for explanation just then, for the train was already entering the station. O'Rourke opened a carriage-door, and stood aside for the old man to enter. "Your baggage, sir?" he asked, when Dobroski was seated.

"It is registered for Brussels," Dobroski answered, and O'Rourke entering, the door was suddenly slammed behind him, and the train was on its way again. There was no other occupant of the carriage,

a fact which O'Rourke somewhat regretted, for he wanted time in which to formulate his inspiration.

"May I offer you a cigarette?" he asked. Then slowly and with a contemplative air he drew a case from his pocket and handed it over to Dobroski, who accepted it with a waiting and questioning aspect. "I have been thinking," he began, and paused to select a cigarette and to light it. "I have been thinking that it will be altogether better and wiser to go to England together than to travel separately. On mature deliberation, I am certain that an open companionship—an avowed companionship—will be less dangerous to our plans, and will facilitate them more, than any secret and underground communication. After all there is nothing much more natural than that the Irish party should sympathise with the cause of Poland. If you visit England simply as the representative of Poland or in your private capacity, a certain section of the press will no doubt be loud against us for receiving you, but there will be less room for suspicion, and less likelihood of it, than there would be if we tried to be stealthy. It is known already that I have been at Janenne. If I return with you, and if you consent to receive from a portion of the British public a reception, a banquet, a deputation, any public demonstration that may be decided upon, we shall be a good deal abused for our open sympathy with an anarchist, and your association with us, and ours with you, will be derided as a *brutum fulmen*, but the very openness of our action will lull suspicion as to the real gravity of our purpose."

O'Rourke's manner of saying all this was as near perfection as human efforts are allowed to go. It expressed a weighty and deliberate conclusion, it expressed at the same time the profoundest deference for the other's opinion, and it was informed through and through with veneration.

"I have been used, perforce," returned Dobroski, "to underground work. But English institutions may permit of a certain pretended openness which could not be used in other countries."

"To seem to show everything recklessly is a better way to secrecy than to invite suspicion by the very stealthiness of our movements," said O'Rourke. "We show nothing by travelling together. The loyalist press will laugh at us, but even I can endure a little laughter from that quarter."

"If you and I go openly together," said the old man, "we can see each other openly, and that will help us in the formation of our plans. I think your second thoughts are best, Mr. O'Rourke."

"I am convinced of it," said O'Rourke. "I am quite convinced of it." The enforced companionship with Dobroski on this journey

might not be so bad a thing after all. If he had seen no good side to it he could have explained to Dobroski that he himself was compelled to return to England, and could have persuaded him to stay in Brussels until he had fulfilled his Parliamentary duty, and had got back to Belgium. But since he meant to have a finger in that strange pie of Dobroski's—as for his own purposes he most assuredly did—he must have Dobroski's complete confidence, and the shortest way to that was a constant enthusiasm and readiness in the service of the Cause. As he leaned back in the carriage, looking out of window at the gliding landscape with a thoughtful eye, he projected himself ever so little into the future. Angela loved Dobroski, and he had seen enough of her to be sure that a man who endured a little harmless abuse for Dobroski's sake would stand all the higher in her fancy. The kind of journalistic and Parliamentary flagellation in store for him he could already guess pretty fairly. It would look bitter and terrible to a sensitive girl, but in the life of an Irish patriot it was a customary experience, and on the use-toughened epidermis of the Irish patriot would fall with perfect harmlessness. It might provoke the Major against him, but then the Major had already proved himself tolerably ductile, and before he committed himself to Dobroski at the banquet or deputation he must try to make sure of Angela. Luckily the Major himself was a witness of O'Rourke's manner of departure from Janenne, and would understand that the encounter at the railway station was accidental. Only being a good deal of a schemer himself, and being therefore suspicious of schemes in others, he was naturally fertile in the invention of suspicions for other people. It occurred to him (as it would never occur to men who did not scheme, and therefore suspect others of scheming) that the Major might look on the telegram as a mere ruse to get away in company with Dobroski. O'Rourke, upon this fancy, went through all the show of absolute candour, good-humoured forbearance, and perfectly balanced self-possession which would be necessary in case the Major should really entertain and display this absurd suspicion. It was a characteristic of this young gentleman that, after many years of fervid and triumphant humbug, the inward emotions awakened by the defence of a truth or a falsehood had grown identical. When he told the truth he told it with a spurious warmth, a spurious delicacy, and when he lied the same warmth and the same delicacy animated his spirit.

There is an old-fashioned, childish experiment in simple physics which may serve as an expressive simile for O'Rourke's condition. If you take a bowl of hot water and a bowl of cold water, and immerse the right hand in one and the left in the other, and then

(Continued on page 306)

Illiwell by Preston North End, and Aston Villa by Blackburn Olympic. The Scottish Football Association have decided that no club belonging to the Association may play against a team in which there are professional players. This decision debars the Scottish clubs from entering for the English Cup. No less than 128 clubs have entered for the Cup Competition, of which only 36 belong to the South.—It is rumoured that a team of Australian Football players are coming over here to play against our best Association clubs.

BILLIARDS.—Meetings of the Sub-Committee of the Billiard Association, which is engaged in revising the rules, were held on Monday and Wednesday at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, when several alterations of considerable importance were made. It is hoped that the revised rules will be published early in October.—A bagatelle match of 1,000 cannons up took place on Monday and Tuesday between R. Shackelford and T. Ball. The latter was defeated by 678, Shackelford making a break of 192, which is the best on record.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The Four Miles Race between George and Cummings takes place to-day (Saturday) at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh.

AQUATICS.—Henry Clasper, of Putney, defeated Robert Patrick, of Gateshead, on Monday, in a race over the Tyne course.



THE HARVEST.—The principal agricultural authorities appear this year to be singularly well agreed with respect to the out-turn of the British wheat crop, which they put at a little under nine and a half million quarters. The yield varies greatly in different districts, but the deficiencies of one part are balanced by heavy crops elsewhere, and the fact that wheat this year is best on the natural wheat soils gives to the crops in general the stamp of a satisfactory yield. The price at which the new wheat is offering is very low, 28s. to 32s. being taken in the West of England (where apparently agricultural depression is most acutely felt) and 32s. to 35s. in the Eastern counties. The Imperial average is 32s. 4d. per quarter only. The barley crop is now put by many authorities at over an average yield in quantity; on the other hand, fine samples are not expected to be as numerous as they were last year. The yield of oats is probably larger than was at first thought. There is a deficiency; but, instead of being 10 or 15 per cent., it may not be more than five. The loss to growers of beans and peas is unfortunately heavy, the crops having promised well early in the season; but the want of moisture has proved more fatal to them than to any of the three leading cereal crops. The showery weather of the past fortnight has largely benefited the pastures, the potatoes, and the root crops. Cattle are getting a better bite than they had all August, and the potato tubers will now probably run to a fair size. The mangolds should be a good yield, but swedes and turnips are less satisfactory. Many farmers have already broken their corn stubbles, and put in tares, or some other green crop. This is as it should be; farmers cannot afford to lose time nowadays.

THE SHOW SYSTEM.—Writing under a pseudonym to a contemporary, the talented Secretary of one of our principal Societies deprecates the growing tendency of Agricultural Associations to become simply Committees for managing and holding Shows. The discussion of agricultural subjects, the delivery of agricultural lectures, the conduct of agricultural experiments, and the general study of agricultural interests are all postponed, often altogether overlooked, in the desire to have a good, and above all things a paying, Show once a year. With these remarks we very cordially concur, and we would add an observation of our own to the effect that at the Shows themselves there is a growing tendency to cultivate performances rather than to rest content with a display of animals and machinery. Jumping, racing, and other competitions, together with the sale of many non-agricultural articles, are fast spoiling the genuine Agricultural Show.

A NEW LAND BILL.—In the next Parliament we have reason to believe a New Land Bill will be brought forward with the object of vesting in one owner, and that absolutely, all landed estates. The Bill will provide that no annuity, rent-charge, jointure, or encumbrance, other than a simple mortgage or debenture, shall be legally secured upon land. Though the proposed law would not be retrospective, every tenant for life would acquire, by purchase or compensation, all other interests in the land of which he is life tenant. A person having reversionary interests would have power to claim that his right should be purchased by the tenant for life, and if the latter declines the option shall be with his successor next in order of priority of title or interest, and so on until the person claiming to realise shall be reached. The passage of such a Bill would certainly produce vast changes, but whether it would lead to any better cultivation of land is more than doubtful. Lord Cairns' Acts appear to give all fair liberty to the tenant for life.

THE WARWICKSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Leamington. The first day was spoiled by rain, but the thirsty soil soon absorbed the moisture, and on the second day, which was fine, there was a good attendance. The show of short-horns was good, and the Herefords were, considering the small number shown, of very high average excellence. The entries of sheep were fewer than last year, but the good quality of the Shropshire and the Oxfordshire Downs made up for a certain paucity in numbers. The prevalence of swine-fever led to the show of pigs being exceedingly small. Horses were a great show, nearly 200 in number, inclusive of some very fine animals in the agricultural classes. The hunters were very high in average quality and merit. The principal exhibitors at the Show were the Earl of Warwick, Mr. W. Wynn, Mr. H. Ford, of Leamington; Mr. Over, of Rugby; Mr. Goodwin, of Cheltenham; Mr. Hicken, of Dunchurch; and Mr. P. A. Muntz, M.P. The Earl of Coventry showed some excellent Herefords.

ENSILAGE.—One of the Professors of the Downton Agricultural College has been making experiments, on the strength of which he considers that a slight loss of nitrogen, a certain transformation of albuminoids into less valuable substances, and a development of free acid at the expense of a little sugary or starchy material, sum up all the important changes brought about in the manufacture of good ensilage. It is doubtful whether the absolute loss of substance exceeds that which occurs in making and storing ordinary hay, and it is only conceivable that the breaking-up of the albuminoids, which is the alteration most to be regretted, may be reduced to a reasonable extent by attention to the conditions which experience shall finally demonstrate best adapted to prevent fermentative activity of every kind. The ideal ensilage is undoubtedly that in which the constituents of fresh herbage have undergone no alteration either in quality or kind, excepting perhaps the removal of a little water by evaporation.

CATTLE DISEASE has been eradicated from Bedfordshire by the slaughter of the three cattle and four sheep infected. But in Cheshire there are thirty-two animals still suffering from the disease. The extension of the infection in Cheshire from the place of its original outbreak is said to be due to several lots of cattle travelling daily to and from Hellsby to contiguous grazing ground some distance from the village after the first outbreak occurred. There has been a slight outbreak near Retford, in Nottinghamshire, but it has already been extirpated. There are twenty-three animals affected in the Isle of Thanet, but the disease is being got under, and there is good reason for hoping that by the end of another month infectious disorders among cattle will once more have been trodden out. The Privy Council are now much more energetic than they were when the disease first made head in England. The stringent provisions of the new Act are also a great protection.

IRELAND.—The Royal Agricultural Society have decided to establish diplomas in agriculture. The examinations will take place on the first Thursday and Friday in November of each year. The subjects in which the competency of the candidates will be tested are practical agricultural farm accounts, measurement and valuation of land and farm buildings, agricultural chemistry and geology, diseases appertaining to farmyard stock, and elementary botany. Candidates answering one-third of the question: correctly will get a first-class certificate, while a silver medal will be presented to the candidate who scores the highest number of marks. Of course the value of the diploma will depend on the character of the examination. The list of subjects admits of its being made a real and searching test, but until we see the first papers set we cannot form any opinion as to the practical value of the experiment. Theoretically, there can hardly be a doubt as to the Society having taken a good step.

LAVENDER might be more extensively grown than is actually the case. The demand exceeds the English supply, but there is no reason that this should continue to be so. The idea that lavender is difficult to grow is ill-founded. It loves dry and light land, of which there is plenty enough in Great Britain. It will only flourish in a thoroughly open situation, but this again is no great restriction. The land requires to be well manured and trenched in the winter, and early in May the ground should be prepared for the plants, which should be put in before the close of the month. Strong stiff cuttings firmly dibbled into the ground in November will also root readily, and in a year or two form sturdy blooming plants.

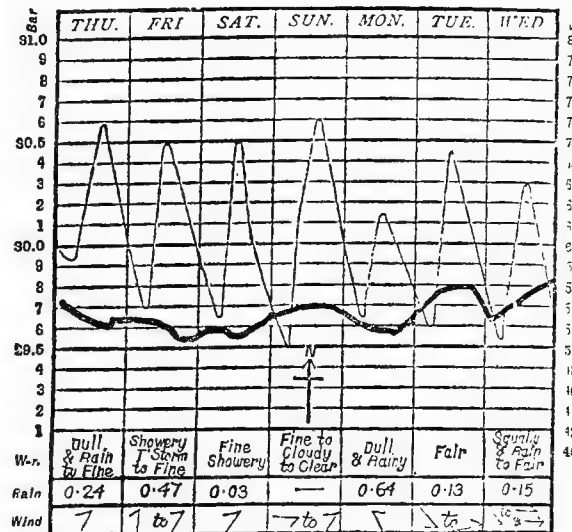
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES are very good things in their way, but to the majority of farmers they will always be what the Universities are to the majority of English youths, places of the best education, but beyond their reach. Agricultural schools are what we want, and every school in the country should be in some sort an agricultural school. Farming cannot be taught to lads of ten to fifteen, but habits of close observation can, though it is to be feared that the ordinary school training rather arrests the development of inquiry than aids it. A boy is taught to remember what others have said and done, and attempts to investigate for himself are allowed no scope. This is a pity in more ways than one. The ignorance which prevails among the lower class of country lads is equally astonishing and absurd. They know neither the plants in the hedgerows nor the birds in the woods. Newts in the ponds and bloodworms in the copes, which the son of the squire or clergyman very probably keeps as pets, inspire absolute fear in the

rustic's child. The son of an agricultural labourer, even of a farm-bailiff, hardly knows loam from sand, or barley from rye. No attempt is made in fact to teach country children the lessons to be found in the simplest of everyday sights. Do we wonder that they grow up incapable farmers or stupid farm-servants? It is hopeless to expect their fathers to teach them. The brightness which makes teaching easy is not part of the English lower-class character. Natural science, practical everyday knowledge, must be taught at school if it is to be taught at all.

SEED CLEANING MACHINERY.—In a letter to a daily contemporary, referring to the dangerous effects of cattle eating "ergot," the poisonous fungus that attaches itself to the seeds of cereal grasses—rye especially—Messrs. Carter and Co. state, by the improved modern machinery, they are enabled to cleanse seed of their minute ergot attachments, so that 299 grains out of 300 will be cleansed.—The effect of ergot, well known to medical men, is shown when cows eat the fungus in grasses, and afterwards slip their calves.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—This has been a week of changeable unsettled weather, in which several depressions (none very deep), have appeared over our Western Districts, and some have passed completely over England. Rain has been of almost daily occurrence, and in many parts of the Kingdom the falls have been heavy. Thunderstorms have occurred in almost all parts of the Kingdom, and Southerly to South-Easterly gales have been felt at times in the West and North. In London the changes of pressure and temperature have not been large, but the rainfall has been considerably in excess of the mean for the time of year. The barometer was highest (29.83 inches) on Wednesday (9th inst.); lowest (29.55 inches) on Friday (4th inst.); range 0.28 inches. The temperature in the shade was highest (72°) on Sunday (6th inst.); lowest (50°) on the same day; range 22°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount 1.26 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.64 inch on Monday (7th inst.). Wind has been chiefly South-Westerly (South to West), strong at times.

WINTER IS EARLY IN NORTH GERMANY THIS YEAR. The first snow of the season fell at the end of August, and the storks round Berlin immediately departed for their African quarters.

A BENGALI LADY-AUTHOR has written a book on English Society and customs—"England Parag-Mahila; or, the Bengali Lady in England." The authoress has been living in England for some time, and is the first feminine writer of her race to instruct her countrywomen in English ways.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL is still practised in very curious fashion by the natives of the Garo Hills, Assam. Thus the water-boiling ordeal is the most popular form of settling disputed debts. A new earthen pot filled with water is placed upon a tripod of sticks over a wood-fire, and the defendant calls on his gods to be present and do justice. If the water does not boil within a certain time the victory rests with the defendant, and the claimant has to pay damages for bringing a false accusation. In more serious cases the accused is sometimes tied to a tree in a dense jungle, and left for several days and nights on the chance of a tiger coming that way. If he escapes he is pronounced innocent and claims damages—which, by the way, the present European Deputy Commissioner now refuses to adjudge, as he is trying to put down so barbarous a custom.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT IN EQUITY AT THE ANTIPODES

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, JULY 2, 1885. ENO v. HOGG.

IN EQUITY.—(Before his Honour the PRIMARY JUDGE.)

ENO v. HOGG.

Mr. Owen, Q.C., and Dr. Donovan, instructed by Mr. de Lissa, for the Plaintiff; Mr. Walker and Mr. Nash, instructed by Messrs. Heron and Smith, for the defendant.

His Honour delivered judgment on this suit on the 30th instant as follows:—I have no doubt about this matter. It is true that as regards the point of deception the imitation is not so palpable as in some of the other cases, but each has gone as near as the imitator dared—some having more boldness and some more caution than others. Here, I think, there is abundant imitation. To quote the words of the Master of the Rolls, in what is cited as the "Dog and Porridge-Pot Case," "An Honest Man who wants to mark his goods never thinks of taking the device, partly or wholly, which some other tradesman is employing for the purpose of marking his goods." There are, no doubt, considerable differences. Such, indeed, that if a man who had once bought Eno's Fruit Salt had brought his empty bottle with him when he came to renew his supply, he would not or might not be deceived, or he would at least require some specious explanation to remove his doubts. But one who does not take that precaution, the careless, or those who had not bought before and were advised to get a bottle of Fruit Salt, would be deceived by the term "Fruit Salt," and by the label bearing a malformed bunch of grapes. It is true that if he looked closely and had means of comparison he would see that the word "Parisian" indicated some other preparation than Eno's, and not an English one. But even that term would not necessarily open his eyes. Besides, the term "Parisian" and the label purporting to express that it was a Parisian invention, manufactured in the colony with the help of an imported expert, by Messrs. Hogg and Co., "sole agents for the Colonies," every feature of which was a distinct and avowed untruth, and was in itself a fraud—a fraud, it is true, distinguishing the preparation from Eno's, but a fraud none the

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the CAPSULE is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Legal Rights are protected in every Civilised Country. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in sixteen languages how to prevent Disease. Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

less in its express representation and in its purpose—namely, that of getting into Eno's trade in fruit salt, and winning to himself part of the profits of the invention and advertising of Mr. Eno. Then as to the term "Fruit Salt," I am of opinion that it was susceptible of registration as a trade mark, and that it was not descriptive of a class of preparations or of natural substances in a commercial aspect, nor indeed scientifically. This seems to me to have been sufficiently decided in England in the case of Eno v. Stephens, and to have been recognised by the general suppression or abstinence of the would-be imitators that are sure to be eager for a share of the inventor's profits. It was also decided by myself in Eno v. Davis, although in that case there were in some respects more daring imitations in other particulars than that of the name. There remains only the question whether the term "Fruit Salt" had become *publici juris* before the plaintiff's registration. I am clear that it had not. Mr. Eno had introduced his goods without registration, it is true; perhaps by omission, or perhaps relying on the honesty of others, and all was right until his preparation came into great demand. Then came a variety of imitators. But, as far as the evidence goes, they were all fraudulent in their one object of diverting the plaintiff's trade to their spurious preparations, and in the colourableness of their imitations. It does not seem to me of much consequence whether these imitations had or had not gone on for several years before the plaintiff's registration, but in fact I am satisfied upon the whole of the evidence that they did not begin until about a year or so before the plaintiff's registration at the furthest. I therefore decree that the defendant be perpetually restrained from selling his manufacture with the word "Fruit Salt" or any colourable approach to that term or the other term used by the plaintiff or either of them. The defendant must pay all costs of suit. By the consent of parties I assess damages at £100, payable within three weeks.—From Sydney Morning Herald, July 2.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

Will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days. It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

Is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

Imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.

The Mexican Hair Renewer

Messrs. Wm. Hayes and Co., Chemists, 12, Grafton Street, Dublin, write:—"We are recommending the MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER to all our customers as the best of the kind, as we have been told by several of our friends who tried it that it has a wonderful effect in restoring and strengthening their hair."

The Mexican Hair Renewer

The words "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" are a Trade-Mark: and the public will please see the words are on every case surrounding the Bottle, and the name is blown in the Bottle.

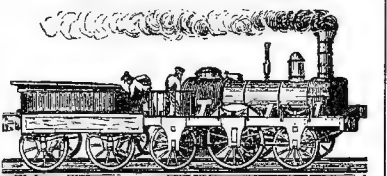
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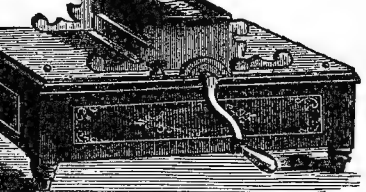
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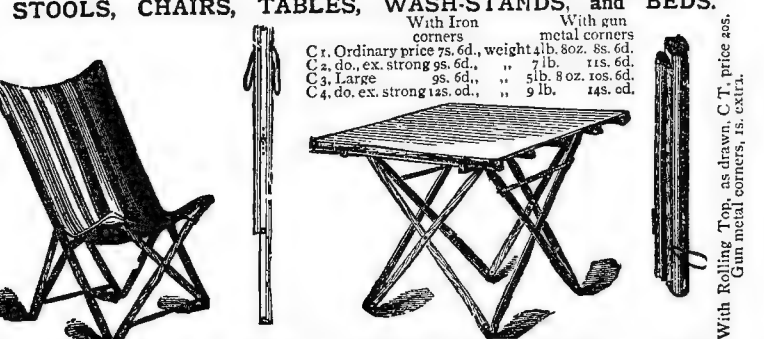
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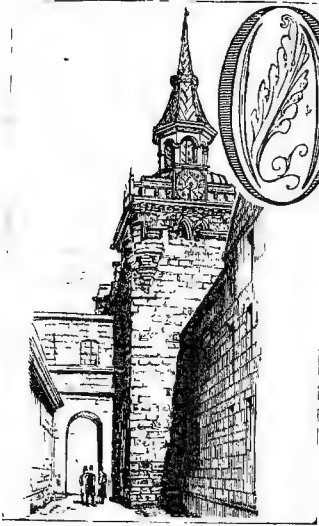
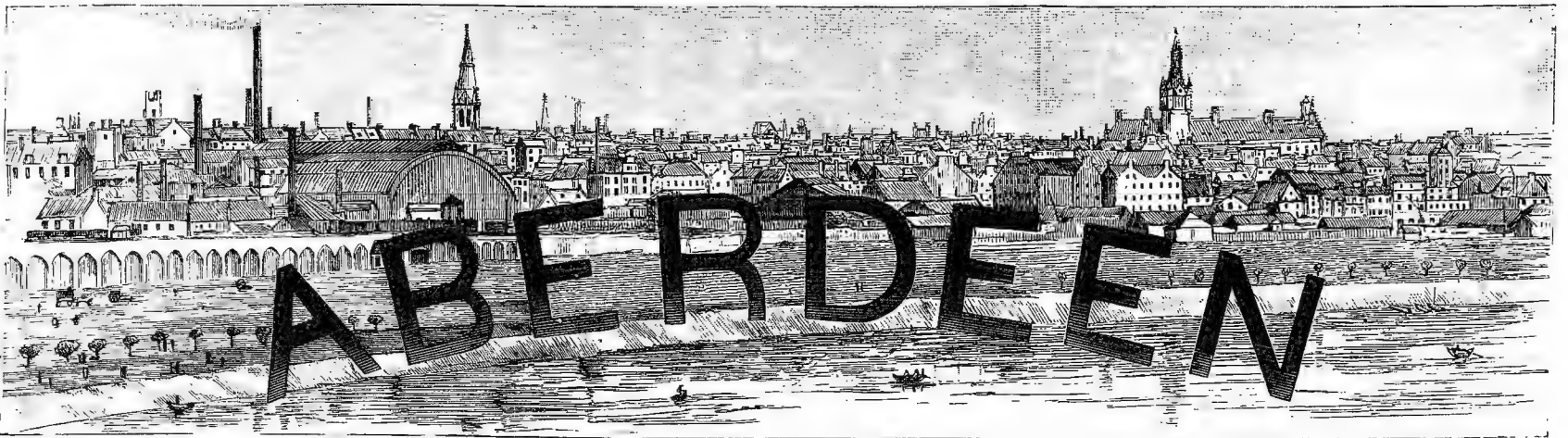
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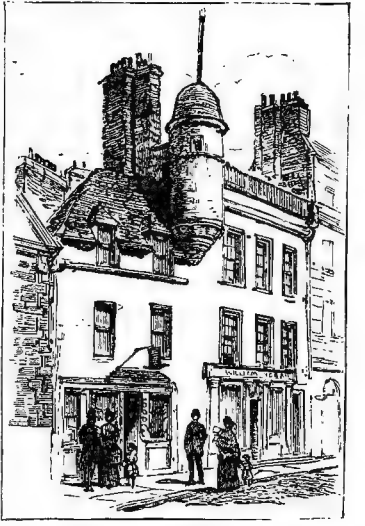
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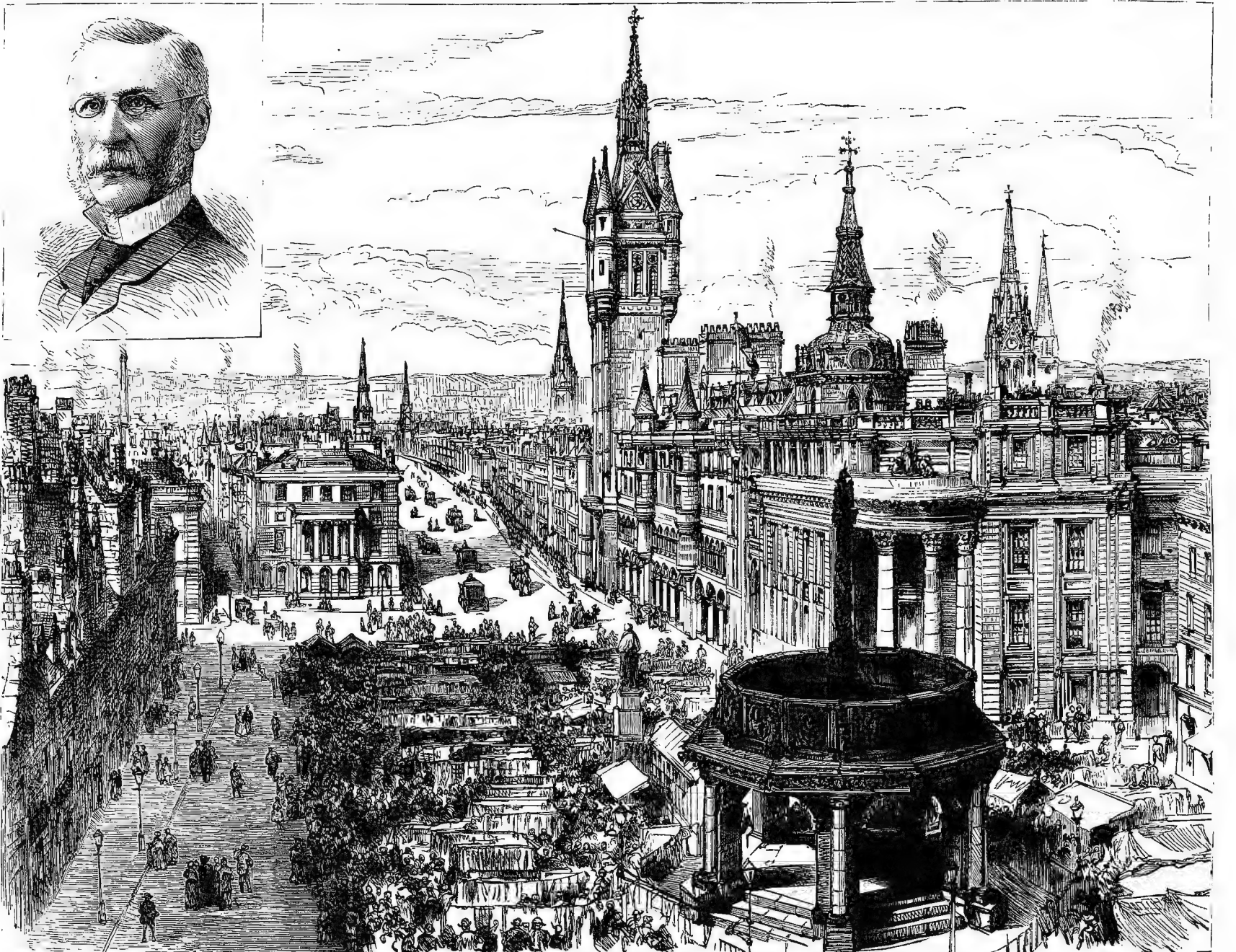
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Lord Provost Matthews

OTHER TOWNS IN SCOTLAND are as far surpassed "for honesty, good fashions, and learning" by Aberdeen as the smallest hamlet or village in England is surpassed by London. So wrote Sir Thomas Urquhart in 1653, and a poet of an earlier age addresses the city as "the lamp of bewtie, bountie, and blythness." We who have not had the good fortune to be born within the confines of "the Granite City" may perhaps be inclined to think these praises slightly exaggerated, but no true Aberdonian will dispute their absolute correctness, and even those less favoured mortals who are not Aberdonians will confess when they come to know "the town that rests by the Dee and the Don" that as high eulogiums have been bestowed on places that deserved them much less. There is a pleasant air about Aberdeen: a cleanness, a freshness, a brightness that makes an agreeable impression upon a stranger. The handsome buildings, the broad and regular streets, the granite of which the houses are constructed, and which sparkles in the sunlight—especially after rain—as if the walls were studded with diamonds, give Aberdeenan air of distinction among cities. It is no common place. Both learning and business have their homes there. It has a University and a Cathedral, as well as docks and factories, and the refining influence of culture and antiquity has not been lost in the bustle of modern life. The two seem to exist together in Aberdeen. Among Scottish towns it is a combination of St. Andrews with Dundee—a bracing and healthy mixture of intellectual and material activities, provincial in many respects, yet redeemed from Philistinism by the chastening power of its old traditions and higher sympathies, and kept from stagnation by its close touch with the outer world of enterprise and commerce. The people are kindly too, in spite of their hard-headedness, and at heart gay and cheerful in their ways. "Bon Accord," their civic motto, well expresses the character of city and citizens, but both are best appreciated when we come to know them best, for the granite, massive and imposing as it is, is apt to strike us at first as being a little cold and grey, and the people have a natural keenness in them that may lead to hasty doubts as to



THE HOUSE IN BROAD STREET WHERE
BYRON LIVED WHEN A BOY



CASTLE STREET AND THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS. LOOKING DOWN UNION STREET

their warmth of disposition. From time immemorial they have been courteous to strangers. From an old record we learn that it was "an ancient usage" in the burgh for magistrates to wait on illustrious visitors, and present them with a libation of wine, called "A cup of Bon Accord." In 1622, Thomas Pendlurrie, a citizen of London, who knew and loved Aberdeen, presented the town with a silver cup, its cover chased with gold, in which this libation, at all time coming, might be offered. Alas, for the good intentions of a generous soul! The Puritans got the upper hand in the magistracy in 1642, and frowning on the ungodly practice of drinking healths, took it upon themselves to present the cup to the church to be used in the Communion Service, and so put an end to the profane but kindly purpose for which its donor destined it.

SITUATION AND APPEARANCE

OVER the name of Aberdeen, the antiquarians have raised the usual squabbles. Some assert it is the *Devana* of the Romans, others that it first comes into notice as *Apardion* in an old Norse Saga; most probable the word means simply a place at the mouth of the Don or the Dee. This correctly describes the situation of Aberdeen. New Aberdeen, which contains the business and busiest part of the town, lies along the Dee towards its mouth, and Old Aberdeen, where it may be that the city first took its origin, clustering round the Cathedral buildings, stretches towards the Don. The neighbourhood of Aberdeen is not particularly beautiful from the south, the land approach lying through moorland is uninteresting; but the town itself, when it is once fairly in view, has a striking and picturesque appearance. The coast line between Stonehaven and Aberdeen is broken up into most picturesque coves and rugged beaches. At Muchalls Rocks, a little north of Stonehaven, the best characteristics of the district are concentrated. Our illustration shows its rough and jagged features.

Until nearly the end of last century, Aberdeen could lay no claim to either beauty of street architecture or to orderly municipal and sanitary arrangements. In even the best quarters of the town there were wooden houses and swamps and waste ground, and dirt reigned supreme. Then a change came over the Aberdonian civic mind: it went in for improvements, and carried them out at such a break-neck rate that the town got into bankruptcy. The principal streets in Aberdeen are now very good indeed, broad, well planned, well cleaned, and well lighted, and although there are lanes and back slums that would be better away, still we must remember that such drawbacks are always with us in all large cities—even the best regulated. Grey granite is almost universally used in the construction of both houses and large buildings, and the effect, as we have already mentioned, although a little cold, is very striking.

The chief street is Union Street—seventy feet broad, and nearly a mile in total length. It is the site of many fine shops and stately edifices, and has a truly handsome appearance, both when the sunlight is glancing on it, and when it is bathed in the softer brightness of the moon. It is a street of which any city might be proud. Castle Street is a continuation of Union Street, and contains the municipal buildings, the Cross, and a colossal granite statue (designed by Campbell, of London), of the fifth Duke of Gordon, "the Cock of the North," as Sir Walter Scott called him.

Two of the ubiquitous Sebastopol guns used to stand at the base of the monument, but they were removed some time ago, it is said on the anticipated occasion of a visit from the Duke of Edinburgh, whose Russian sympathies might have been wounded by the sight of these trophies. The other important statues in Aberdeen are one of the Queen in white Sicilian marble, with a Peterhead granite pedestal, the work of the late Alexander Brodie, and a very so-so bronze statue of the Prince Consort by Marochetti, unveiled by the Queen in 1863. There is probably no town in the kingdom, except London, where the Royal family have more frequently taken part in public ceremonies than Aberdeen. Its proximity to Balmoral probably accounts for this. Aberdeen possesses several other good business streets, such as Market Street, and towards the west-end there are pleasant terraces and detached villas. It is not a town all of stony thoroughfares compact—the country green breaks out beside the granite every here and there, and well-ordered gardens fill the eye with a sense of freshness and health. To the north of Aberdeen proper lies Old Aberdeen, pervaded with an air of learned and ecclesiastical leisure and retirement. Here are the old college and cathedral, and on its own account it claims the merit of long descent. "It was always an ancient place," as the Newcastle man said of his own city. Some of its detractors, whose thoughts run more upon business than upon gentility, declare it to be sleepy and backward. It is decidedly conservative in its social instincts; it clings to as much rural peace as the stir of modern life close to its gates in New Aberdeen will allow it to retain. Wise men who love quiet will say it has chosen the better part. The shopkeepers of Aberdeen display both enterprise and taste in the arrangement of their stores and in the management of their business. The street architecture, apart from public buildings, is very good—in the main thoroughfares at least. The two native Insurance Companies, the Northern, with their new premises in Union Street, and the Scottish Provincial, the various banks and hotels, all seem anxious to do what they can to make the town beautiful. The railway station deserves more than a word of praise for its spaciousness and convenient arrangements. Her Majesty's Theatre and Opera House, the one theatre in Aberdeen, and situated not far from the station, is internally very handsomely fitted up. It holds 1,744 persons. The old theatre in Marischal Street is now a church. Every building, as well as every dog, has its day. It may be pointed out here that Aberdeen always took kindly to the stage, and some antiquarians assert that in the miracle play of *The Halibude*, enacted at Aberdeen on the Windmill Hill in 1440, we have one of the earliest theatrical representations on record in Scotland. The Town Council of those early times had more liberality than Scottish Councils of to-day would show. They encouraged the players, and helped their "treasury" out of "the common good." In 1601 the famous Globe Company of London paid Aberdeen a visit, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare accompanied them. Whether "the master mind" were there or no, the players had no reason to complain of their treatment. "The Council paid 'their hail charges' during their stay, and bestowed upon their manager, Laurence Fletcher, the freedom of the burgh to boot." Well done Aberdeen! even New York was not so kind to Henry Irving. To all the arrangements that act as oil on the wheels of modern life, Aberdeen pays careful attention. It has good drainage, commodious tramways, and an excellent water supply. The last was only attained after many praiseworthy efforts to meet the increasing demands of the community. The source of the supply is situated about twenty miles up the River Dee. The works were planned by the late James Simpson, C.E., and were opened by the Queen in 1866. No greater praise can be given to them than to say that in Scotland, at any rate, they stand for efficiency second only to those of Glasgow. The result of all this, coupled perhaps with its bracing climate, is that Aberdeen is a healthy place, and takes a good position in the Registrar's returns. The air is keen and cold enough at times, however, and the brave north-easter that Kingsley celebrates holds high revel not unfrequently at the harbour bar and through the streets, and makes demands on the strength of landmen's lungs and on the courage of the lifeboat crew.

For public parks, Aberdeen has the Victoria Park, the Union Terrace Gardens, and, chief of all, the new Duthie Park given to the town by the late Miss Duthie of Ruthrieston, and opened last year by the Princess Beatrice. It is laid out with great taste

in the way of flower beds, rockeries, and sward. "The Links," by the seashore between the mouths of the Dee and the Don, are however the breeziest and most natural of the Aberdonians' recreation grounds. Sir Samuel Forbes, writing early in the 18th century, looks upon the Links as a special gift of Providence to the Aberdonians, they "demonstrate how careful hath nature been," he says, "that the inhabitants of this city should have a convenient intermixture of profit and pleasure." The Links are a tract of smooth benty grass that border the sea sands. The sands themselves are admirable for bathers who know the ground, and the extent to which they are used show how highly they are appreciated. Some Aberdonians are nearly amphibious. Strangers to the locality should, however, look before they leap into the water. The sounds are apt to be treacherous and the currents strong. The Links are Aberdeen's playground. The devotees of horse racing and of golfing, of bowling and of Volunteer reviewing, and sham fighting, of rifle shooting ("Wappenshaw" is still the old word used hereabout for a rifle match), and of cricket and quoits find here "ample room and verge enough" for their special amusements. And for the contemplative man who loves to brush away for a while in an hour's breezy walk the cobwebs of anxiety and thought, there is no better exercise ground than these Links, and no better tonic than the fresh ozone that blows in from the German Ocean.

STATISTICS

ABERDEEN, although inferior in population to Dundee, claims to rank higher in general importance. The following statistics regarding the town are taken from an admirably prepared Memorial, addressed in December, 1884, by the Lord Provost and Magistrates to Mr. Gladstone urging the claims of Aberdeen to increased Parliamentary representation. "At the last census of 1881 the population was 105,054, and according to the Registrar-General's returns, the estimated population at the middle of 1884 was 111,242. During the ten years which elapsed between the census of 1871 and that of 1881, Aberdeen showed an increase in population of 16,873, or a per centage of 19.13, being with one exception the largest increase of any town in Scotland. The valuation of real property within the parliamentary Burgh of Aberdeen for the year 1866-67 was 233,836*l.*, while for the year now current (1884) it amounts to 470,968*l.*, having thus considerably more than doubled during the last eighteen years. The total revenue of the property and funds administered by the Corporation for the year 1883-84, including municipal and police rates, as well as gas and water supply, was 152,435*l.*"

HISTORY

COSMO INNES, the well-known historian, says: "Long before Edinburgh had acquired the precedence of a capital, or even the first place among the four burghs of Scotland, while Glasgow was yet an insignificant dependency on its Bishop, Aberdeen had taken its place as a great and independent Royal Burgh, and a port of extensive foreign trade." The origin of Aberdeen was probably due to religion: "while the situation of Aberdeen, near the navigable mouth of the River Dee, must have pointed it out to the early inhabitants as a desirable place of settlement, there can be little doubt that at a period far earlier than that of our burghal institutions, a religious settlement had been made near the mouth of the neighbouring River Don, from which the infant town of Aberdeen drew much of its importance." Be this as it may, in 1179, William the Lion granted a charter in favour of his burgesses dwelling in Aberdeen, confirming the rights granted by his predecessor David. This marks the beginning of the corporate existence of Aberdeen. The burgh records commence in 1398. The town fared badly during the wars with the English; it was the scene of many contests between the Scots and their invaders, and tradition has as usual magnified both the number and the importance of these conflicts. In 1297 Wallace is said to have destroyed there 100 of the enemies' ships, and hanged several citizens who had assisted the English. We have an apocryphal account of a massacre of the English garrison in 1308. In 1336 the place was almost totally burned down by Edward III., the second time he had paid it such an attention; but, phoenix-like, it arose from its ruins, and grew steadily in size and importance. In 1411 the burgesses of Aberdeen, with their Provost, Sir Robert Davidson, at their head, took a brave part in the Battle of Harlaw, and helped by their discipline to overthrow the forces of the barbarian Donald of the Isles, who had swooped down upon Aberdeenshire. "Gude Sir Robert Davidson," however, was left dead on the field. It is said, although, perhaps, this is a scandal, that the inhabitants of the "Old Town" (Aulton) purposely put back the town clock, and arrived too late on the field, leaving the brunt of the fight to the men of the New Town. A reproachful saying remains to this day in Aberdeen to a procrastinator—"Ye're ay behin', like the Aulton folk." Aberdeen was soon, with its University, cathedral, and schools, a flourishing little community. Trade prospered, and the Reformation came to give added vitality to its progress. It must be noted, however, that in those early times Aberdeen was not bigotedly Protestant. It retained a respect for the old faith, and in later years did not show strong liking for the Covenant, and those who upheld it. It had in the struggles of these times much to endure from both sides; from 1639 to 1646 it was nine times taken and retaken by Royalists and Covenanters alternately. Aberdeen has always been distinguished by the favour shown for it by our monarchs—and it has been the recipient of innumerable Royal visits from the time of the early Stuart Kings downwards. Its history since the Rebellion of 1745 is the chronicle of a career of steady prosperity. It no longer had to fear the inroads of savage Highlanders, or the exactions of sour-faced Puritans, and could set itself with a good heart and a clear head to the development of its resources and capabilities. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Towards the end of the sixteenth century Aberdeen, no wiser or more humane on this point than the rest of the world at the time, was disgraced by an outburst of popular fury against witches. Scotland was then Protestant, but King and Ministers were alike superstitious and narrow-minded. In 1590, a poor woman, Barbara Card, was burnt as a "wicche" on Heading Hill, and, as if the appetite for blood grew by what it fed upon, her execution was followed by several others. To make the amusement last as long as possible the victims, when a number of them had been collected, were burnt in relays, and the expenses of the show were paid out of the Guildry Funds! And yet the divines, who looked on at these judicial murders with complacent satisfaction, had the assurance to declare that they had mastered the whole secret of God's government of this world.

A disgraceful series of kidnappings took place in Aberdeen about the middle of last century. Men and women were seized in the streets, and sold into slavery in the American plantations. People of high standing in the town were concerned in this iniquitous traffic. It was put a stop to by the fortunate escape from bondage of one Peter Williamson, who returned to Aberdeen in 1765, and denounced the magistrates. He was prosecuted for libel, but eventually established his case, and was awarded damages of 825*l.* It is declared that, before 1745, some 500 or 600 people had been sent into slavery.

THE UNIVERSITY

MOST enlightened people will regard the University as the chief glory of Aberdeen, and the citizens are deservedly proud of it. In

connection with both colleges they can show a list of illustrious names which would shed honour on any institution or on any city. The University is composed of two Colleges, King's and Marischal, which were united in 1860. King's, as the older of the two, claims our notice first. It is situated in Old Aberdeen, and was "founded by Bishop Elphinstone in 1494 by a Bull of Pope Alexander VI., at the request of James IV., who confirmed this bull on May 22, 1497. The actual foundation, however, did not take place till 1505. It was first known as St. Mary's, but afterwards as the Royal College, or King's College of Aberdeen." Its constitution was after the model of those of Bologna and Paris. The building when perfect must have been very beautiful. The architecture was a mixture of Scottish and French Gothic styles. The tower, which has a vaulted spire, surmounted by a stone crown—something like the crown of St. Giles at Edinburgh or St. Nicholas at Newcastle—and is altogether about 100 feet high, was built about 1515 and repaired in 1636, the crown having been blown down by a violent storm in 1633. The building is in the form of a square. At one time the College Church was used as a library, but it has been restored to its original purpose, and a new library, which contains nearly 100,000 volumes, has been built. "The nave of the church was for long shut off by a partition, and formed the principal apartment of the library. It is now restored to its original condition, but is not used for service, which is confined to the choir. The tomb of Bishop Elphinstone, of black marble, two feet high, with holes where the brass ornaments have been attached, stands in the middle of the choir—the present college chapel. The extremity of the three-sided apse is filled by an oak pulpit, used by the lecturer. . . . The stalls, thirty in number, with canopies and folding *miserere's*, and the subellia, twenty-two in number, all of exquisite work in oak, and in wonderful preservation, still indicate where the rood loft divided the choir from the nave. Alas, most of the fine carved work of these has disappeared."

The chapel altogether is very fine, even in its present state, but as described by old historians it must have been once a place of great magnificence. Carvings, according to Billings, one of our first authorities, among the best examples of such work in Scotland, and gold and silver, and fine linen and jewels, marble altars and pictures abounded throughout it. "All these," as Gordon laments, "was robbed and sold long ago." The buildings have been repaired and restored sundry times by various benefactors. The first Principal of the College was the renowned Hector Boece, and the University soon grew famous. It attracted even foreigners to it, and enjoyed a large reputation with home students up to the date of its union with Marischal. "In spite of the neglect of old art common to all Scotland, there are still preserved in the Hall and Senatus Room a few interesting pictures. Among these is the portrait of the founder, with all the marks of a genuine and contemporary portrait, and a fine head of the venerable Bishop Patrick Forbes, by Jamesone." Marischal College stands in Broad Street, on the site of a Franciscan Convent. It was founded by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, in 1593. The old buildings remained until 1684; a new edifice was then erected, which in 1837 was replaced by the present pile—finished in 1841 at a cost of about 30,000*l.*, 15,000*l.* of which was paid by Government. The style is Collegiate Gothic, and the designer was Archibald Simpson. A tower of 100 feet high springs from the quadrangle, and the vestibule and stair in this tower leading to the Hall, Library, and Museum are very fine. In the wall within the principal doorway is a stone taken from the old building on which is the defiant Keith motto, "Thay haif said: Quhat say thay: Lat them say." There are excellent portraits by Reynolds and Jamesone in the hall, and all the class rooms are convenient and well arranged. In addition there are a good museum and extensive library. Since the union of the two universities in 1860, the classes for art and divinity are taught in King's College, and those for law and medicine in Marischal. The number of students is from 700 to 800. In the centre of the Court at Marischal a monument of Peterhead granite has been erected to the memory of Sir James Macgregor, who received his education at Marischal, rose to be Director-General of the Army Medical Department, and never forgot his old Alma Mater.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MACHAR

ABERDEEN claims the distinction of possessing the only granite cathedral in the world. It is not altogether "a thing of beauty" to look at, but it is sufficiently massive and imposing, and, in spite of the unmistakable traces they bear of the unsympathetic restorer's and repairer's handiwork, the remains yet retain abundant evidence of the importance the building once possessed. The cathedral, or rather what still exists of it, is now used as the parish church of Old Aberdeen. The nave and side aisles are the only parts still standing of the ancient structure, and are beautifully situated on rising ground commanding the windings of the Don and the fertile and well-wooded banks that border the river. The original seat of the See of Aberdeen is believed to have been at Mortlach in Banff, and the See was established by Malcolm II. in 1010, to commemorate a victory he had gained there over the Dines. About 1136, the seat of the Diocese was transferred to Old Aberdeen, then a small village, with an unimportant church dedicated to St. Machar. On the site of this church, the construction of the cathedral was begun about 1357 by Bishop Kininmont, and was carried on under his successors, with varying speed, for nearly 200 years. Bishop Leighton, who is buried in the north transept, Bishop Elphinstone, and Bishop Gavin Dunbar, whose tomb is also in the cathedral, are among the prominent churchmen whose names are connected with the erection of the cathedral. The principal steeple, which was about 150 feet high, fell to the ground in 1558, and in its fall destroyed all the eastern end of the building. It is said that, several years before, Cromwell's soldiers had weakened the structure by using the stones of the buttresses in the erection of fortifications. In 1867 a Committee of Restoration was formed and a report obtained from Sir Gilbert Scott, whose recommendations were not carried out, notwithstanding that he was very severe on some of the restorations that had already been made. The flat panelled ceiling of oak attributed to Bishop Dunbar early in the sixteenth century, and the underlying roof of fir timber, unique in this country, called forth a special tribute of praise from Scott. Sad to say, the unresisting hand of the restorer has since removed that roof, and put a brand new modern one in its place. Several of the windows are filled with stained glass, and one, by Cottier of London, commemorates Aberdeen's three distinguished artist sons, Jamesone, Phillip, and Dyce. In its palmy days the Cathedral was wealthy, and those who ministered in it kept up great state, and of course the Reformation made a complete change, and we see it now in very mutilated form. Some of the changes recently made in the internal arrangements are however really steps in the right direction, and there attaches to the whole pile the interest that the memories and traditions of the past throw around an important and historic building, and not its least claim to the reverence of all who love Scottish poetry is it that here Barbour of "The Bruce" was one time Archdeacon.

CHURCHES

THE most notable churches in Aberdeen are the East and West Churches, which together occupy the site of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas. St. Nicholas was begun about 1060, and was completed bit by bit as the years went on, and money came in. The Central Tower bore the date 1352, and had a fine peal of nine bells, one of which, "Lourie," was four feet in diameter.

The West Church, or High Church of the City, was built in 1751-5, over the oldest part of the original church. It contains four pieces of tapestry executed by Mary Jamesone, daughter of the painter, and representing Susanna and the Elders, the Finding of Moses, Jephthah's Vow, and Esther before Ahasuerus. In this church there are one or two interesting monuments, and a monumental brass plate commemorative of Dr. Duncan Liddell, the only monumental brass in Aberdeen. The East Church (built in 1835) adjoins the West, and is separated from it by Drum's Aisle (the burial place of the Irvines of Drum), which formed the transept of the original church of St. Nicholas. An unfortunate fire on the night of 9th of October, 1874, destroyed the old steeple and its fine peal, a steeple that in its day was a landmark to sailors as they drew near the sandy bar of Aberdeen, left only the walls of the East Church



TRANSEPT OF ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH

standing, and led to much damage being done by water to the West Church. Both churches after the fire received a thorough renovation, and a new granite steeple has been erected. But the belfry has no melodious tenants, the lost bells have not yet been replaced, although soon, we understand, the loss will be more than made up by the fine peal of bells that are coming to Aberdeen from Belgium. With reference to the re-building of this steeple, Mr. Ruskin has declared, in an unpublished letter to Mr. A. Walker, the well-known Aberdeen antiquarian, that "there is no man living who can build you a Gothic spire any more than a Greek temple; they can only build you costly imitations of either, as their art is dead, and cannot be revived until they cease to build for commission on the cost, and until their patrons cease to ask for what they really do not care for. In all town councils I have but one and the same few words to say: keep the streams pure, the cottages clean, the bellies full, and the streets as your fathers left them. It is no time for building while half our population are emigrating under penalty of starvation." The East Church "is built on the site of what was called the New Church, under the east end of which was a small chapel or crypt, called the cell of our Lady of Pity, or 'The Lady of Pity, her Vault.' This still exists in a renewed form, adorned with carved woodwork from the East Church, as St. Mary's Chapel; having a stone roof, it was preserved intact from the fire, although temporarily damaged by water." There are abundance of churches in Aberdeen, of denominations sufficiently varied to suit theological tastes the most widely different. In old times, as we have seen, Bon Accord was not enamoured of the Covenant which rude men tried to force upon her affections, but in later days she has a great reputation for Orthodoxy, and casts heretics out from her as if they were unclean spirits. At the time of the much discussed and much misunderstood Disruption, every Established Church minister in Aberdeen threw in his lot with the seceding party, and they were followed by about 10,000 adherents. The Free Church has thrived tolerably well in Aberdeen, and has a flourishing Divinity Hall, called the Free Church College, erected in 1850. The Roman Catholics have now a Cathedral again, St. Mary's of the Assumption, built of white granite in 1860. Charitable institutions abound in Aberdeen, and of these most certainly neither the least deserving nor the worst managed is the Royal Infirmary.

SCHOOLS

FOREMOST among the educational establishments is the old Grammar School, which dates from 1262. The present building is in Skene Street West, and was put up in 1861-63; it succeeded one that had existed since 1757, on ground that once belonged to the Dominican Friars. It has many interesting associations connected with it, on account of the distinguished men who have attended its classes—Beattie and Byron among the rest. In its infancy the school was entirely supported by the Municipality, but in 1573 we find that school fees were charged at the rate of 2s. "ilk raith"—i.e., per quarter. The schoolmasters were appointed to teach "knowledge and maneris," and certainly the manners were required, for a more turbulent set of scholars could hardly be imagined. So bad were they that in King James VI.'s time the guardians of the child had to enter into a bond of caution to the amount of 10l. "that the bairne would not transgresse." The pupils seem to have been most successful at "barring out." They proceeded to great extremes when they were crossed in the matter of holidays, "took the school" from the masters, and held it against them with swords, guns, and pistols. Imagine such ongoing in a Board School of the present day! From very early times great attention was paid in Aberdeen to the teaching of singing, and the "Sang Scuill," which existed so far back as 1370, provided a most important factor in the education of the young. The school was situated near the churchyard wall in the Backwynd, and both vocal and instrumental music were taught at it. It may interest some people to know that the *Forbes Cantus*, printed in Aberdeen, was the only music book printed in Scotland in the seventeenth century.

Another school deserving mention is

ROBERT GORDON'S HOSPITAL,

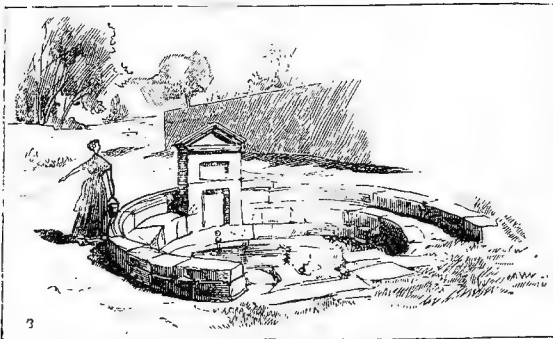
WHICH was founded by a miser, called Robert Gordon, who made a fortune in Dantzic, and came back to Aberdeen early last century. He lived in a miserably penurious fashion, and died in 1732, leaving his money to the town of Aberdeen for the erection of an hospital for the education of boys who are sons and grandsons of Burgesses of Guild. The hospital was opened in 1750. Through recent changes this hospital has been transformed into one of the best technical colleges in the country, at which a large number of young men are now receiving a practical education in mechanics and applied sciences.

OLD BUILDINGS

NOTWITHSTANDING the many and steady improvements that have been made in the architecture of Aberdeen, vestiges of the past have not been altogether banished from its streets. One or two of these are most interesting, and appear in our illustrations. Mar's Castle is a quaint old house in the Gallowgate. The date it bears is 1494, and it has the crowstepped and corbelled gable characteristic of the period. In Nether Kirkgate stands a building called Wallace Tower or Nook, in a niche of which there is a roughly-cut figure, which tradition declares to be Sir William Wallace. In Bothwell Court are the remains of a tower which it is said belonged to the Knights Templars, and in School Hill there is a building which report declares to have been the Parsonage of St. Nicholas. The old Tolbooth was called Mids o' Mar—Mar being one of the districts of Aberdeenshire—just as the Edinburgh Tolbooth was called the Heart of Midlothian. By all accounts it was better adapted to let prisoners escape than to keep them in. The Langstane is a stone rising about five feet and a half above the level of the road where Windmill Brae is crossed by Dee Street. In Broad Street, Byron lived with his mother after his father's death. It was a strange household: mother and son, child as he was, being equally passionate. Her blows and her caresses alternated; in his rages he tore his frocks to bits, and in her tantrums, she demolished her caps and gowns. It was a bad upbringing for the lad, and bore its after-mischievous results. Byron remained in Aberdeen until, at the age of ten, he was recalled to England by the death of his grand uncle, whose heir he became. In Aberdeen he at one time attended a day school, at which the fees were 5s. per quarter. He was subsequently a pupil at the Grammar School.

In No. 45, Guestrow, lately known as the Victoria Lodging House, the Duke of Cumberland lived for several weeks in 1746, and when he quitted it left behind him a most unsavoury memory. He took up free quarters there, was treated kindly, lived like a duke, and went off not only without even saying "thank you" to his entertainers, but, if report be true, carrying with him everything portable in the house he could lay his hands upon. Whether the Duke was or was not a thief, General Hawley was undoubtedly one under somewhat similar circumstances, and the Duke shared in the General's plunder. This house, which latterly belonged to Miss Duthie, who gave the new park to Aberdeen, has been advertised for sale. As it contains some very fine carvings in both wood and stone, it is to be hoped that due care will be taken of these after the sale. By all accounts the Duke's soldiers were fitting followers of such a man. They played many an ugly prank in Aberdeen. "Jamesone's House" is another most interesting relic. It will be more particularly mentioned when we come to speak of Jamesone himself. Not far from the Royal Infirmary is the old "Spa Well," with the arch of stone over it which Jamesone built at his own expense, probably in grateful acknowledgment of some cure—real or imaginary, which "the iron-hued waters of that healthful font," as an old poet calls them, had wrought on the malady with which he was afflicted.

Another well or mineral spring in Aberdeen, on which, as on the Spa Well, there has fallen the touch of the drying-up rod of modern progress—quite contrary in its effects to the rod of Moses—is the Firhill Well in the Old Town, situated in a rural corner at the back of what is known as the Hermitage; a place, by the way, we are told, curious in itself on account of some traditions



FIRHILL WELL, OLD TOWN

that have gathered round it. The Firhill Well waters had once a fame for their curative powers, and up to about twenty-five years ago the spot was a famous resort of young Aberdeen. It was known as "Gibbie Well," a local term that had reference to the gingerbread sold by old women to the visitors who came mostly on Sundays. The gingerbread and the old women, with their clean, neat baskets, are now traditions of the past.

THE CROSS

IN Castle Street stands the Market Cross, the most beautiful structure of the kind in Scotland. It was built in 1686 by John Montgomery, a country mason, and was originally placed in front of the Tolbooth. In 1842 it was removed to its present position, and altered in some respects. The centre column bears a white marble unicorn rampant, with a shield on which appears the Lion of Scotland. On the balustrade, above the arches, are twelve panels, on ten of which are medallions of Scottish Sovereigns, and on the other two the armorial bearings of the Burgh and the Royal Arms. The Burgh Arms are thus described: "Gules three towers triple towered, within a double tressure flowered and counter flowered argent. Supporters, two leopards; the motto, 'Bon Accord.'" At this cross all the lawful sovereigns of the country since William and Mary, the Pretender in 1715 and Prince Charles in 1745, have been proclaimed. Originally there were two crosses in Castle Street, the Flesh Cross, where the meat market was held, and the Fish Cross, the scene of the fish market. To-day there is a market held every Friday at the present cross, and all the street is crowded with the vendors of most miscellaneous articles and with the farmers who crowd in from the surrounding country. It is a busy scene, and the stranger will see much to amuse him—and to instruct him too—in the keen conflict of Aberdonian wit and shrewdness against Aberdonian wit and shrewdness. "When Greek meets Greek" we know what happens. An especial Gooseberry Fair, or "Temnier Market," so called on account of the wooden cups and "coggies" sold there, the delight of young Aberdeen, takes place here at the end of summer.

COUNTY AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

THESE, the most important modern buildings in Aberdeen, and the largest granite buildings in Scotland, if not in the world, are situated in Castle Street. They make a grand show. The clock tower rises 200 feet, and the frontage to Castle Street extends to 225 feet. Within the structure are included all the offices necessary for the proper carrying on of the municipal government—the Town Hall, the Town and County Hall, the Sheriff and the Burgh Court-houses, the Police and Corporation Gas Offices, &c. In 1866 an Act of Parliament was obtained authorising the erection of the buildings. The work was begun in 1867 and completed in 1873. The architects were Messrs. Peddie and Kinnear, and the total cost was not much

below 100,000l. The style is based on the Scotch baronial of the sixteenth century. The great hall is 74 by 35 feet, and in height 50 feet. The open pitch-pine roof and oak panelling are very effective. In the vestibule is preserved the armour which Provost Davidson wore when he was slain at Harlaw. The Town Hall is got up with considerable taste, and on the walls are many valuable portraits, such as Prince Albert and Provost Blaikie, by Philip; George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, by Sir John Watson Gordon; ex-Provost Anderson and M. Angus, by George Reid, R.S.A.; Dr. Dunn, the founder of the Grammar School, by Jamesone; and a bust of John Phillip, by William Brodie, R.S.A. The Town charters and records, said to be the most complete out of London, are kept in the Great Tower. All the staircases, corridors, and officials' rooms are well laid out, and decorated simply and tastefully. A very fine view over the city and its surroundings may be obtained from the balcony of the Tower.

TRADES HALL, ETC.

THE Trades Hall is in Union Street. The windows in the large hall, seven in number, to correspond to the number of crafts in the Corporation, are filled in with stained glass. The incorporated trades are bakers, fleshers, weavers, shoemakers, tailors, hammermen, and wrights and coopers. In the hall are some fine portraits, by Jamesone and others, and the painted shields of the various crafts, which possess great interest for antiquarians. The gateway at the entrance to the schools here was once the gateway of the old Trinity Hall, and was put up by the various trades in honour of the Rev. Dr. Guild, "who founded an hospital for poor workmen in a building formerly occupied by the monks of the Holy Trinity. The gateway bears the date 1632, and Dr. Guild's arms, with the inscription, 'To the glory of God and comfort of the poor this house was given to the crafts by Mr. Wm. Guild, Doctor of Divinity, Minister of Aberdeen, 1633.'" The Music Hall Buildings are also in Union Street, and were formed some years ago by a Limited Liability Company out of the old County Buildings. In the halls are ball-rooms, supper-rooms, &c. The new company altered the arrangement, built a large hall in addition, capable of holding 2,000 people. This was opened by the late Prince Consort, who delivered in it his Inaugural Address to the British Association on September 14th, 1859. The hall contains a very good organ. There are various other public buildings and institutions in Aberdeen, such as Young Men's Christian Association, Reading Rooms, &c., which do not call for special mention. Between all such places in all towns there is a strong family resemblance.

THE NEW MARKET,

IN Market Street, offers every accommodation for the convenience and comfort of those who buy and sell. The markets were formally opened in April, 1842, and consist of a basement floor, a great hall 315 feet long by 106 feet broad, and galleries. The hall is fitted up with stalls and benches, and a splashing fountain keeps the air cool. Friday is the market day, and the spacious hall is then filled with a lively crowd. All sorts of provisions are sold—vegetables, fish, meat, butter, eggs, &c. The New Market is not, however, the great centre of trade it once was, and the reason given for this is that some years ago it was seriously damaged by fire, and that while it was being reconstructed, business got into new channels and spread itself more over the city. Part of the basement is now occupied with bonded stores. A more irregular market, principally of butter, is also held every week outside in what is called the "Green," to the westward of the New Market. Here the sellers have one advantage: they pay no rent or stall dues. They gather round the old fountain, which bears on its summit the figure of a man, called "the Mannie" in the kindly dialect of North-Eastern Scotland.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON IN ABERDEEN

ON very few occasions does Boswell acknowledge that when Dr. Samuel Johnson was not pleased, his—Dr. Johnson's—own want of good humour was to blame. He confesses, however, in his account of the visit they paid to Aberdeen in 1773, that they were most kindly treated, that every one—college professors, clergymen, and laymen—overwhelmed the great man with attention, and deferred to his opinion, and yet that Johnson was not satisfied, that he was not in good humour, that he was fatigued and teased by friends doing too much to entertain him, and that on the night before he left Aberdeen he summed up to his companion his opinion of the place and the people by observing: "How little we had either heard or said at Aberdeen, and that the Aberdonians had not started a single *maxim* (Scottish word for 'hare') for us to pursue." The whole secret of this dissatisfaction on the Doctor's part was that the Aberdonians had been too civil to him, and had, in very terror of the weight of his learning, declined to controvert any of his assertions. He felt mentally as the Irishmen felt physically who had been without a fight for six months, "blue-moulded for want of a bating," and in his haste he declared that all things Aberdonian were nothing but vanity—all except the Scotch broth, which he deigned to pronounce very good. The magistrates actually presented Johnson with the freedom of the town, and he walked about the streets with the Burgess ticket stuck in his hat, according, as Boswell says, to "the usual custom," and yet he was not happy! By the way, a note by Sir Walter Scott on another incident in the famous town, when Dr. Johnson sneered at "cold sheep's head," recalls the story of the Laird of Culrossie, who fought a duel with an Englishman who had spoken slightly of Aberdeen butter. Culrossie was wounded in the encounter, but still in the midst of his sufferings stuck up for the honour of his country, and declared that, in spite of his wound, "Better butter ne'er gae'd down a Southron thrapple."

BRIDGES

IN the tenth canto of "Don Juan" Byron, startled into recollections of his youth by his own use of the words addressed to Jeffrey, "Here's a health to Auld Lang Syne," breaks out with—

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring, floating past me seems
My childhood in this selfishness of mine;
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

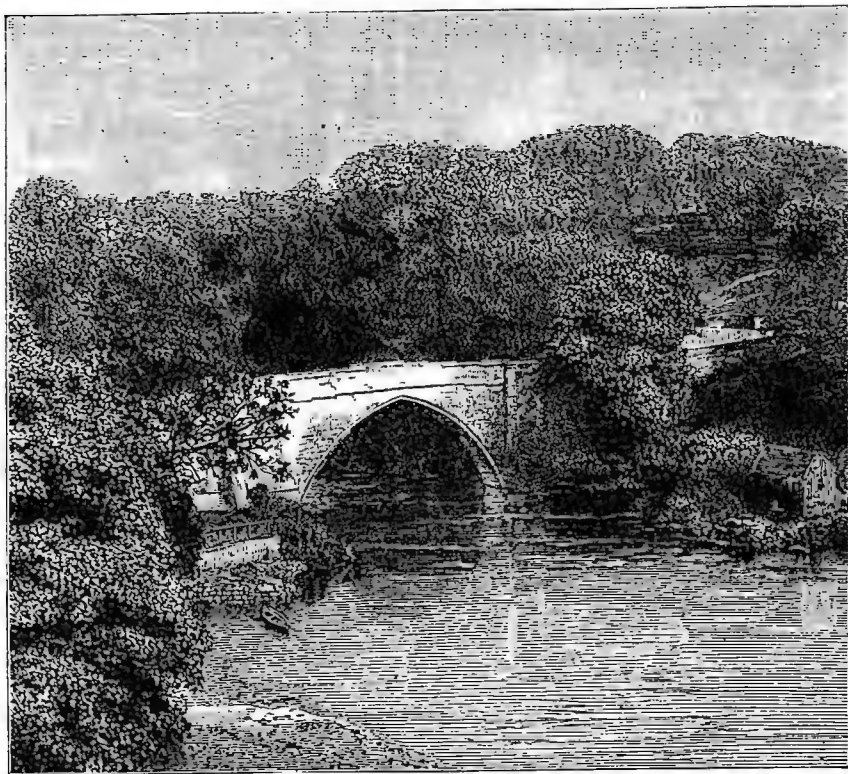
And adds in a note: "The brig of Don, near the Auld Toon of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

Brig of Balgownie, black's your wad,
Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mear's ae foal
Down ye shall fa'!

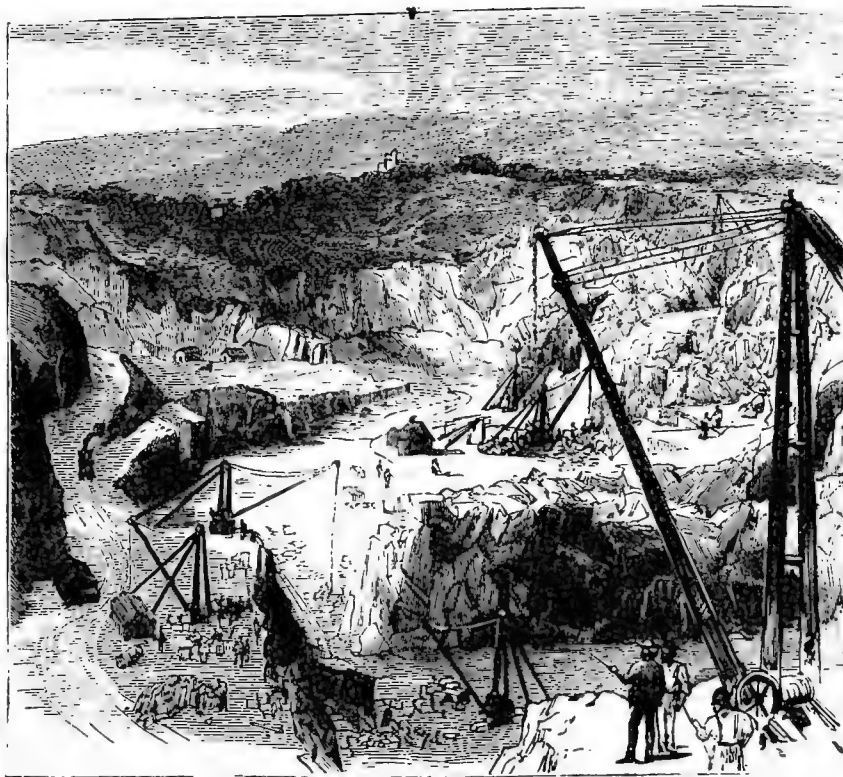
The Auld Brig o' Don, the weird prophecy concerning which so roused the poet's youthful imagination, is about a mile from Old Aberdeen. It consists of one single Gothic arch, and is said to date from the time of Robert the Bruce. The new bridge of six arches crosses the river nearer its mouth, which is very much contracted by shoals and sandbanks. The Don—towards its termination at least—is not a very sparkling brilliant-looking stream, but it waters a fertile country. The Dee has more of the pleasant dash and



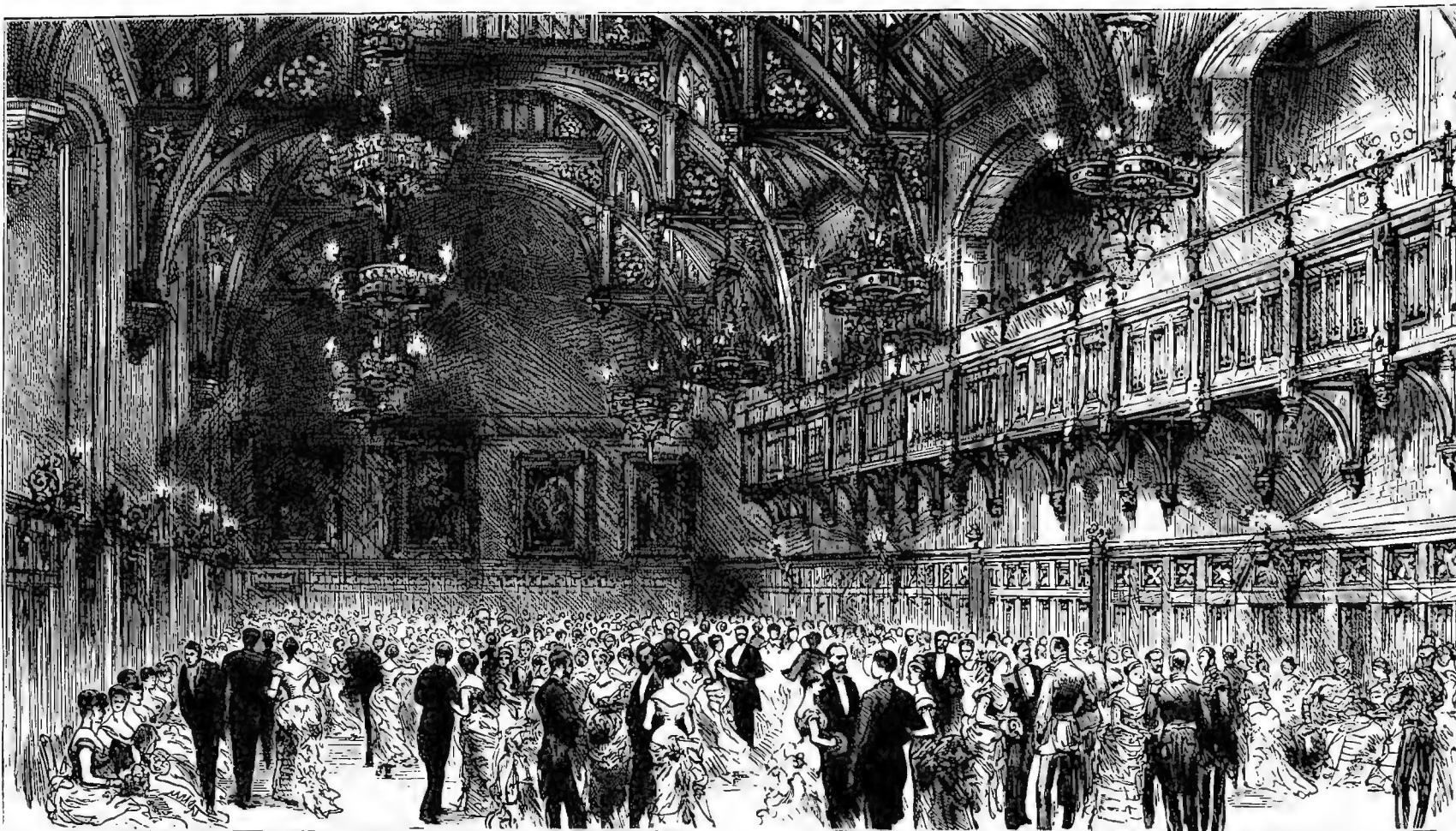
ABERDEEN FROM THE RUBISLAW ROAD



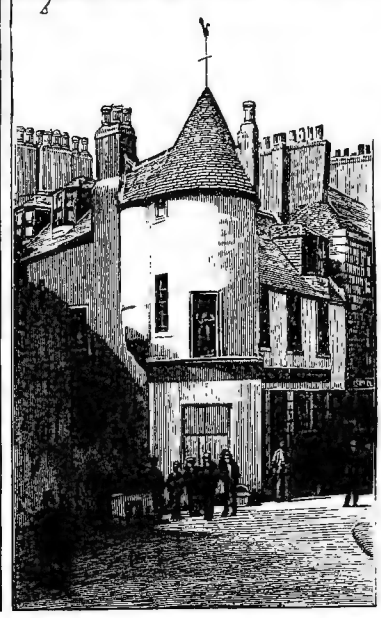
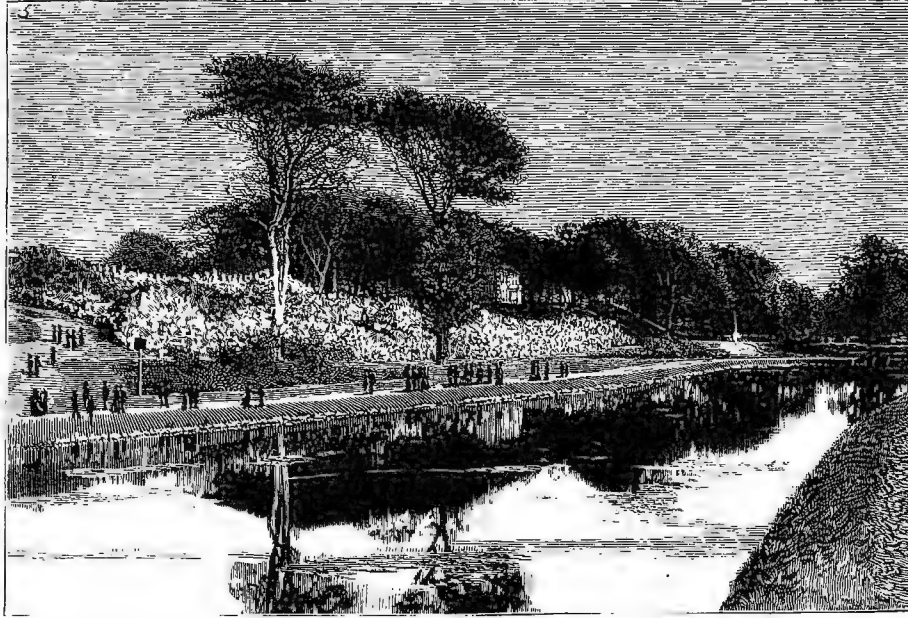
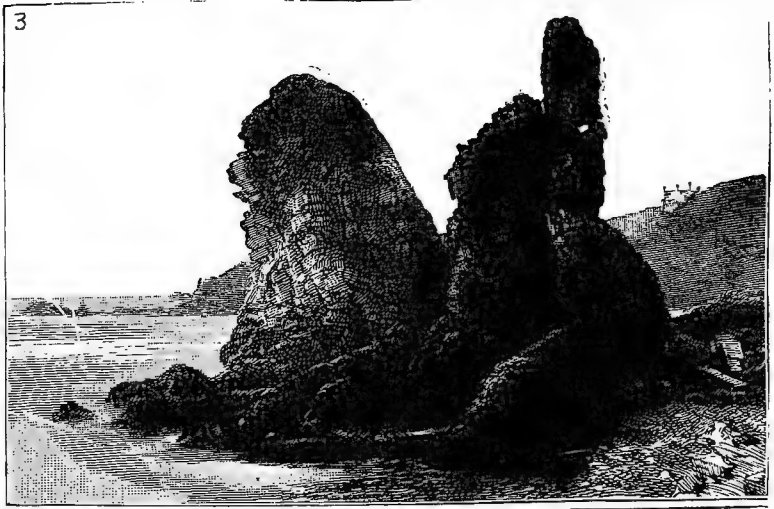
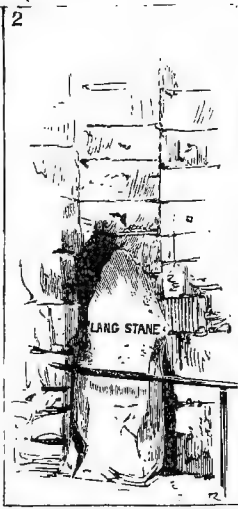
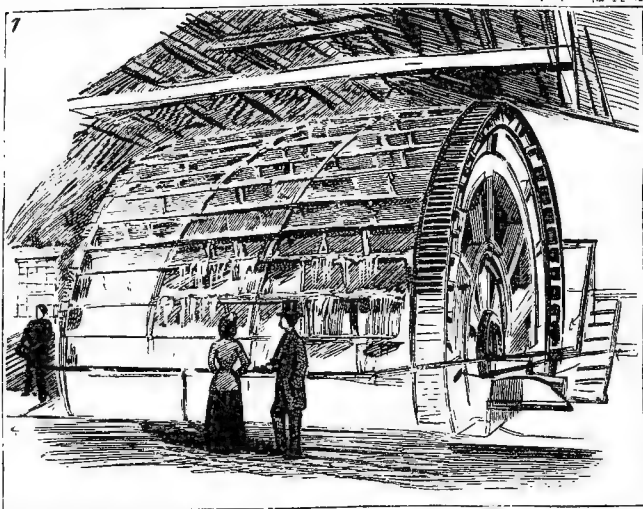
BRIG O' BALGOWNIE, ACROSS THE DON



RUBISLAW GRANITE QUARRIES
(London Bridge is Built of Granite from these Quarries)



THE TOWN AND COUNTY HALL IN THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS
ABERDEEN ILLUSTRATED



1. Water-Wheel at the Grandholm Tweed Mills (Said to be the Largest Water-Wheel at Work in the World).

2. The Langstane in the Windmill Brae

3. The Rocks at Muchalls.

6. Wallace's Nook, Nether Kirkgate.

4. The Roman Catholic Cathedral.

5. A Glimpse in the Duthie Park.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK



DEPARTURE OF THE HERRING FLEET
ABERDEEN ILLUSTRATED

swirl about it that we associate with running water, and its salmon fisheries are a source of wealth to their owners and of delight to epicures. The Wellington Suspension Bridge over the Dee is graceful and elegant, but the oldest and most important bridge is the one given to the town by Bishop Elphinstone, a true benefactor in many ways to Aberdeen, and completed by Bishop Dunbar in 1527. It has been frequently repaired since then, and was widened by nearly twelve feet in 1842. A few years ago a melancholy accident, leading to the loss of several lives, took place on a fast day through the overloading and consequent upsetting of a ferry boat on the river. This led to the building of the Victoria Bridge, over the new channel of the Dee in the direction of Torry. The bridge, which is of granite, consists of five arches, cost 25,000*l.*, and was opened in July, 1881. Union Bridge carries Union Street over the Denburn (now Railway) Valley. This bridge was designed by Telford, and has a magnificent span of 130 feet. The Union Terrace Gardens lie below to one side, and are very nicely laid out. It is here that it is proposed to build the projected Free Library.

THE HARBOUR

As in the case of the River Clyde at Glasgow, the perseverance and ingenuity of man have done much for the Harbour of Aberdeen. The improvers have had to war incessantly against stormy seas and shifting sands. The harbour, which was originally a creek, leading to an expanse of open water, has been fenced in and protected by piers and breakwaters, until it has been made a safe shelter for wind and wave-tossed vessels. Early in the seventeenth century, the improvement of the harbour was set about in earnest, and in course of time quays were constructed on the north side that help to keep the water in a proper channel, and gradually ground was reclaimed that was turned to good account. The sand bar—troublesome even yet—was for long a sore affliction to the honest Aberdonians; occasionally it grew so aggressive as to threaten to ruin the trade of the place. In their perplexity the citizens applied, in 1770, to Smeaton, who advised the construction of the North Pier, which turned out a great success in preventing accumulations of sand. In 1810-16, Telford at an expense of 66,000*l.* extended the North Pier, and in process of time a southern breakwater was built, and the great improvement of a wet dock (1840-48) inside the tidal harbour carried out. In December, 1869, to 1872, the course of the Dee from the Suspension Bridge downwards was diverted southwards, and additional space and safety secured. The work of improvement still goes on, and the trade of the place is increasing in proportion. Between 1845 and 1880 the tonnage, outwards and inwards, nearly doubled itself. The Commissioners have up to the present time expended, under the authority of various Acts of Parliament, upwards of 1,033,000*l.* in enlarging and improving the accommodation of the Harbour. A considerable part of this expenditure has been incurred in providing the wet docks—which have an area of about thirty acres, in addition to which there is a Tidal Harbour, with an area of about fifty-five acres. The harbour of Aberdeen is indeed a haven of refuge to many a ship overtaken by the wild blasts of the German Ocean, and exciting are the scenes sometimes at the bar when vessels try for it amid howling winds and foaming waters. In these moments of danger, the lifeboat on the Links is always ready to do good and valiant service.

The registered tonnage of shipping entering the port during the year 1883-84 was 666,537 tons, and the revenue of the Harbour Commission for the same period amounted to 59,140*l.*, while the Customs Revenue in 1883 was 174,152*l.*

TRADE AND COMMERCE

ABERDEEN rose early into importance as a trading town; its position favoured communication and intercourse with France and the North-West coasts of Europe; Professor Masson speaks of the shipping trade "with France, with the Low Countries, with Norway, Denmark, and indeed all parts of the North Sea and the Baltic, for which Aberdeen had a great name from time immemorial, and which gave it the timber, the tar, the little iron and the casks of wine it needed, in exchange for its wool, its matchless hand-knit woollen hose, its hides, its grain, its cured fish, its bits of granite, and its other saleable odds and ends." There is no doubt that this traffic with other countries gave a cosmopolitan and varied tone to Aberdeen life and society in the 15th and 16th centuries. The present manufactures of Aberdeen are numerous, and two or three of them are special to the town. We may mention the Banner Cotton Mills, the Grandholm Tweed Mills—where there is a water-wheel, said to be the largest in the world, although the famous Isle of Man Wheel may, perhaps, dispute this claim to overmastering bigness—near the Don, and the Bradford Flax Works. The comb manufacture is a very extensive branch of industry. Messrs. Pirie's paper works are renowned all the world over. The meat preserving trade, now so much in the hands of the Americans, was started originally in Scotland at Aberdeen in 1822, and salmon was "the meat" first operated on. There are breweries, large flour mills, engineering works, and carpet and woollen manufactures. The latter have long been a staple of the town—the wool coming from the country sheep and being turned into coarse slight cloths, called plaidens and fringams. Aberdeen wineceys are the best in the trade, and from olden days stocking knitting has been a speciality of the county. It is said that a pair of stockings, knit in Aberdeenshire for some Russian Empress, were so fine that they could be drawn through a finger-ring. The salmon fisheries of the Don have been famous since the days of the monks who loved good cheer, and had a wonderful knack of finding out localities for their monasteries close to fat pastures and teeming rivers. Then who has not heard of Findon haddocks, known the world over as "Finnan haddies?" These haddies are rock dried and smoked at Findon, Port Lethen, and one or two other little villages farther down the coast. He who would taste a haddie aright, and enjoy the fulness of its flavour, must eat it on the spot where it is *manufactured*, ere age has had time to wither its freshness or exposure on a shop-counter staled its succulence. A *blaisé* epicure, who finds time hang heavy on his hands, might make a journey to Port Lethen and test our statement. Ship-building has been carried on in Aberdeen since the fifteenth century, and before steam came in to put to shame "the white wings" of the ocean, Aberdeen clippers were the very swallows of the sea. Few ships could sail against them, and their build was singularly graceful. The sight of one of these clippers flying up the Channel, say at the end of the "Tea Race," with every stitch of canvas set to the very topmost sunsail, and her bows churning the water into foam, would have sent a thrill of sympathetic rejoicing through the heart of even a funeral mute. One of the most famous trades of Aberdeen has now to be noted—the granite trade—now nearly three hundred years old. The two granites best known are the grey Aberdeen granite and the reddish-coloured Peterhead granite. Of these there are several quarries throughout Aberdeenshire and Kincardineshire, and some very notable quarries of the grey granite in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen itself. We show in our illustrations one of the most famous of these—Rubislaw. Machinery was first used in quarrying in 1795, and the polishing of granite came into operation about 1818. There are several granite polishing works in Aberdeen. Those in connection with Rubislaw quarry—now known as Messrs. Alexander Macdonald and Co.—were the first to be established, and will well repay a visit. Mr. Macdonald, who died a year or two ago, was well known as an Art connoisseur, not only in Scotland, but in London, and was a true and valued friend of many

of our most distinguished living painters. His was a well-known face at Royal Academy gatherings. Among the specimens turned out of polished granite may be mentioned the sarcophagus in which Prince Albert lies, the columns of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and the pillars at the Holborn Viaduct, London, which were turned out by Messrs. Bower and Florence of the Spital Works, Aberdeen. It is hardly necessary to mention the many uses to which granite, polished and unpolished, is now applied, from paving stones to piers, from sepulchral urns to lighthouses. Thanks to persistent and intelligent attention to breeding, and to the exertions of such men as McCombie of Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire cattle have grown fat and famous, and at Christmas time, not a little of the roast beef that makes glad the heart of Old England finds its way to the Southern markets, in a live form, from the slopes of the Dee and the Don. Some people say (and they who say it must themselves have been raised near the Dee) that Aberdonians have brains as hard as the granite and hearts as tender as the beef they export.

THE HERRING FISHING

THIS is a very important item in the industries of Aberdeen, as the town is one of the great centres of the East coast fishing—although not so important in this respect as Fraserburgh and Peterhead. Wick has of late rather fallen behind. During the season an immense number of boats rendezvous here and bring in their catches. Aberdeen, however, has a fishing population of its own in its immediate neighbourhood, located mostly in the village of Torry, to the south of the mouth of the River Dee, and in the village of Footdee—pronounced "Fittie"—to the north. These fisher folk follow their craft all the year round, and are a peculiar people: they "keep themselves to themselves," marry among themselves, and have their own way of looking at life and manners. From the number of intermarriages there is a great lack of variety in surnames, and nicknames or bynames ("tee" names in the dialect) are the recognised method of distinguishing individuals. Muckle, sma', fat, crookit, and suchlike qualifications become of immense value in establishing identity. A volume might be written about the superstitions that still linger among them, and that must really add not a little to the burden of existence. They are a brave, hardy set of men—very much inclined when on shore to be lazy and let the women work, but at sea, patient, keen, and skilful, and scornful of danger. It is a hard life they lead for the most part, and one that ends too often in the breakers on a lee shore, or in the sudden fury of a squall at sea. In the summer and autumn months there is a great gathering of herring boats and crews and curers at Aberdeen, and the scene, when the boats come in, down at the curing stations on the ground at the harbour reclaimed by the diversion of the channel of the River Dee, is one of bustle and excitement. The curers, who are ordinarily well-to-do-men, used to contract for the fish at so much per "cran" before the beginning of the fishing, but nowadays the fishermen prefer to sell at the quayside the result of the night's take. Most of the fish landed are at once gutted, and put in salt and packed into barrels by women employed by the curers. The rapidity with which these women and girls standing at the gutting troughs get through their work is perfectly marvellous. A turn of the wrist does it all. It has not the look of a pleasant job, and the smell at the curing stations does not suggest to one "Sabæan odours" or the perfumes of Araby, but the girls seem rather to enjoy the operation, and are mostly merry enough and loud-tongued over it. Perhaps a stranger, with his powers of repartee sharpened only by a town education, had better not try a wit combat with them. He should look on in admiring silence, as long as he can stand with equanimity the prevailing fishy air of the place. The barrels, when packed to the inspecting officer's satisfaction, are marked with a Government brand, for which a fee is charged. This certifies the herring to the world. The introduction of steam trawlers, although in the long run, like all improvements, it will tell for the general good, has in the mean time aroused the ire of the lugsail boatmen. Some pretty little combats have of late been the result of this enmity. And in truth the trawlers have a deal of damage to answer for. When they come down through the night on a fleet of boats, hanging on to their miles of nets, their screws work woful havoc among the gear, and their speed enables them to slip off unidentified in the darkness. There is much need for very strict regulations to keep the steam trawlers in order. They are at present to the fishermen of the North-East of Scotland the very embodiment of the evil spirit of destruction. The going out of the herring fleet in the evening is a splendid sight. Gradually they draw out of the mixture and confusion of the harbour, the sound of the loud voices of the busy crews, rising and falling sometimes in merriment, sometimes in dispute, dies down, the great brown sails are spread to the wind, and the boats stand out to take their chance at the harvest of the sea. Happy for them when the night sees them safely through their work, and the dawn breaks over quiet silvery waters and from a clear sky. It is not always so. Sometimes the sudden squall bursts upon the fleet; nets have to be abandoned, and the nearest harbours of refuge made for. In such a case it is an anxious time next morning for those on shore, when the sea is dashing in blinding spindrift over the pier heads, and the tumbling waste of waters outside is spotted here and there with the sail of a boat scudding before the storm, or trying to steer for the harbour mouth. Some never reach that shelter; others reach it only to be caught in the swirling tide and shivered into splinters against the granite blocks. Weary hearts and anxious eyes watch the incoming boats: many to be gladdened by the safe return of husbands and sons; many to be heart-sickened with hope deferred; and some to be crushed with the agonising certainty of loss. It is often days before the actual truth is known, as the boats scud far before the tempest, and their experienced and hardy crews know every corner on the East coast where they can venture to put in.

ART

ABERDEEN can claim the proud distinction of having been the birthplace of several painters whose names are written on the glory-roll of British art. Poetry and art have never been without their worshippers in Scotland; even in her earliest days, when the times and circumstances seemed hardly propitious to the cultivation of the lighter graces of life, and when men, one would think, would have been too much borne down by the weightier matters of existence to have had heart and thought left for singing a ballad or spreading colour on canvas. For, in truth we must confess it, it was not through believing in æsthetics, or in laying down propositions about "the line of beauty," that Scotland came to the front. Her sons had to fight against an ungracious soil and a not too kindly climate, and the exigencies of the battle left them small leisure for attention to the accomplishments and the amenities of life. Scotland has not been altogether unvictorious in the struggle for existence, but the very demands this struggle made on the sterner nature of her children, and the sacrifices it has necessitated, have interfered with the full and free play of the more gracious and attractive elements in the Scottish nature—elements, however, that are as essential parts of that nature as the dourness, the perseverance, the hard-headedness which ordinary outside observers proclaim to be the distinguishing characteristics of North-country folk. Scottish nature has as many sides—as human nature generally has. To those who term us dogged and penurious and cautious, we can point to Bruce and the Darien Expedition, to Culloiden, and David Livingstone, to our ballad literature and Sir David Wilkie, and ask if a people to whom such men, and such events, and such words

belong, can be said to be given over to the practice only of the frigid virtues of propriety and carefulness. Out of Aberdeen herself we can bring many evidences that the love of art has always been an inherent—if not a very obtrusive—factor in the Scottish character. From the leather-brained Aberdonians Art has invariably received a kindly welcome, and the keen breezes that blow along the streets of the granite city have had power in them to nurture painters whose fame is world-wide. First among them all stands George Jamesone, "the Scottish Vandyck," and the earliest noted artist of original powers that Great Britain produced. He was born at Aberdeen towards the end of the sixteenth century, probably about 1586. His father was an architect, and from him Jamesone may have inherited Art tastes. With a wise insight into his son's bent, the elder Jamesone allowed George to go to Antwerp, where he studied under Rubens, and had Vandyck as a fellow-pupil. In 1620 Jamesone returned to Aberdeen, and established himself there as a portrait painter. He was patronised by Charles I., and by all the nobility of his native country. Fame and honour attended him in his life-time, and he has left behind him many admirable examples of his skill. He died in Edinburgh in 1644, and was buried in Greyfriars Church-yard there. In Aberdeen are several of his portraits, principally in the University, the Free Church College, the Grammar School, and the Trades Hall. His own portrait, by himself, in the possession of Major John Ross, is a splendid picture. The largest collection of works by Jamesone is in the possession of the Breadalbane family. An excellent and interesting life of Jamesone has lately appeared, written by Mr. Bulloch, and illustrated by a reproduction of Jamesone's portrait and a view of Jamesone's house in Aberdeen, from drawings by George Reid, R.S.A. Jamesone's house, where he is said to have been born and to have afterwards lived, is one of the most interesting relics of the olden times in Aberdeen. It is now in the possession of Messrs. Wordie, the well-known contractors, who take great care to keep the house and everything appertaining to it in proper order. It is interesting to know in connection with the finding in 1850 of a Syracusan coin during some alterations in the garden, that Jamesone was a collector of such curiosities. In all Jamesone's best canvases we see the soul of his sitter. He caught the expression and feeling of the face, and gave not much attention to the details of background. And as a rule it is strong, austere men he paints—men whose minds were attuned to the stormy times in which they lived. John Phillip—"Phillip of Spain," as he is now so often called—is another painter of whom Aberdeen may well be proud. He was born in Skene Square on 19th April, 1817. His parents were humble people, and he himself began his art career as a house painter in the old and not very tidy quarter of Aberdeen called "Wallace Nook." The artist's instincts were strong in him from an early age, and he tried his prentice hand first at sign-painting and then at portraits. There is one anecdote of his youth that speaks volumes. A friend of his father's who was skipper of a coasting brig promised to take him some day to London. As the promise did not seem to draw near fulfilment young Phillip hid himself on board the brig, and, when his presence was discovered, was set to paint the figure head. "On arriving in London," so says Mrs. Heaton, "the poor lad was kept two whole days lifting ballast, and was not permitted to leave the ship. Having at length one day's leave of absence, he was at Somerset House by six o'clock in the morning, when he found he had two hours to wait. As soon as the doors of the Academy were opened, to use his own words, 'I was the first in, and they swept me out with the sawdust in the evening.' The same night, to redeem his promise, he went back to the brig, and in her returned to Aberdeen." He was then seventeen years of age. In 1836, Lord Panmure befriended him, and generously helped him to begin a thorough artistic training in London. He painted many Scottish domestic subjects, but in 1851, a visit to Spain for the benefit of his health opened his eyes to the possibilities that lay in him. His art thenceforward took a new direction. His future fame was principally won in the painting of Spanish subjects—of which the finest in many respects is "La Gloria." Phillip looked upon Velasquez as his guide, but he formed a style of his own, powerful, rich, and thoroughly original, and the public showed their appreciation of his genius by the commissions they showered upon him. He was a loveable, genial man, who remained to the end of his life natural, unaffected, and kindly. He died very unexpectedly in 1867. A great friend of his was another Aberdonian artist, the sculptor, the late William Brodie, R.S.A., Secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy. Brodie possessed great force of character and much skill as a sculptor. His brother, also dead, was the sculptor, Alex. Brodie, who executed the Aberdeen statue of the Queen. Although now almost totally forgotten, he possessed not a little of the fire of genius. Mr. Dyce (1805-1864), the historical painter, was another most distinguished son of Aberdeen, and one before whom, had life been spared to him, there lay, from his varied accomplishments, the possibility of a great position in Art. Two other less known Aberdonian artists, dead some years ago, are James Cassie, A.R.S.A., a good painter and a man of infinite jest; and Giles—popularly known as "Deer Giles," from his fondness for painting—and painting well—"the antlered monarchs of the herd." To-day the fame of Aberdeen as the birthplace of artists is kept up by the works of George Reid, R.S.A., who is in the front rank of our living painters. Some of the happiest efforts of his brush have been portraits of fellow townsmen and representations of scenes in his native county. Many younger men, such as Mr. Reid's own brothers, Archibald Reid and Samuel Reid, Mr. Cadenhead, Mr. J. G. Laing, and others, are doing much to show that the spirit of Jamesone is upon them. There is a well-managed Art School in Aberdeen; but Councillor Gray's munificent gift to the town of a building for the School has put Art education in Aberdeen for the future in a much higher position than it has yet occupied. The new Art School is beside the new Art Galleries.

ARTISTS' SOCIETY EXHIBITION

THE love of art in Aberdeen has taken practical expression in the formation of an Aberdeen Artists' Society for the purpose of promoting Art and Art Interests in the north-east of Scotland, and in the erection of handsome and commodious Art Galleries and Museum. These Galleries belong to the Town Council, and are the result partly of the profits of an Exhibition in 1881, and partly of public subscription. They adjoin the Art School, were designed by Messrs. Matthew and Mackenzie, form a welcome addition to the architectural features of the city, and were opened on July 7, 1885, when the first Exhibition of the Artists' Society was inaugurated. During the coming meeting of the British Association arrangements have been made for the Association to hold their Conversazioni in the Galleries and Art School. The ordinary members of the Society must be artists, but the general public are admitted by ballot as honorary members. The first Exhibition does great credit to the Society. It is entirely an Artists' and not a Loan Exhibition. What has been already done holds out good hope for the future, and every one trusts that such Exhibitions will be repeated annually. An Art Union has been started in connection with the Exhibition. The Honorary President of the Society is Mr. John Forbes White, a distinguished amateur and friend of artists—a gentleman who knows pictures well, and has been indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the interests of art in Aberdeen. He is ably seconded by Mr. Mac William, the Secretary of the Society. One of the greatest boons conferred upon Art in Aberdeen of late years is the bequest to the city by the late Mr. Macdonald (of the Rubislaw Works), of whom we have already spoken, of several valuable pictures, which will pass under the

control of the city on the death of the donor's widow, in whose possession they at present remain. They will form a nucleus of a permanent collection.

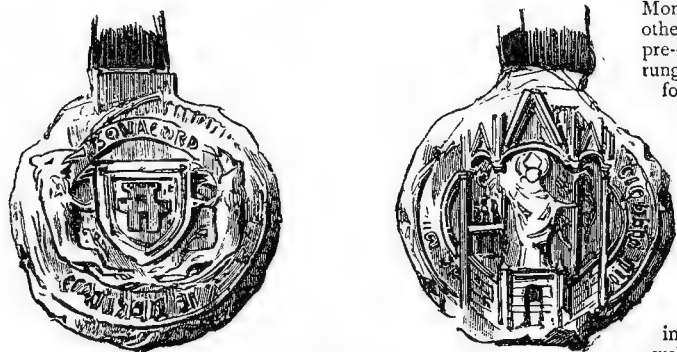
NOTABILITIES

THE name is legion of the distinguished men who have been born in Aberdeen or have been connected with it through the University and Cathedral. There has always been a literary as well as an art-flavour about Aberdeen—the fame of the University attracted strangers. Edward Raban, the "Caxton of Aberdeen," was an Englishman who settled there early in the seventeenth century, and died about 1649. He started a printing press in 1621, at which in 1626 the first Scottish Almanac that ever appeared was printed. From the same press the *Aberdeen Journal*, the oldest newspaper north of the Forth, began to be issued in 1748. Boece, the *Scottish Hero-lotus* as he has been called, went on the invitation of Bishop Elphinstone (1500) from the gay and learned society of Paris to become Principal of the new King's College. The salary was equal, in the present day money, to 2l. 3s. 4d. Beattie, of the "Minstrel," was Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College. James Perry, the well-known journalist, was born at Aberdeen: so too were Sir James Outram and Dr. John Hill Burton; Emeritus Professor Blackie hails from the Granite City. It would be almost impossible and certainly uninteresting to give a list of the men directly or indirectly connected with Aberdeen, but it would be wrong to omit mention of one gentleman still living, Mr. Wm. Alexander, of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, who has with his "Johnny Gibb, of Gushetneuk," enriched the humorous literature of Scotland with an imperishable contribution. The Spalding Club, started in Aberdeen 1839, has done a most useful work by its publications bearing on the history, antiquities, and legends of the North-Eastern Counties of Scotland.

THE CITY SEALS

THE earliest example of the use of armorial bearings by the City of Aberdeen is found in an impression of the seal appended to a charter, dated April 18th, 1350. On that seal there appears a tower with three spires rising from it, and with crosses on the tops of the spires.

The next example that is found is an impression of the burgh seal appended to a charter dated in 1558. This seal, and also the counter seal, bear an inscription which gives the year 1430 as the date when they were made. They continued to be appended to charters granted by the Corporation as late as the year 1675, and



THE CITY SEALS

probably were used till the practice of impressing seals on the documents themselves superseded the older method. For many years this seal, of which we append an engraving, had gone astray, but it was ultimately found in the possession of a gentleman who had accidentally met with it among a lot of old metal exposed for sale in a broker's shop, and has now been handed back to the Corporation.

On the obverse, the arms are represented as one tower rising from a larger under tower, the whole within a double tressure counter flowered with sixteen *fleurs de lis*, with supporters represented as lions with manes and tufts on the tips of their tails, which pass down behind their legs. Their faces are in profile, and a scroll, the ends of which are held in their mouths, contains the motto BONACCORD. It may be mentioned that the two C's and the O in the motto being conjoined, give, at first sight, the impression that the word is spelt with only one C. The legend around the seal is—

SIGILLUM X COMUNE DE ABERDEN

On the reverse there is a representation of St. Nicholas, mitred and vested, standing in the porch of a church, under a triple canopy, his right hand uplifted in the act of benediction, and his left hand holding a crozier. His emblem, the three children in the cauldron, is introduced behind, to the right, to identify the saint. The legend is the same as in the obverse, viz.:—

SIGILLUM COMUNE DE ABERDEN

On the back of each matrix is the following inscription:—
X YE ZER OF GRAC MCCCCXXX ION YE VAUS WAS ALDER-
MAN AND YES SEL MAD

On the one, "Alderman" is spelt with one l, and on the other with two. The seal is well executed and in excellent preservation. From the chronological list of Provosts, as given by Kennedy in his "Annals of Aberdeen," John Vaus appears as holding office in the years 1429 and 1430, as well as before and after these dates.

GENERAL REMARKS

IN 1804 Dr. James Gregory, himself an Aberdeenshire man, remarked that "the Aberdonians have been long known to be such sharp folks, that it is estimated that if their attorneys were allowed to practise in London, in seven years they would have the fee simple of the whole county of Middlesex." This reputation for sharpness persistently clings to all the sons of Bon Accord. There is an old legend, at which of course Aberdonians themselves laugh, that the Jews once tried to live in Aberdeen, and had to retire in disgust, as even they were no match for the keen natives of the place. Once upon a time a gravedigger there overcharged the burial fees of a man who had been a friend of his. When he was remonstrated with, he explained: "Weel, ye see, sir, the wye was this. Fan (anglicised when) the corp and me was twa loons he chaeted me oot o' therty shillings i' the trock o' a watch; an' ye see it was my last chance, gi' I hadna gotten 't aff o' him noo, I wadna hae gotten 't aff o' him ava." *Trock* means an exchange—French, *troquer*. The Aberdonians have gained the character of sharpness, simply because they are shrewd, and not easily imposed upon. A kinder or more genial set of people, and a more hearty mother wit and sense of humour than they possess, it would be difficult to meet with. They have rather a good opinion of themselves, and believe strongly, and do not conceal their belief, in all things Aberdonian, from granite to "Finnan haddies." Is this a fault? Is it not Lord Brougham who has said "Self depreciation is the coquetry of egotism?" They have justified their faith in themselves by their works and words in all parts of the world. These same words, when spoken by a genuine native, fall somewhat

strangely, and yet not unpleasantly, on an unaccustomed ear. The Aberdonian "tongue" has well-marked peculiarities of accent, pronunciation, and vocabulary. They love diminutives, and use these constantly, and the commonest words have through this practice a kindly ring thrown into them. *W* and *h* are pronounced as *f*; "what" and "when" and "how" become in their mouths "fat" and "fan" and "foo," and the sounds of double *o* and of *u* take the sound of double *e*. All those who delight to note such local differences from standard usage cannot do better than read "Johnny Gibb." It is a storehouse of enlightenment on the subject.

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

IN September, 1859, the Association held their meeting in Aberdeen, and the Prince Consort delivered in the Music Hall Buildings an inaugural address to 2,500 people. The Queen in her Journal writes:—"September 15th, 1859: I heard by telegram last night that Albert's reception was admirable, and that all was going off as well as possible. Thank God!—At ten minutes past seven arrived my beloved Albert. All had gone off most admirably; he had seen many learned people; all were delighted with his speech; the reception most gratifying. Banchory House (Mr. Thomson's), where he lodged (four miles from Aberdeen), was, he said, very comfortable." On the 22nd September the Queen gave a *fête* at Balmoral to the "philosophers." They were entertained with Highland games, and the day was a success in spite of its being cold and showery. Professor Owen, Sir David Brewster, Sir John Bowring, Sir R. Murchison, and Professor Phillips were of the party. Since the Prince Consort's death, a monument has been erected to his memory in Mr. Thomson's grounds.

This month the Association meets again in Aberdeen for the first time since 1859, and the city of Bon Accord is ready to welcome them. There have been many changes since 1859, but "the philosophers" will find unchanged the kindly hearts and the genial spirits of the Aberdonians.

R. W.

FRENCH LAWYERS

FRANCE, it is often said, has been governed for several years past by briefless barristers. Those who have read the posthumous letters of the late Admiral Courbet will remember that one of his great grievances was that the national forces had to act under the orders of lawyers. The Admiral's remarks were, of course, dictated, in the first instance, by his natural antipathy, as a sailor, to land-lubbers who live at home in ease; and secondly, by his hatred, as a Monarchist, of the Republic. It is quite true, however, that in no other country, save France, have the briefless ones come into such pre-eminent prominence as politicians, or been lifted to such lofty rungs on the ladder of fame. And it is no exaggeration to say, for the statement will be approvingly authenticated by all successful practical lawyers, that scarcely one of the political *avocats* who have had a share in the government of the country since the war, with the exception, perhaps, of the versatile

Thiers, could have gained a prosperous living at the Paris Bar. Trained lawyers, versed in the dry details of their profession, and who possess what Bacon calls the *ingenia constantia et acuta* in contradistinction to the sublime and discursive intellect, affect to smile at the patriotic platitudes and hackneyed rhetoric which brought a Gambetta at one bound into political celebrity. They will say that it is the easiest thing in the world to melt a French jury into tears, and to win a cause by a few artful poses and well-declaimed bursts of rhodomontade. Therefore it is that the cautious *avocat* or solicitor would never think of entrusting a mere political lawyer with the *dossier* in a weighty case. The young barrister who takes to politics is more avoided by the business men than if he had become suspected of the "terrible taint—Poetry," like the young man in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

Gambetta himself got very few briefs after his defence of Baudin, and the Palais de Justice knew him no more, although he took good care to make himself well heard long after in the Palais Bourbon. M. Jules Grévy, whose progress at the Bar was very slow, pleaded in but one political trial, although he was made a *député*, or president of the Benchers, by a few enthusiastic Republicans of the Council of Advocates, on his return for a time to legal pursuits after the *Coup d'État*. M. Jules Ferry worked for the *Gazette des Tribunaux* after his admission to the Bar, and then became a political journalist. M. Brisson, President of the Council and Minister of Justice in the Freycinet Cabinet, became a barrister, but never took a brief. Another political lawyer, now occupying a high post in the Government, was engaged only a few weeks before his appointment in some petty cases which a busy and successful man at the Bar would have handed over to some struggling Mr. Phunky, with a fee a little under what is marked one guinea on an English brief. Other instances could be adduced of men whose desertion of a profession in which many are called, but few are chosen, was their stepping-stone to a popularity and success which have made them historical figures of the century.

The progress towards "silk," as it is called in England, is as slow and painful in France as with us. Hence it is not surprising that spirited young fellows who are conscious of being able to do something else should turn away from the plough. That distinguished but rather realistic novelist Adolphe Belot, after his admission to the Bar, gave it a very wide berth. He was entrusted with the *dossier* in a petty criminal case. Having no gown, he hurried to the dresser, who handed him a thick, heavy, and tattered robe, for which he had the impudence to exact a large deposit and a heavy sum. Belot, in his haste, had only time to hear that the gown had belonged to Berryer, and, having paid his money, rushed into Court, the narrow-necked garment almost choking him. His case was first on the cause list, and the day was broiling hot. Scarcely, however, had the budding Berryer time to "open" when he felt all the premonitory symptoms of an approaching fit of apoplexy, and, in his misery, he could only mumble a plea for postponement. This being granted, the future novelist rushed out of court, returned his gown, and was next heard of at the Odéon, where he utilised his combined knowledge of the Pandects, Cujacius, and the Civil Code in "Le Testament de César Girodet." Not to all, however, is it given to succeed, like Belot, in other walks, and hundreds of promising young fellows are doomed to remain perpetual *stagiaires* and advocates without cases or clients. Sometimes the doomed ones become *chefs du contentieux*, or legal business managers in large firms; but in such places as in the offices of thriving solicitors the *ukase* is often issued that "no barristers need reply," mere law clerks being preferred.

In Paris, however, although there is always plenty of litigation, the prosperous advocate, notary, or *avocat* seldom makes as much profit out of his work as an English lawyer of the same standing. The Revolution cut away with its merciless pruning-knife many of the old emoluments of the lawyers, as it did those of kings, nobles, and clergy. Consequently the barrister's fees and the solicitor's bill of costs are often so small in amount that the profession would be simple starvation without a large practice. Eminent counsel cover large sheets of rough *papier timbré* with most elaborate calligraphy for a fee of about eight pounds. They give enough to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" for the money, as, after having enumerated their various legal titles and the documents placed before

them for perusal, they then proceed to answer seriatim the questions put for elucidation. As most of them have gone through all the lower gradations of the law, from that of the juvenile *sauve-rouseau* who runs errands in solicitor's offices to the more dignified position of *premier clerc*, they are acquainted with what is commonly called *toute la ficelle* of the profession. Notaries and solicitors are, of course, tied down by stricter rules than are the great guns of the trade. Their *vacations* or "attendances," and the sums set down in their *état de frais*, or bills of costs are calculated to nicety. There are no large loopholes for extraordinary disbursements, and no subsequent necessity for taxation of costs. They cannot cover reams of parchment or affidavit paper with "folios" of unmeaning jargon. Sheepskin is unknown, as well as elaborate seals and variegated tape, which are regarded in France as mediæval curiosities for the Musée Cluny or the Musée Carnavalet. Litigation is accordingly less costly and cumbrous than in England, although the "law's delay" is often enough a cause of complaint in France.

W. L.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AS clever a satire as we have met with for some time is "The Age of Lead: a Twenty Years' Retrospect" (Edinburgh: David Douglas), which has, we see, already reached a second edition. The main object of the denunciation is Bismarck, and his schemes for Prussian aggrandisement are pretty freely handled, whilst, should the volume ever come in his way, it may teach him some wholesome truths: the passage beginning "Bismarck, beware! he wise in time," rises to a great height of merit, as do those on pp. 46, 47, especially the passage dealing with the creation of United Germany. The writer evidently takes much the same view of France's future as do the more sober of her own sons, and has a pungent word to say about the shameless treatment of Denmark. The tribute to Gordon's memory is also so good that space alone hinders us from quoting it *in extenso*. The satire is written in remarkably good octosyllabic metre, though a little more polish might have strengthened some lines here and there.

"Echoes of the Night, and Other Poems" by Francis Henry Wood, M.A. (Kegan Paul), is the title of a thoughtful and scholarly little volume of verse, containing, amongst the minor pieces, some lyrics which will be certain to attract lovers of sacred poetry. The author has the merit—no small one in the present day—of being one who owns a definite and manly creed, and is not ashamed to confess it; but, with all sympathy, was it worth while to write "To Two Scotch Reviewers?" Even the "Dunciad" only galvanised into ephemeral note a parcel of nobodies! The chief piece shows a keen feeling for Nature, and contains at least one passage, that on the sailor's widow, which is almost worthy of Crabbe. The prize poem is about up to the usual level, but one must not expect a "Timbuctoo" or a "Palestine" every year.

We had hoped that the school of pseudo-art was extinct of which the latest specimen is "Early Flight, and Other Poems" by George Herbert Kersley (Bickers); conceit and affectation are always unpleasant, but, when expressed in turgid prose and feeble verse, become well-nigh unbearable. It appears that the verses are the work of rather less than a year, probably therefore the writer lacked time for correction of blunders, else we would point out to him that "come" does not rhyme to "won," that such a line is startling in rhyming decasyllables as, e.g.,—

Over the houses, gold-tinctured moss, and lichens grey,

and that sense is generally to be preferred before sound: what is the meaning of this,

Sweet and soft, my baby sleep,
Mother watches constant near;
Let thine eyelids gently steep,
For there's nothing now to fear.

What were the eyelids to steep? Or is it perhaps a culinary direction? But some passages have the advantage of being (unintentionally) very funny, reminding one rather of the early works of Mr. Verdant Green, as when we are informed, *ad opus* of evening, that

Now every petal, every slender spray,
Turns in for silent rest and sweet repose;

or in this plaintive apology,

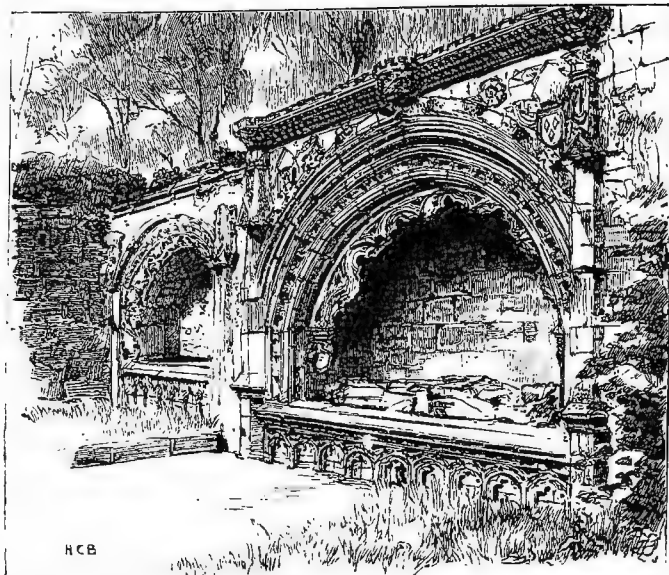
There the white lilies, delicate and pure,
With graceful bending necks, as though demure,
Or ignorant they were so beautiful.
I feel I am not being dutiful,
Or I should show more raptures in these lines:
Then overflowing, now my soul declines
To prompt my words.

Possibly Mr. Kersley's soul was at one with the sensible friends who seem to have tried to dissuade him from publishing. We have not found ourselves able, as requested by the author, to "favour me by turning to the end of the book and reading backwards," but, after reading to the end in the ordinary way, fail to see that matters would have been mended by that rather witch-like performance. Talking of witches, we hope in the interest of the human race that there exists nowhere, save in the author-artist's fancy, a prototype of the frontispiece—an epicene young person of dyspeptic habit and Hebraic appearance! We are glad to learn from Mr. Kersley that "I am young"—perhaps a sense of the ridiculous may come with more mature years.

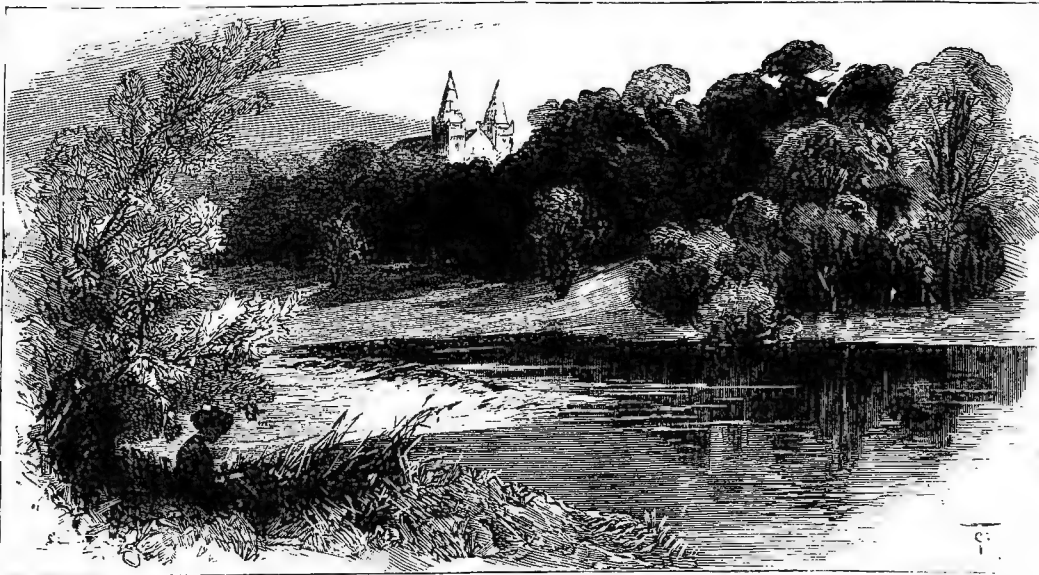
A tasteful little volume of fugitive verse, chiefly of local and personal interest, is "Varieties in Verse: National, Social, In Memoriam," with letters and notes relating to the incidents treated by Edward W. Wolfsohn (Hamilton, Adams). The author is a resident in Bedford, where his poetical efforts will doubtless be popular; the lines on Gordon and on the death of the late Duke of Albany have, it appears, received private acknowledgment of their presentation.

Even were it not for the sad circumstances hinted at on p. 188, the critic would find very little to which exception could fairly be taken in "The Morning of a Love, and Other Poems" by J. M. W. Schwartz (Remington). The author a native of Utrecht, need not have depreciated his work so modestly, for much of it is unusually good, and all may be read with interest; he shows much command of his various metres, has a musician's ear for rhythm, and is, we will venture to say, a real poet, if not a great one. The principal piece shows strongly the influence of the Poet Laureate's "Maud"—but that is far from being a fault, for there is not a suspicion of plagiarism, and the pretty story embodied in the verses is widely different in subject. It treats of a happy and successful love, beginning in childhood, and contains some charming passages—notably the one describing the little girl writing her letter. The minor poems are less to our taste, but their morbid subjectivity may easily be excused; we should fancy, however, that Heine is responsible for much of this, and would merely suggest to Mr. Schwartz, in the most friendly way, that a quasi-slang expression like "pluck" is out of place in a serious poem. But the book is one which has, as a whole, given us sincere pleasure.

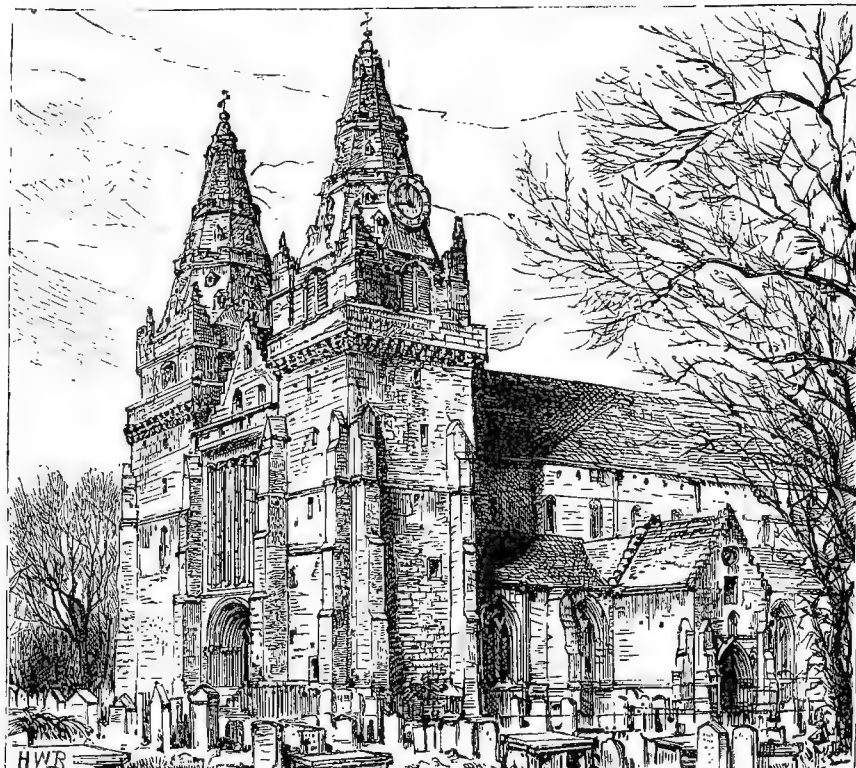
We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. "The Passer-by," a comedy in one act, by François Coppée, of the French Academy. The English version, made with the author's sanction, is from the pen of the writer who veils his identity under the pseudonym of "Luigi"; it is gracefully rendered, and, given two capable actors, would be admirably suited for private performance. One can easily imagine what it must have been when Silvia and Zanetto were set forth by two such artists as Mdlle. Agar—to whom the piece is dedicated—and Madame Sarah Bernhardt.



BISHOP DUNBAR'S TOMB IN THE OLD MACHAR CATHEDRAL



OLD MACHAR CATHEDRAL FROM THE DON

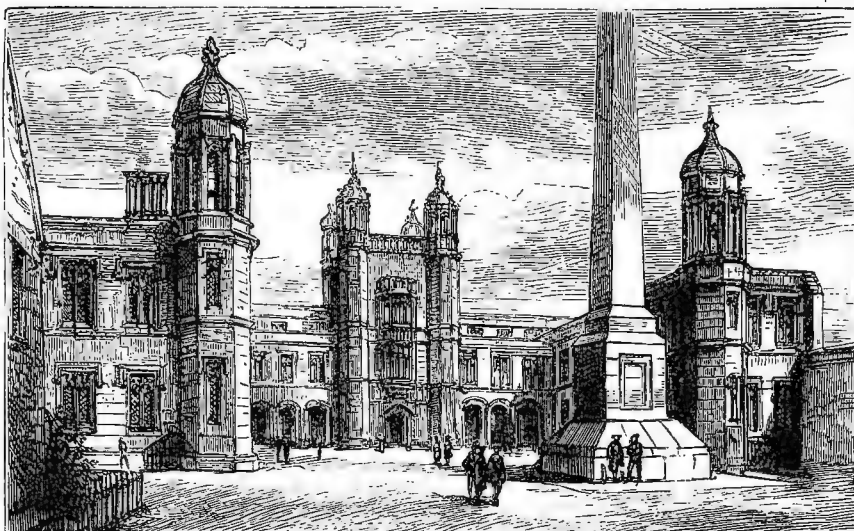


OLD MACHAR CATHEDRAL—EXTERIOR

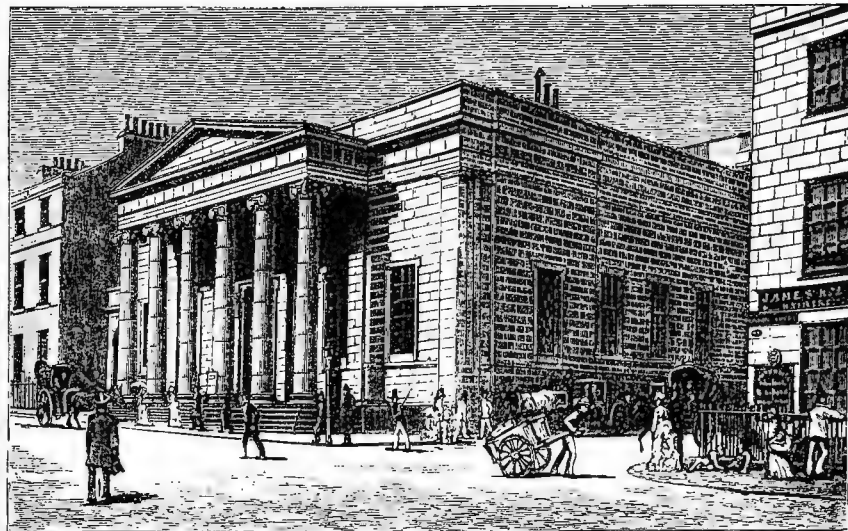


OLD MACHAR CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR

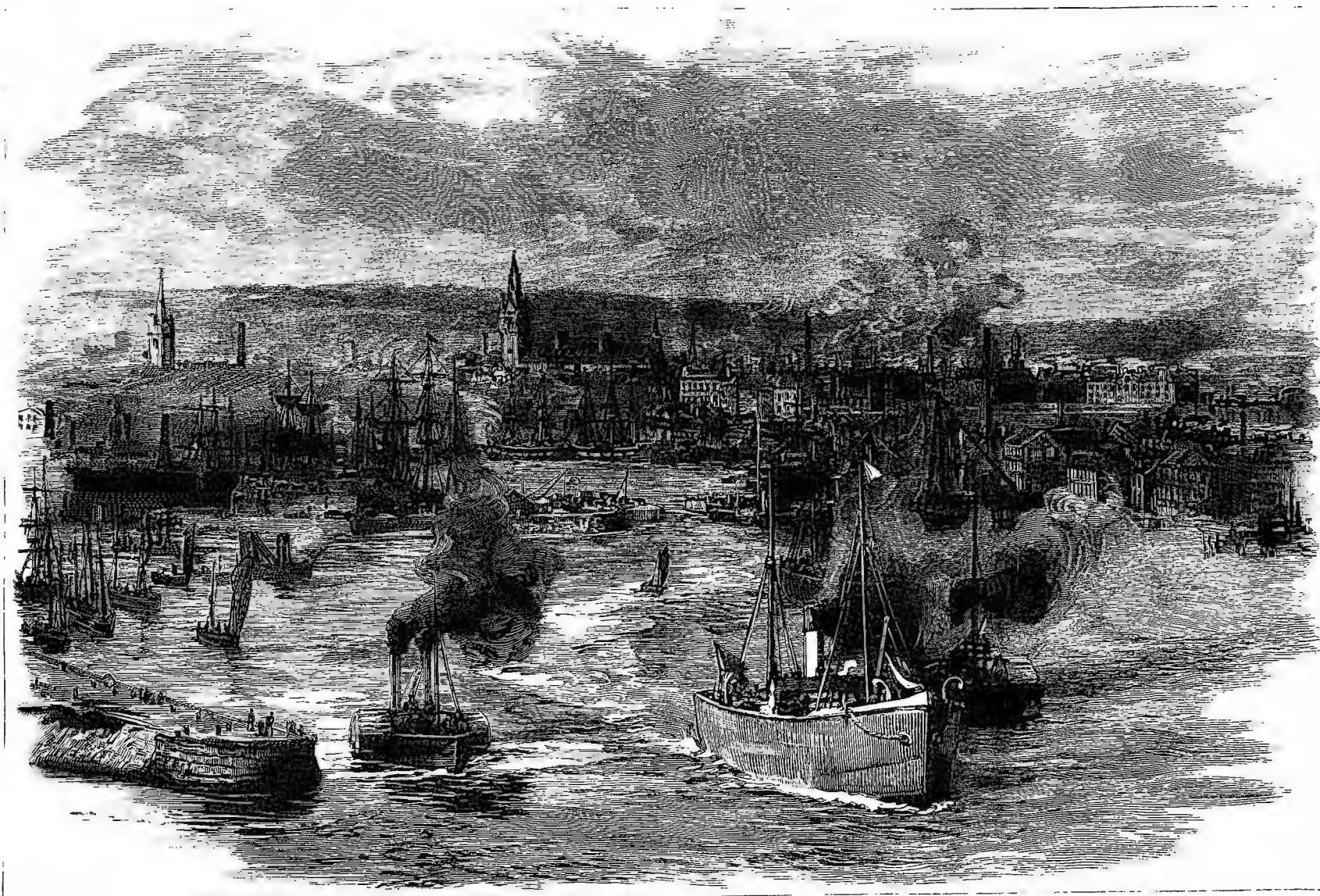
BUTTER FAIR AT THE "MANNIE" ON THE GREEN
ABERDEEN ILLUSTRATED



MARISCHAL COLLEGE EXTERIOR OF THE QUADRANGLE



MUSIC HALL BUILDINGS
Where the Meetings of the British Association are Being Held



VICTORIA DOCKS—THE PORT OF ABERDEEN



THE HOUSE OF JAMESONE, THE SCOTCH VANDYCK
Formerly the Bishop's Palace



MAR'S CASTLE, GALLOWGATE



OLD GATEWAY OF TRINITY FRIARS

First Person Singular

(Continued from page 293)

change rapidly to and fro, you will at length, and in a very short space of time, be unable to distinguish hot from cold. The shock of warmth striking upon cold gets so to resemble the shock of cold striking upon warmth, that the nerves fail to distinguish between them. You may verify the physical truth of this experiment in two minutes. O'Rourke had been verifying the moral truth of it for thirty years, or thereabouts. When your nerves have ceased to distinguish between hot and cold you still know which is which, and O'Rourke had a mental knowledge of pretence as distinguished from truth. But the two touched his nerves with an absolutely equal temperature.

Now, if a man has set his heart upon shining as a liar, this condition, though it is only reached by the most gifted, is an essential alike to comfort and success. To lie and yet to feel the glow of sincerity—to feel, if disbelieved, the identical anger and forgiveness you would experience in a like case if you had never lied in your life—this is to have conquered the highest peak of the mountain of mendacity, and to have made your home there.

Of course it happens that nothing is very real to such a man. As in the little experiment just alluded to, if carried far enough, the effect of rapidly alternated heat and cold are equal to a continual lukewarmness, so a constant practice in the art of humbug will make pretence as real as truth, and truth as unreal as pretence. He can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, exactly as if he were lying, and he can lie as if he were inspired by the profoundest conviction.

Nothing occurred to make the journey particularly remarkable, and for the most part the two companions were silent. A brace of early tourists recognised Dobroski and O'Rourke at Brussels, and pointed them out one to another; and at Dover they were known again, and created a little stir as they walked up and down the platform, side by side, waiting for the train.

"You had better stay with me for awhile, Mr. Dobroski," said O'Rourke. "In for a penny, in for a pound," he said to himself. "We shall flutter the dovescotes a little, I fancy."

Dobroski accepted his recruit's invitation, and the two went together. After breakfast O'Rourke professed himself a little tired by the journey and the sleepless night.

"Being here," he said, "I must go down to the House this evening, and may remain late. You will excuse me if I leave you for a little while."

"Assuredly," returned Dobroski. "I will make a call or two whilst you sleep. When shall I see you again? Do not be afraid. I shall do nothing rash. My calls for to-day are merely social. I have old friends in London."

They arranged where to meet again, and Dobroski betook himself to the streets, whilst O'Rourke went upstairs to sleep, giving injunctions to his servant to call him in four hours precisely. But after entering his bedchamber and locking the door he stood awhile in thought, and then suddenly reopening the door, descended to his private working-room and there wrote a telegram. The telegram was addressed to George Frost, Esq., at a house in Piccadilly, and ran thus: "Call at once. Special." It did not purport to come from Hector O'Rourke, nor from his rooms in Piccadilly, but from one O. Johnson, of Acre Buildings. Perhaps the recipient knew that O. Johnson, of Acre Buildings, was altogether a shadowy personage—or, perhaps, he preferred to meet O'Rourke. Anyway, at one o'clock precisely a gentleman with a peaked beard, a furtive eye, a soft hat, and an accent blended of the accents of Erin and Columbia, presented himself at the door of the house in which O'Rourke had chambers, and, learning that he was in, sent in a card which bore the name of Mr. George Frost in flourishing copper-plate.

O'Rourke had already been called, had tubbed and dressed, and was looking fresh and bright again. On receipt of the card, he said audibly, "Confound the fellow!" and then after a pause of seeming consideration, "Oh, show him up!" Mr. George Frost was shown up accordingly, and when the door was closed behind him the occupant of the room arose with a smile of welcome and gripped him heartily by the hand.

"Well?" said Mr. Frost, speaking very high up in his head, and with a curious inflection on the vowel. "What is up now, sir?"

"Sit down," returned O'Rourke. "Will you drink?"

"I will drink," said Mr. Frost, "in moderation. If I were in a civilised country I would ask for a Bourbon cocktail. Here I will content myself with an Irish, neat."

O'Rourke pushed a spirit case towards him and handed him a tumbler. The visitor helped himself with less sign of moderation than might have been expected from the terms of his acceptance of O'Rourke's offer.

"I came over with Dobroski from Belgium this morning," said O'Rourke.

"With Dobroski?" returned the visitor. "Oh!" He smiled slowly and took a gulp at the neat whisky. "That means?"

"Business," said O'Rourke, smiling back in answer.

"Stage business?" asked the other; "arranged to look like Nature? Or the real thing?"

"A little of both. Perhaps a good deal of both," returned O'Rourke.

"Explain," said Mr. Frost, throwing one leg over the other and nursing his tumbler in both hands. "I am all attention."

O'Rourke arose and drew a hanging curtain across the door, and then resuming his seat drew it nearer to the other's, and spoke in a voice scarcely audible a yard away.

"Dobroski has an introduction from me to you. Unless he has to know it—that is to say, unless he finds it out by coming here whilst you and I are together—he need not know that we have met to-day." Mr. Frost nodded and then winked. It was curious that even when he winked he did not look directly at his host, but merely made a motion of the eyes towards him, swiftly diverted.

"He has a plan which will serve our purpose perfectly. With his name behind it, I think it certain that our people will accept it."

He sketched Dobroski's nightmare rapidly, and Mr. Frost listened. "There is ability in it, of a sort," he said. "As a Fool-Trap it has merits. But it won't act."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked O'Rourke. "And why won't it act?"

"On our side," said Mr. Frost, "the patriots are clamouring for instant action, and some of 'em are so wild at me for not getting penal servitude at least that I hardly know whether I'd be safe among 'em. If I'd only have the good nature to get hanged, they'd worship me, and it would be money, sir, in the next forthcoming patriot's pockets. I've been trying to persuade Keith now, only last night, to provide a little firework exhibition at the foot of Nelson's—"

"Now, Frost," cried O'Rourke, "I will not have it! I won't listen to it. I decline to hear a word. I refuse to believe that there is a word of truth in all that. I know nothing, and I will continue to know nothing."

"Well," returned the other, still nursing his tumbler, "this has, I will say, the merit of being curious. You come to me with this little plan of Dobroski's, and profess to think it feasible, and you won't know anything about a harmless display of fireworks. What harm have we ever done, except to a bit of glazier's work?"

"Mr. Frost," said O'Rourke, with extreme quiet, "if you will not be silent for my sake, will you be silent for your own? Do you remember the little fable about a boy who stole a farmer's apples, and was caught in the tree by the farmer? No? The farmer began by throwing turf as an inducement to the boy to descend, but the boy derided him. Then the farmer decided to try what virtue might lie in stones."

"And the coon said, 'Don't fire, colonel; I'll come down.' Yes, I've heard the story, Mr. O'Rourke, and I know the moral in the present case. Only, when a man has his hand in the fire up to the elbow, do you think he's likely to save his skin by saying how cold it is?"

A momentary gleam of real anger shone in O'Rourke's eyes, but he controlled himself, and spoke with as much quiet as before.

"You say the plan will not work. I want to know what objection you see to it. From our side."

"I've told you already," muttered the other, somewhat sulkily, "the people want something done. They want something they can read about in the papers, something that makes your *Times* get up and howl. Then they think they are getting something for their money. Go to 'em, and tell 'em 'You must wait five years, perhaps six, and be quiet all the while,' and what will they do? They will act, sir, like the swine mentioned in the Holy Bible. They will turn again, and rend you."

"But don't you think that the papers will get up and howl a little about Dobroski, to begin with?"

"I don't say there's nothing in it," the visitor responded. "It may even warm 'em up a little for two or three months to come. But as a permanency it will not do. As a permanency there's nothing but the—the thing you don't know anything about."

"Well, anything that keeps them out of mischief and keeps the Cause going is a thing to welcome. We can try it."

"We can try it," said the visitor, "and I daresay we can make it pay to begin with. But they won't go on long with it. Dobroski's here in town? Where is he staying?"

"Here, with me." Mr. Frost glanced about suddenly, and even nervously. "He is out just now. We shall meet in the Lobby at six this evening." Mr. Frost laughed, and took a gulp at the contents of his tumbler.

"What is he? It is always just as well to know beforehand. Surgeon or subject, trap or rabbit?"

"He is a sort of man with whom you and I are not familiar," replied O'Rourke. "He is an honest enthusiast, and not a fool."

"Not a fool? With that scheme in his hand?"

"No, not a fool, even with that scheme in his hand; for if everybody who will listen to the scheme, and will make money out of it, and political capital out of it, were as honest as he is, the scheme would be practicable."

"And a man who launches a scheme which can only prosper in a world of honest men would make a genuine high priest of wisdom, wouldn't he?"

"There are great advantages to you and to me in this plan, wild as it looks," replied O'Rourke, "but Dobroski must be handled with extreme care. I send him to you in the first place because I can trust your acuteness and your self-interest. I want him to be treated with perfect deference. I want him to be greeted with enthusiasm. I want at first an air of consideration for his plan, and then a fiery acceptance of it. I am going back to Belgium. I have important business there, and I shall be compelled to leave the matter in your hands. Perhaps if you manage it to my satisfaction I may be of service to you. I am not altogether without influence, and I may have something to do with the nomination of the auditors."

The Irish-American emptied his tumbler and set it on the table resoundingly.

"I am at your service, Mr. O'Rourke," he said, "and I will do my best. To tell the plain truth, there has been a good deal less in the business than I looked for, and it carries a good deal of danger with it. There's a proverb on our side of the water which says the labourer is worthy of his hire. I don't seem to get mine as I should like it, either in respect to regularity or to pleni-tood, and it seems to me that the financial arrangements are open to improvement. That doesn't seem to trouble you greatly now?" For a second he looked keenly at O'Rourke, but on O'Rourke looking back at him, he shifted his glance, and stretched out a hand for the spirit case.

"No," said O'Rourke, dusting the finger tips of one hand against those of the others, "I'll have none of their money, poor devils."

"Well," said Frost, "up to now that's true, so far as I know, and I know a good deal. You're playing for bigger stakes than a mere handful of the dollars. I should like to know what you are playing for."

"Should you?" asked O'Rourke. "Well, you shall. I am playing for the prosperity of Ireland, and I am playing for my own advantage there, and only there. Unluckily, there are men amongst us who won't keep quiet, and give a reasonable patriot a chance. There are things done that I don't approve of. You do things that I don't approve of, though you are harmlessness itself compared with some of them."

"I am guaranteed to burst harmlessly, Colonel," returned Mr. Frost. "But I make as much row as —"

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried O'Rourke aloud.

"Yes, I will, sir," replied the other. There was a moment's silence.

"I think we have said almost all we have to say," O'Rourke said, rising, after this pause. Frost hooked him forward with a beckoning finger.

"Not all on my side. Listen to this, and don't flare out, now. There's an empty house in the Old Kent Road. Now, don't flare out. I'm going to give you nothing but the number. You'll do yourself a very considerable service with the British Government, and you'll provide something for *The Times* to get up and howl about, and you'll be of the greatest use to me on the other side of the water. Come now, Mr. O'Rourke. It's a capital thing all round—good for you, good for the newspapers, creditable to the police, and good for me. You stand secure in the confidence of the Government, and they'll catch nobody. The stuff's there to be seized, and for no other earthly purpose. I ought to know, I reckon. And we do want a splash of some sort real bad."

"Is everybody absolutely safe?"

"Absolutely safe. I guarantee it."

"Very well. Good afternoon, Frost."

"Good afternoon. Shall I see you again? Before you go?"

"I think not. I shall probably start to-morrow. Remember. The utmost deference and enthusiasm for Dobroski." Mr. Frost nodded and took his way, having first disposed of the remnant of his whisky. "A very finished rascal is Frost," said the patriot to himself when his visitor had been shown out of the front door. "But capable. It took me a year to find him out, though I was guided by that shifty eye of his. It is surprising to notice how very few of these fellows think it worth while to study manner."

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was considerable excitement of a subdued sort in the House of Commons when Dobroski took a seat in the gallery set apart for distinguished strangers, and when it was known that he had made the journey from Belgium to England in company with an Irish member. The excitement deepened when towards midnight the news was passed from one to another that a prodigious quantity of glycerine, nitric acid, and a deadly compound of the

two had been seized by the police in a house in the Old Kent Road. In the House, as elsewhere, there were many who sympathised with what they knew of Dobroski's history and hopes, but there, as elsewhere, there were many who looked upon him as the living representative of a principle almost demoniacal. Nobody logically connected the new dynamite discovery with Dobroski's appearance in England, but sentimentally everybody associated the two facts together. Some made the connection faster and more intimate than others, but in all minds the discovery and Dobroski's advent ran tandem.

The house was crowded, and the general sense of excitement was intensified by the fact that the Irish Party had gone beyond itself that night in its denunciations of the Government. Once or twice patience gave way, and there was more than one undignified scene of shouting and disorder in the course of the sitting. The adjournment of the debate had twice been moved and steadily declined by the Government, for the question had already been threshed threadbare, and the national business had already been at a standstill for days. A sense of almost universal amazement was experienced, therefore, when towards two o'clock in the morning the Irish member who had accompanied the old anarchist into England arose, and for the third time in the history of the evening the adjournment of the debate was moved. That O'Rourke should persist in the movement which his compatriots had already made surprised nobody, but that the sole Minister of the Crown who happened to be present at the moment should rise in his place, and not only accede to his request, but should add gratuitously that the House would be happy to learn what additions the honourable gentleman could make to the mass of information which already lay before it, gave room enough for general wonder. Until that moment the Government had been so solidly resolved against yielding that it scarcely needed O'Rourke's associations with Dobroski, Dobroski's actual presence there before the House, and the outside news of the night, to complete the amazement with which everybody listened to the announcement of the Government's sudden deference for O'Rourke's opinion.

On the morrow the newspaper accounts of the great discovery were full and complete enough so far as they went, but there were points on which they were absolutely silent. As to the *modus operandi* they had employed the police would say nothing. It was stated, however, that they had been cognisant for days of the illegal operations carried on in the empty house in the Old Kent Road, that the descent had been planned for a time when it was expected to make captures of the highest importance, that the conspirators had somehow become aware of the movements of the police, and that the great coup had relatively failed. They held a clue, however, and beyond this for the present they declined to go. On the other side, as to the chemical ingredients found, their amount, condition, and quality, they gave particulars enough to satisfy the most eager, and it was plain to everybody that for the present a diabolical attempt against the safety of the body politic had been prevented by their vigilance.

Dobroski had sat through the whole debate, and had listened with outer quiet but with a heart on fire to the various denunciations heaped by Irish orators upon an iniquitous Saxon Government. O'Rourke's manifest influence with the oppressor produced a considerable impression on his mind. The young man must already have achieved great power to be treated with so much deference. The incident of the evening left upon him the belief that the Government desired to conciliate O'Rourke, and that they looked upon him as the possessor of a dangerous influence.

The journals did nothing to detract from this impression, for those which dealt with Dobroski's arrival in England found it to their account to give O'Rourke full credit for the position he had secured in the Irish party. "It is not," wrote one, "as if Mr. O'Rourke were a nobody. The Member for Banfoyle is a Parliamentary figure of some importance, and his open espousal of the cause of anarchy, his impudent introduction of the arch anarchist of Europe into the gallery reserved for distinguished strangers, and the manifest deference paid to his desires by a Liberal Government in face of these extraordinary proceedings, are not to be permitted to go by in silence." This same journal verified its own statement by the publication of a whole angry column on the matter, and a score of others of more or less importance took the same line.

In short Dobroski could not fail to see that he had committed the British interests of his scheme to hands as capable as he could easily have hoped to find.

As for the young man himself his position was one of extreme delicacy, but he balanced himself with much cunning and boldness. The speech in which he resumed the debate was studiously moderate, and the moderation was favourably commented upon by a member of the Government. Whereupon the patriot turned to a colleague, and spoke in a whisper for a minute or two, and the colleague rising when the right honourable gentleman sat down, delivered an animated philippic against Saxon things and people in general, and in the midst of it "ventured to assure the Government" that much as they valued the present moderation of the Member for Banfoyle, there were circumstances under which that hon. gentleman would see fit to encounter them in a different spirit. To this O'Rourke cried out "Hear, hear!" and his friends took up the cheer and prolonged it to the echo. Then the orator went on to say that howsoever the members of the Government might lavish soft soap upon the cuticle of his honourable friend, his honourable friend would never change his colour. Here again O'Rourke sang out "Hear, hear!" and again his friends took up the cheer. His honourable friend had chosen a moderate attitude, said the gentleman in possession of the ear of the House. Well and good. But let not that moderate attitude lead them to the belief that he was to be won over by suavity, or that he was eager to enjoy the favour of the Government. Then, for a third time the Irish gentlemen cheered, O'Rourke louder than any of them, and the able young gentleman had run with the hare and coursed with the hounds with admirable success.

He had rendered the Government a signal service, and had helped them to frustrate a new dynamite scheme. The Government was not likely to be ungrateful, but his cheers had shown them clearly that a spoken gratitude was by no means what he wanted. He had brought Dobroski to London, and had accompanied him openly, thereby securing the delighted gratitude of the more advanced spirits of his party. Altogether he felt that he had done a good day's work, and was contented with himself. As a matter of course, in making his revelation to the Government officials he had stipulated for the profoundest secrecy, and equally of course that stipulation was granted.

(To be continued.)

THE RELATIVE DEATH RATE OF THE WHITE AND COLOURED RACES IN CITIES is attracting some attention across the Atlantic, and the *Boston Traveller* tells us that a recent Washington report reveals that during the last ten years the coloured death-rate has been over thirty-five, and the white has been less than nineteen. Washington by no means stands alone, the comparative mortality among the coloured people of St. Louis, New York, Providence, and Boston being nearly as great, and it is also known that the coloured death-rate in New Orleans is far in advance of that of the white. These facts are of grave import, when the tendency of the coloured people to leave the rural districts and crowd into the cities is taken into consideration, and indicate that the conditions of city life are unfavourable to the growth and increase of the coloured race in its present stage of development.



MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN AND CO. have issued a second edition of "A History of the Indian Mutiny," by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes. As the author tells us in his preface, the only alterations he has made in his work occur in but a few sentences of the text. His book is perhaps too full of detail to prove to the general reader a fascinating narrative; but as a volume of reference it should be useful to the student of the Indian Mutiny, who will find all the essential facts necessary to a proper knowledge of the most eventful year of Lord Canning's Viceroyalty placed clearly before him, and carefully arranged. Eight maps and plans help to elucidate this valuable historical compilation.

"Sketches of Adventure and Sport" is the title of a book for boys, by J. Percy Groves, published by B. Ollendorff. Mr. Groves has provided his text with twenty-four startling and brilliant illustrations printed in chromo-lithography. The pictures represent sensational incidents in the chase of the lion, tiger, bear, and other animals. The letter-press is light and readable, gossiping and anecdotic as boys like it. There are many youngsters to whom these glowing pictures of adventures by sea and land will be heartily welcome.

"Lessons in the Art of Illuminating," by W. J. Loftie, B.A., F.S.A. (Blackie and Son), gives practical instructions how to learn, and an interesting sketch of the history of, this art. The series of examples which adorn the volume, and which are selected from works in the British Museum, Lambeth Palace Library, and the South Kensington Museum are beautifully executed in illuminated plates. Mr. Loftie's explanations of these, and his history of the practice of illumination, leave nothing to be desired in the way of clearness. "Lessons in the Art of Illuminating" is altogether an admirable addition to Vere Foster's "Water-Colour Series."

Miss Alice M. Christie has translated M. Bernard Perez's "The First Three Years of Childhood" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). M. Perez deals largely with the psychology of the baby mind. "In the most ordinary child," says Mr. James Sully, who writes the introduction, "we may see a new dramatic representation of the great cosmic action, the laborious emergence of intelligence out of its shell of animal sense and appetite." The author treats of "Motor activity at the beginning of life," of the "Sentiments," "Abstraction," "Spontaneity," &c. He has evidently observed the bodies and minds of children very closely, and doubtless many of his deductions and generalisations are just. In his chapter on the "Moral Sense" he writes: "The morality learnt by the young child is an edifice built up at the cost of great labour, patience, and prudence, and which may crumble away in a few weeks in the midst of different circumstances and surroundings." Miss Christie's translation might be studied with great profit by parents who are disposed often to give but a superficial attention to the question of the training of their little ones.

"General Grant's Life," published by Mr. William Paterson of Edinburgh, is very well put together. It gives in clear type, and in sensible arrangement, the story of the great soldier's career from his student days at West Point, and the wild warfare of the Mexican campaign, down to this year, when he bore with heroic fortitude a lingering and painful sickness. He was a great friend of Longstreet's at the time of the Texan war. One of their amusements was the game of brag. When, long after, Longstreet met Grant under very different circumstances at Appomattox to arrange for the surrender of Lee's army, Grant placed his arm in his old friend's, remarking, "Pete, let us have another game of brag to recall the old days which were so pleasant to us all." Longstreet was much impressed with the kindness of this remark.

"The Handbook of Physiognomy" (George Redway), by Miss Rosa Baughan, is one of those books which require a variety of accomplishments in their readers. They must know something of astrology, and believe in it, and have the power of detecting at a glance, ora touch, a phrenological bump. Miss Baughan's performance may be skimmed with amusement. The following quotation is a fair specimen of the whole:—"Eyes with weakly-marked eyebrows above them, and with thinly-growing eyelashes which are completely without any curve, denote a feeble constitution and a melancholy disposition. These eyelashes are often seen in people who combine the lymphatic and melancholic temperaments—that is, in persons born under the combined influence of the two melancholy planets, Saturn and the Moon." In the same fashion the authoress descants on the mouth, teeth, jaw, chin, the hair, and the ears. We are not surprised to learn from the title page that she has written "The Handbook of Palmistry," and "Chirognomancy."

Mr. Francis Jameson Rowbotham takes us to Western America and the plains of Northern Dakota in "A Trip to Prairie-Land" (Sampson Low and Co.). It professes to be "a glance at the shady side of emigration." If it had been only "a glance," it would have been better; for Mr. Rowbotham has contrived to expand into a book what might with advantage have been compressed into the space of a newspaper article. That the prairie in out-of-the-way regions is monotonous and dull need not be doubted; but that is no sufficient reason for writing a monotonous book. As to "The Farming Prospects of Northern Dakota," no man of sense needs to be told that land speculators will cry up their goods, and that foolish people, with insufficient knowledge and capital, will be taken in. Facts like these can be learnt any day in London without the expense of a journey across the Atlantic to acquire very elementary and commonplace wisdom.

We are afraid that the cholera will hinder the seventh edition of "O'Shea's Guide to Spain and Portugal" (Adam and Charles Black), edited by Mr. John Lomas, from having a large sale this year. It is perhaps needless to say that this is one of the most thorough-going works on the Iberian Peninsula. It is liberally supplied with maps brought up to date, and the archaeological, topographical, and commercial information is all of the best kind. The book is an interesting one, and may be studied with pleasure and profit by others than the intending traveller. The accomplished editor has done all in his power to render this guide-book as perfect as possible.

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with the late Dean Milman's annotations, has been republished by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. in two volumes. If we have any fault to find with these books it is that they are too cumbersome. The only fashion in which they can be read with comfort for any length of time is at a reading desk, a fatal objection for those who like to do their historical literature at their ease in an armchair. Probably it is impossible to bring out such a mass of matter in less unwieldy form cheaply. The full-page illustrations do credit to the fancy of the artist, who introduces us to the funeral rites of a Teutonic chief, and to the contests of the hippodrome. However, they doubtless do their work in helping the imagination to digest the text. The type is good, and the margins have a fair breadth, so that those who do not mind the handling of heavy books will have no right to find fault with this illustrated Gibbon.

"Christian Names and What They Mean" (Marcus Ward and Co.) is quite a new idea in birthday books. The principal Christian names are given in alphabetical order, their derivation and meaning affixed, with an appropriate line or couplet from some well-known

author. For example, we have "Agnes (Latin), Pure: a lamb:—"

So pure and innocent as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore.—SPENSER.

Here follow the spaces for the Agneses to write their names and the dates which were honoured by their birth. The conceit is pretty enough, and should be a popular variation of the ordinary "Birthday Book."

To any one who wishes to gain a peep into the life of an assistant-master at a preparatory school, "A Little Book About Ushers," by Frederick Feeder, B.A. (Remington and Co.), will prove amusing. The author shows how dreary the life of the usher is to the individual who is not to the manner born. "One man in twenty," he says "possesses the mysterious charm which enables him to become the small boys' hero, just as here and there is found one who possesses a mysterious influence over the natives of Borneo or Central Africa; but these are *rara aves*." Mr. "Feeder" evidently knows his subject, and is able to write easily and pleasantly.

Mr. J. Trevor Davies has compiled a very useful book in "The Voter's Guide and Canvasser's Manual" (George Routledge and Sons). It is a popular explanation of the law relating to Elections and Electioneering. People ought to be informed as to much that Mr. Trevor Davies tells us. We are not at all sure that most men do know, however, how trivial an accident may invalidate a ballot paper. The "Voter's Guide" should be appreciated by party agents at a time when they want to have all their wits about them.

We have received from Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons three very prettily got up guide-books, entitled respectively "Souvenir of Killarney," "Souvenir of Jersey," and "Souvenir of the Isle of Wight." Information is conveyed to the tourist in a charming shape, while the little books will be tasteful mementoes of the localities, and ornamental to a drawing-room table.

From the Continental Traffic Manager of the Great Eastern Railway we have received two illustrated holiday handbooks, one treating of "Antwerp and Its Exhibition," the other of the "Hartz Mountains." They are sold at the low price of a penny, and contain maps and excellent illustrations. The letter-press gives all necessary information to the traveller in a lively style which makes these little handbooks anything but dull reading.

"The Angler's Annual and Fishing Directory," published by G. Little and Co., of Fetter Lane, is, in its enlarged form, one of the most useful books of its kind prepared for anglers, giving them, as it does, all sorts of information as to fishing and fishing quarters in England and Wales, and chatty articles and instructions in reference to the "gentle art." A most valuable addition to the book is an excellent map of the Thames in sections from Putney to Thames Head Bridge.—The ninth number of the "Angler's Note-Book and Naturalists' Record," conducted by the learned and indefatigable editors of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," has been issued from 6, Duke Street, Adelphi. The series will be completed in twelve numbers, and single numbers are now on sale. Like the former series it is intended for the "scholarly angler," and no one who has anything in the way of an angling library should fail to add it thereto.

THE RED DEER

EVER since the days of the Normans, of whom an old chronicler says that they "loved the red deer as if he had been their father," deer-stalking has been the king of sports, and the sport of kings. It was to satisfy the kingly love of sport that the harsh forest laws were enacted, by which it appears that to kill a man was then a very trivial offence as compared with the killing of a deer. Since then, enactments by the dozen have been passed for this animal's protection, rebellions have been organised under pretext of a stag hunt, and, though our wealthier M.P.'s may sigh "My heart's in the Highlands chasing the deer," if ever they have to go to St. Stephen's during the shooting season, they dare not now-a-days shoot a stag on their way, going or returning, as was once their privilege to do. Deer are now no longer protected by Acts of Parliament, but are, like game, considered the property of him on whose lands they are found, and any possessed of money enough may have the privilege of bringing them down; for the highest point to which the ambition of a modern Nimrod can soar is to kill a greater number of beautifully-horned stags than any of his neighbours. To do this it is very necessary, as has been said, that he should belong to the wealthier of the "upper ten," for, like grouse-shooting, deer-stalking cannot in a commercial sense be got to pay, and therefore cannot be indulged in except by those who have thousands per annum to spare. Thus it has been calculated that of the five thousand stags shot last year on the blue hills of the Highlands—for it is only in the Highlands that the wild red deer is now found—not one was brought down at a less cost than 50*l.*, which means that about 200,000*l.* were paid to Highland proprietors for the two million acres of wild uncultivable waste which it appears are in the Highlands devoted to deer forests. This area comprises about one hundred so-called "forests," of which the largest are Blackmount, belonging to Lord Breadalbane, comprising seventy thousand acres, and Reay in Sutherlandshire, tenanted by the Duke of Westminster, measuring sixty thousand acres. Some of the "forests" are however too small to deserve the name. There can be no doubt that as deer forests these uplands fetch a much higher rent than they would as sheep farms, for they generally comprise only the higher, colder, and barer parts of the hills, where the herbage is so scant that a score of hardy Highland sheep would not find sufficient pasturage on a hundred acres; and therefore the shilling or two per acre given by the deer-stalker is several times as much as could possibly be otherwise got for them, and the recommendation of the Crofter Commission that deer forests *might be prohibited* under an altitude of a thousand feet on the east, and a lower level on the west coast, is already practically carried out.

Turning now to the red deer itself (*Cervus elaphus*), we find that it has a rather interesting life story. The young calves are dropped sometime in May, and continue with the hinds during the summer, growing apace, so that towards the end of autumn when the large herds are being formed, they are ready, "fleet of foot and large of size," to begin the battle of life on their own account, and have by that time dispensed with the white fawn-betokening spots, and donned their characteristic fulvous-brown hue instead. Nothing, however, is more noticeable than the differences which after the first year exist between the male and female, chief of which are the possession on the part of the male of two canine teeth in the upper jaw, and the long bristly hair on the throat, which, with his greater size and the beautiful branching horns, give him an air of grandeur which has deservedly won for him the title of "the antlered monarch of the waste."

The production of a pair of such horns each year—for they grow and are shed annually—is one of the most peculiar phenomena in natural history, and at once distinguishes the true stag from all other species of horned animals. These horns are in reality outgrowths from the cranium, and come to perfection only when the animal is in its seventh year. During the first year the horns are mere knobs, in the second year they have the appearance of pointed spikes, and are called "dags." The third year's horns have two or three "brow" antlers. In the fourth year the animal gets its "bez," and in its fifth year its "royal" antlers, and is then a decided prize for sportsmen. The number of antlers, or "points," increases till the animal reaches its seventh year, after which the horns grow annually stronger and thicker, but do not increase the number of points—only as many as twenty-eight of these have been counted on one horn of a stag of that

age. While growing, the horns are enveloped in a fine skin covered with hair—the "velvet" of chase parlance—and on being touched are found to be soft and yielding, and exceedingly sensitive. Towards the end of summer the "burr," or bony ring at the base of the horn, stops the circulation, and in a very short time afterwards the horns become dry and hard, and the animals, aware of their strength, rub or "burnish" off the velvet against any hard substance which may happen to be in their way, so that by the middle of August the new horns are completed, and then stalking commences. In the old language of the chase the stag got a separate name according to his age and the number of antlers he possessed. Thus it was in its fifth year it became a stag, in its sixth, a hart, and in its seventh, a hart *croched, palmed, or crowned*.

When the great number of horns which must annually be shed in the forests is considered, it seems strange that so very few should be found by the keen-eyed keepers, whose perquisite they are generally considered to be. Some assert that when the animal feels that they are about to fall off, he digs them into the soft morass, and then wrenches them off, and thus they are always effectually hid. Others, however, say that when they fall off the stag himself eats them!

It is the deer's excessive shyness, keen scent, acute sense of hearing, fleetness, and general watchfulness, combined with the loneliness of its habitat, which make deer-stalking so exciting and so trying for nerve and limb. The scream of a curlew, the sudden rush past of a mountain hare, the whirring of a grouse, the rolling of a stone down the hillside, even a word inadvertently spoken by the stalker who may have spent a whole day in getting round to a favourable situation, will send a whole herd scampering over the hillside for a mile or two ere any of them takes the trouble to look round and see that theirs may have been a false alarm, and as the herd always takes a considerable time before they quietly settle down to feeding again the hunter has generally to look out in some other direction for a shot. Indeed, to be anything like a successful stalker one has often "to crouch as he goes like a collier at work, to creep on his stomach like a serpent; while to make sure of his prey he may have to make a tour of a couple of miles even though just about within range; he must force his way through the morass, and must if necessary walk for a few hundred yards up to the middle in water, while the slightest rustle sends the quarry away miles before he realises the fact that he has disturbed him." A rather good anecdote illustrative of this extreme caution has recently been told. One morning Lord S— was told by his keeper that he thought he saw a beautiful stag about four miles away feeding quietly. Lord S— and keeper immediately set out, and for the greater part of three miles crawled along through bog and morass, not even daring to look up lest they should frighten their prey; at last, covered with sludge and wet to the skin from head to foot, they thought they must now be within range. Lord S— got his rifle into position, and was about to take aim, when the Highland keeper, who had been having a very cautious peep through his telescope, jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh Lord S—, don't shoot, its only my father's old cuddy!"

A. P.



THE anonymous author of "Common-place Sinners" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.) no doubt expresses his own views on criticism in making his hero hold that novels are to be judged according to the amount of good they contain, and that the inevitable husks are not to be regarded. Were this an altogether sound canon, "Common-place Sinners" must be judged a very good novel indeed. It has a healthy and well sustained purpose, and the characters, even when most *bizarre*, are consistent with themselves, and fully alive. Moreover, the author knows how to describe a woman so as to give a real idea of her appearance, as her portrait would, and to suggest, as her looks would in real life, something of her nature. But all this, good as it is, is not, despite the author's exceedingly agreeable theory, enough to constitute a good novel. The wholesomeness of the moral—that the sins which have acquired a sort of sentimental or poetical flavour are essentially commonplace and vulgar—is a good deal spoiled by the amount of commonplace cynicism and morbid sentiment in which he himself indulges; it is not wise to warn by precept and to encourage by example. The last scene, for instance, in which the strong hero and the sinful heroine are drowned together is as sentimental as anything to be found in a French newspaper, nor can we discover any symptoms on the part of the author of want of sympathy with his own scene. All the *dramatis personæ* live at full strain all through, in a manner which is certainly anything but commonplace, whatever their sins may be. We have called the characters *bizarre*, implying that, were it not for the solemnity of their treatment, the first impulse of any ordinary reader would be to laugh at them. We are not sure even now whether the writer's original idea was not to make them one and all revolting, or ridiculous, or both, but that he became carried away into sympathy with his own conceptions, forgetting his first intention until he reached the last page. Another of the theories he has set himself to work out is that no person ever falls in love with another of his or her own complexion; and that, in the case of any rare and violent exception to this great law, the love is never returned, and is doomed to ill fortune. The entire tragedy of the life and death of Mrs. Standish is due to her being one of the exceptions; but as all the love affairs treated of in the novel have almost equally ill ends, except one where the complexions agree, the author's theory and practice seem fated to differ all round. On the whole, the novel must be regarded as clever and suggestive, but unsatisfactory, and most uncomfortably vague.

There is a freshness and originality about "An Ill Regulated Mind," by Katherine Wylde (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), that renders it exceedingly pleasant reading. That is to say, in respect of the style and treatment: for the story itself is too full of real pathos to make "pleasant" the final word to use. Eleanor Grey is so charming a creation altogether that few readers can fail to be saddened by her most unhappy life and its tragical end. The ruin of her bright gaiety and her artistic genius by her overwhelming sense of filial duty make up the principal portion of the story. How her love for an abandoned mother, and for a good man, keep her pure through a series of terrible trials, is most touchingly told—indeed almost too touchingly, if that could be. Her death, however, does not prevent the story from arriving at a sort of moon-light happiness for others at the close. The enthusiastic hero, also, is a sympathetic if less original creation, and the portrait of his father, the old bookseller, is altogether admirable. After what has been said, it need not be added that the novel deserves exceptional praise; nor is there any want of incident, although the main interest is due to portraiture and character, as developed in the light of an exceptionally strong situation. Some readers will no doubt find it over-painful: but then that quality will prove a recommendation to others, especially as the pathos is of the most genuine and legitimate kind.

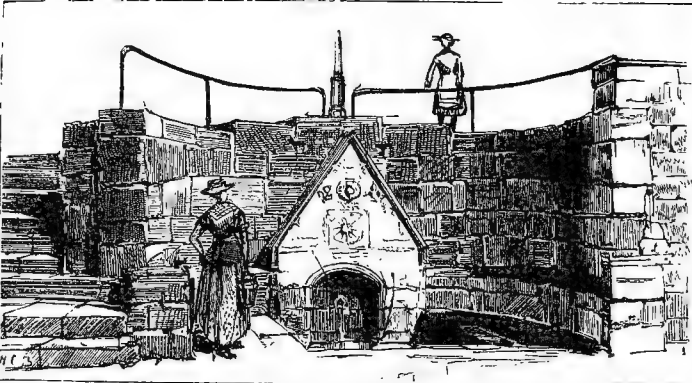
"Sweet Christabel," by A. M. Hopkinson (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell), is well and smoothly written, without the slightest attempt at originality, or even at taking a single step out of the beaten track. There is not a character whom the reader of ordinary experience has not met very often before, or an incident that has



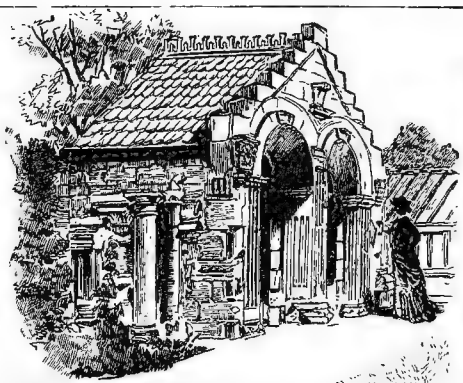
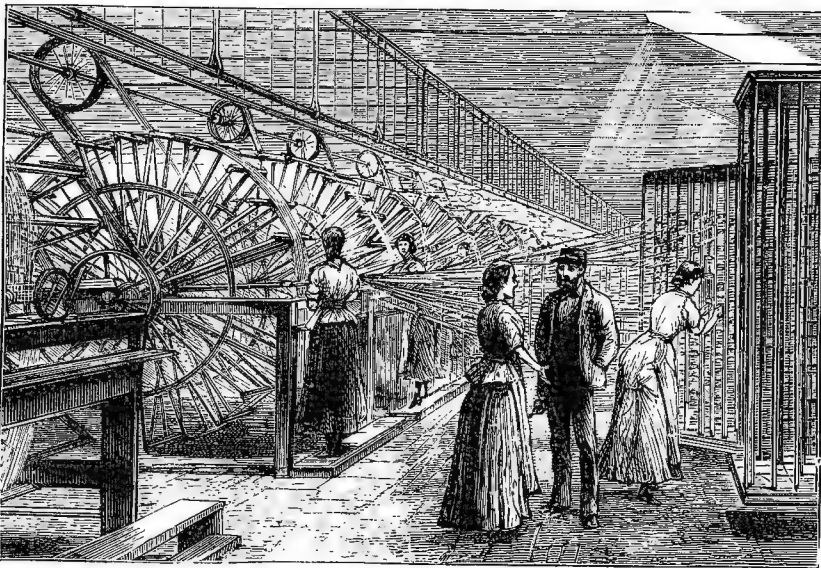
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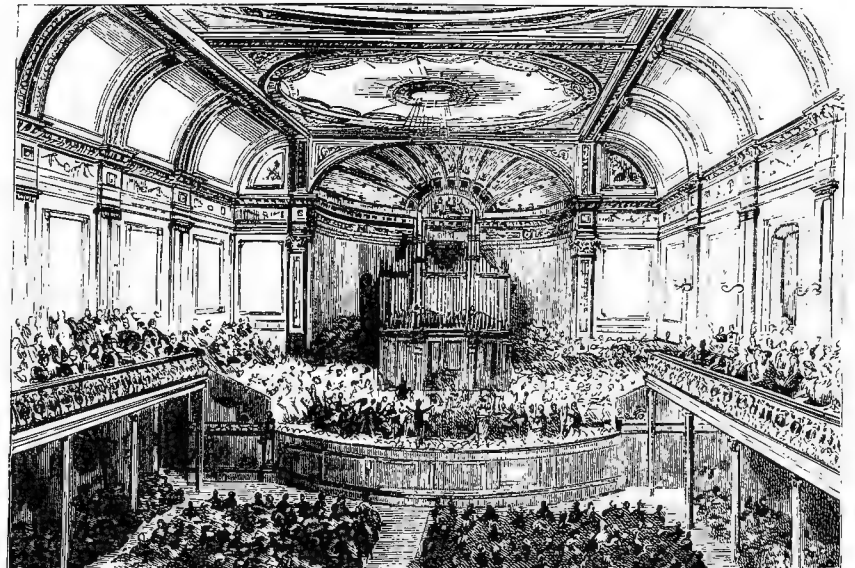
THE EAST AND WEST CHURCHES



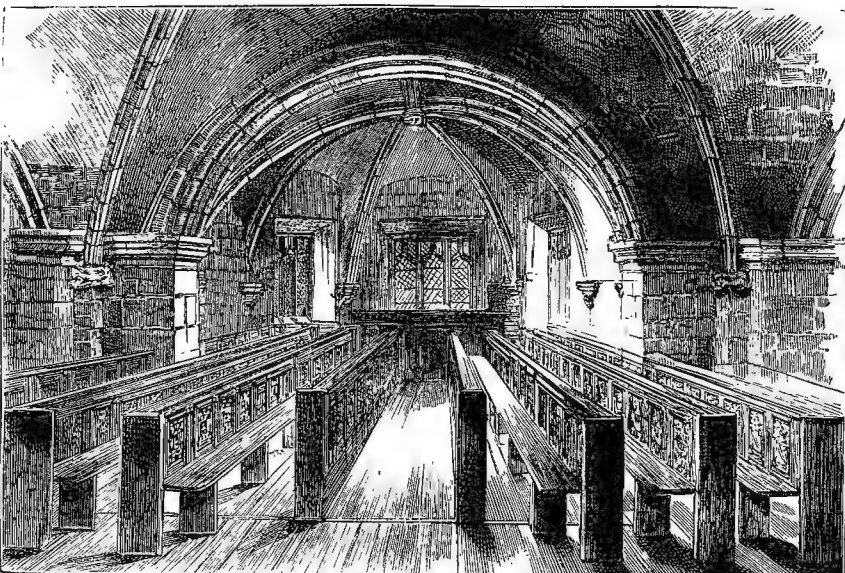
THE WELL OF SPA

OLD GATEWAY TO
MARISCHAL COLLEGESUMMER HOUSE IN DEE STREET
Constructed from Remains of Old St. Nicholas Church
and the Old Town HallIN THE SHIP ROW
The Remains of the House
of a Scottish Noble

WARPING MACHINES IN THE GRANDHOLM TWEED MILLS



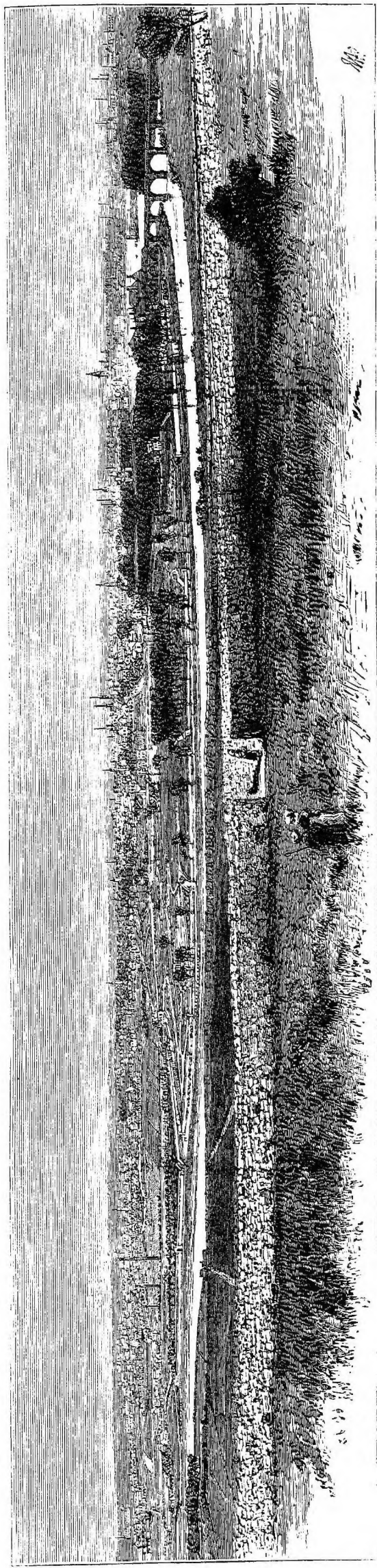
MUSIC HALL—INTERIOR



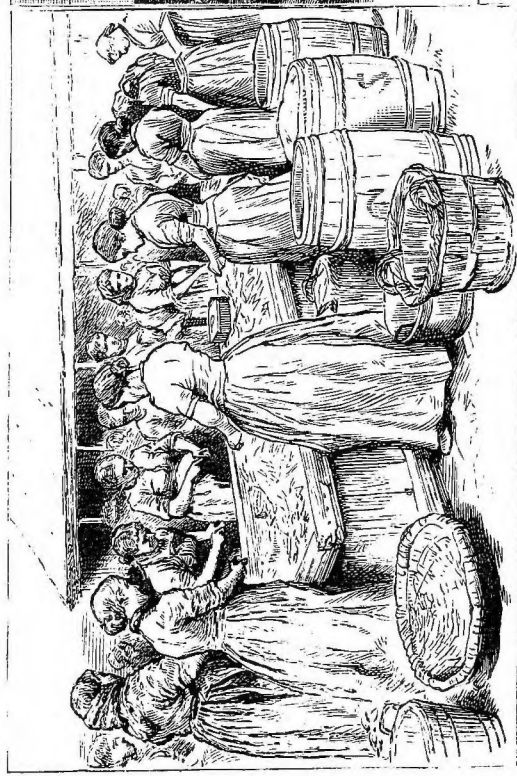
THE CELL OF OUR LADY OF PITY—THE CRYPT BENEATH THE PRESENT EAST CHURCH



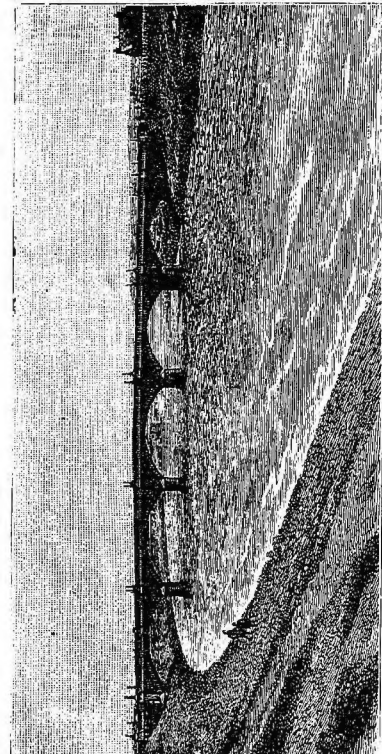
THE NEW MARKET



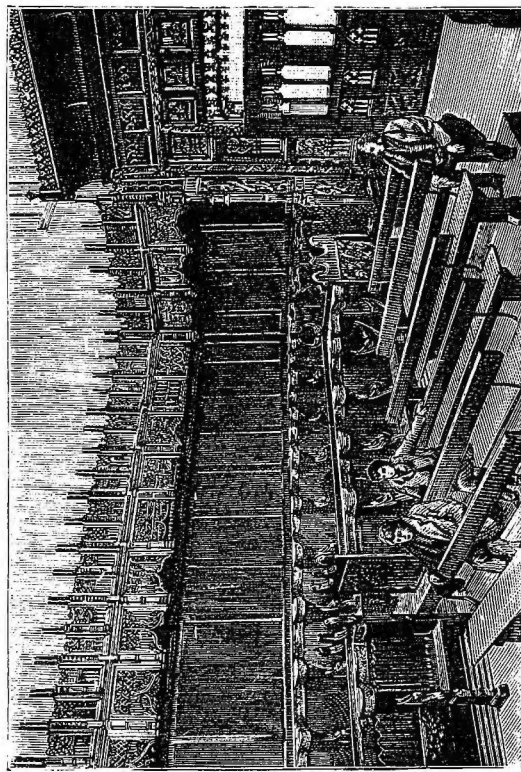
ABERDEEN FROM THE SOUTH



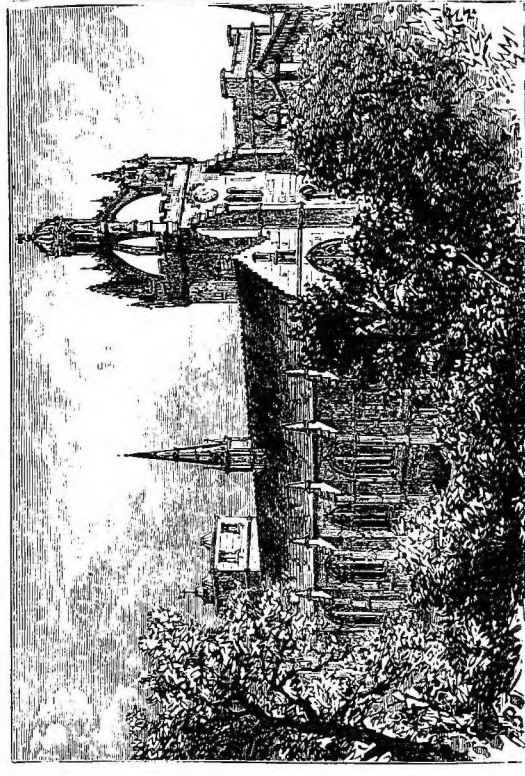
HERRING CLEANERS AT WORK



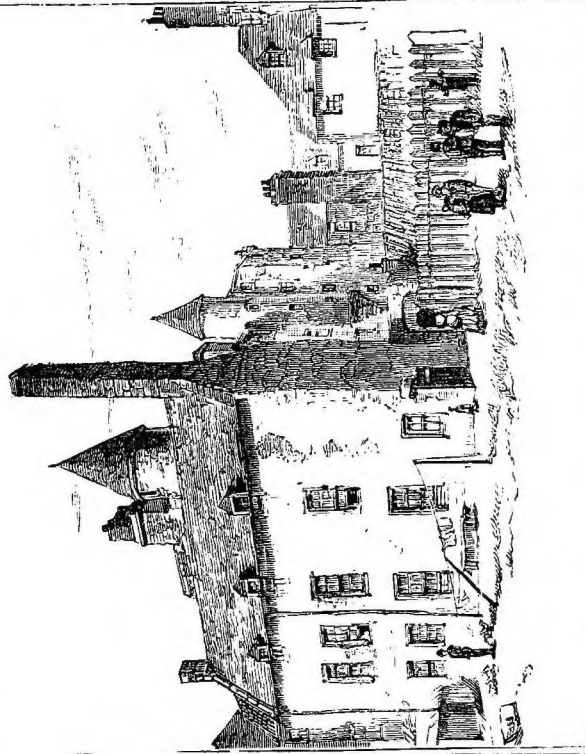
VICTORIA BRIDGE ACROSS THE DEE



KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL



KING'S COLLEGE—EXTERIOR



NO. 45, GUEST ROW, INHABITED BY THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND IN 1746



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ABERDEEN ILLUSTRATED

not been done to rags in one shape or another. The story is the old one, based on a will leaving a large fortune to a girl on condition of her not marrying a certain person. Of course love conquers interest, while the close of the third volume leaves Sweet Christabel no whit the poorer. The title promises something milk-and-water, and the work fulfils the promise. But nevertheless the old stock themes have the inestimable advantage of never being out of fashion, especially when presented in so thoroughly unobjectionable and lady-like a way.

Mrs. Alexander's contribution to the current shilling fiction, "At Bay" (Warne and Co.), proceeds upon the requisite sensational lines, but not altogether to so exaggerated an extent as usual. Indeed it is in many respects superior to all its forerunners, and appeals to a better class of readers than those to whom the shilling novelists seem to fancy themselves obliged to write down. All the first half of the story, dealing with the earlier relations between the hero and the heroine, are excellent, and, what is very unusual in fiction of this class, natural and probable, as well as original. Of the latter part it must suffice to say that, regarded even as an amateur detective story, it is neither natural nor probable. The characters also are interesting in themselves, apart from the action in which they take part. Altogether Mrs. Alexander has set a good example in not forgetting that something is due to her art, even in bidding for wide popularity, and we have no reason to believe that her self-respect will cost her the latter.

The title of Mr. W. Outram Tristram's four connected stories, "Comedies from a Countryside" (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), is to be taken ironically. All are tragedies; and, if there be anywhere a village in the least degree resembling Masham, then the sooner it is swallowed by some stray earthquake the better. All the characters of the place, save the great heiress and the parson, are odious to the last extreme; and, of the two exceptions, one becomes broken-hearted because she is prevented from marrying her scamp of a groom, and the other is reduced by his daughters to a state of hopeless imbecility. The two other stories end in the lunacy of the leading characters. There is cleverness in all the stories, especially when they run into caricature; but to read them with the smallest amount of pleasure, even of the cynical kind, is out of the question. Their tone of monotonous exaggeration only enhances the repulsiveness of their subjects and characters.

DUTCH FARMS

THE troubles of the agriculturist in every part of Europe are now grievous enough; but nowhere probably are they so overwhelming as amongst our good neighbours on the other side of the North Sea. It is bad enough no doubt in a country where one is moderately taxed, and not very unreasonably rated, and where the land is of some natural fertility, to find the value of its produce growing small by degrees and unbecomingly less. But what must be the feelings of the Dutch farmer or landowner who finds prices going down to a ruinous level, while he still has to go on paying equally large contributions towards saving his property from the attacks of the devouring ocean? For him the times are worse now than for many a long year; and he may be excused for feeling aggrieved when he thinks of the sacrifices made by him and his ancestors to reclaim a forlorn country, only with the effect of seeing its markets now flooded and its industry over-shadowed by the productive power of a new world beyond the Atlantic. It is true that he has some advantages which are denied to the Englishman. The railways in his country are not allowed by means of "differential rates" to starve its industries for the benefit of the foreign producer. Nor does the State interfere in a vexatious way between employer and labourer, or between landlord and tenant. Moreover, there is no poor-rate in Holland: if a person will not work he may starve, or jump into the nearest canal. Consequently there are no idle paupers. Every one is busied with something or other, and conduces somehow to the enrichment of the nation. There are therefore no labour difficulties, except such as arise from the loss of capital suffered in these disastrous times, and from the stagnation of the principal trades. But these small consolations cannot for a moment be set off against the obvious disadvantage of the heavy tax still paid by the Hollander for the defence of the country against its mighty enemies the sea and the Rhine. The maintenance of such defensive works, including dams, banks, sea-walls, locks, canals, and pumps, shows little sign of becoming less expensive, while in some provinces there are new works in progress, which will add to the general burden of taxation. Thus in the country near Heusden, where the last big inundation took place about four years ago, a new channel is being made for the Maas at the public expense. The contributions are not grudged, for they are like premiums in an insurance business, and have the invaluable result of making a general inundation more and more unlikely. But their incidence on the land handicaps it so terribly in the competition with America, that the ultimate margin of profit, after deducting all outgoings, has sunk to an amazingly low value as compared with ten years ago.

There is, however, no sign in the land itself of the altered fortunes of its owners and cultivators. Still every August the long rectangular strips of land grow bright with golden grain waving gladly as the wind sweeps over the flat plain. Still the great expanses of pasture land, with their intersecting ditches invisible at a distance, are dotted pleasantly with scattered groups of cows, which munch the grass as happily as ever, all unconscious of the distress that has fallen upon their owners, and of the diminished value both of themselves and of the land which supports them. There are almost as many different sorts of farming in Holland as in England. In Zealand and the south-coast districts, where there is rich alluvial land—the deposits made during long centuries by branches of the Rhine—butter-making is the chief industry in the homesteads. The cheese country, *par excellence*, from which come those funny bright spheres, looking like old-fashioned cannon balls, and painted of a bright red colour, is the Province of North Holland, occupying the tongue of land on the west of the Zuider Zee. But in the rich grass land round Gouda is made the favourite Stolkkaas, and there are cream cheeses to be found in many of the farmhouses all over the West Netherlands. In Limburg, on the south-east, there is a periodical rise of the Meuse, which, like the Nile in Egypt, spreads its fertilising mud on the low-lying country for miles around; and here are grown the numerous crops of hay which are bought up eagerly by the Germans for military purposes. There is also a vast quantity of hay grown in Groningen and the other provinces east of the Zuider Zee; but this, though of a good quality, is not so highly esteemed, nor is it grown in such abundance as in the water-meadows of Limburg.

The size of farms in Holland has been much under-estimated by superficial observers who have written about the country. It may be said that on the whole the arable farms are much smaller, but the dairy farms are often larger, than those of our own country. It is no uncommon thing to find a farmer owning sixty, eighty, or even a considerably larger number of milch cows, whereas, in the Western counties of England, it is far more usual to find tenants who are content with from twenty-two to forty-four head of cattle, used for dairy purposes. The nature of the soil to be cultivated varies very greatly in different provinces. In the south-east there is a great deal of sandy soil which stands well above the sea level, and if it were drained in the manner usually adopted in England would be not unlike the soil of that part of Surrey and Hants where the gorse and the fir flourish most readily. But in those parts of the Netherlands which the tourist is most likely

to visit—round Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague, the farms consist mostly of reclaimed land, off which the waters of the sea or of an inland lake have been drained in times past. Such lands are all included in the circuit of a "polder," or artificial estate, which at some time or other has been called up out of the waters by the efforts of engineering science. Here the farmer or his landlord is liable not only for the payment of ordinary taxes, but also for the yearly contribution intended to repay the cost of original reclamation and the maintenance of the works incidental to the protection of the holder. In return for it he has the right, if he is a freeholder, of electing the Dykgraaf, or chief administrator of the estate, and of voting also upon questions affecting it. Reclaimed land is usually excellently supplied with the means of water carriage; and the most ordinary means of transit on one part of a farm to the other is by the canals intersecting it. Irrigation is easy, and the drainage of all superfluous water is provided for by a system of emptying the canals at low-water either directly into the sea, or indirectly by means of an intermediate channel of communication.

E. B. M.

OUR VILLAGE POLITICS

OUR village has been rent in twain: the once well-ordered and sleepy community is now agitated by cruel doubts and conflicting sentiments. Our little world was formerly divided into the orthodox grades: Rector, Squire, three farmers, and a parish clerk, with the labourers thrown in for ballast. But this is all forgotten, and we are now reduced to a dead level of equality; the Rector has a vote, so has Hodge, and this is the standard by which we are judged. The harvest field, the garden, and the carpenter's shop have been temporarily converted into local Parliaments for the airing of local eloquence: not that the affairs of the Empire at large come in for much consideration—the Empire may look after itself; the principal topic of discussion is the future of the labouring man. An emissary from the Caucus has been busily engaged in the neighbourhood, opening the eyes of the politically blind, nor has he been chary of his promises, for promises are an unctuous ointment and efficacious withal, and being cheap are much in vogue at this time. "We be each on us to have four acres apiece, and fourteen hundred pounds," proclaims a rustic over his garden hedge, and the Rector's wife and daughters stand aghast, for they are members of the Primrose League, and it is their duty to combat these heretical notions. "But, John," asks the lady, when she has recovered from the blow dealt by this information, "how are you going to get the money?" "Can't say," is the reply; "the man as spoke down at Littlemarsh said as we was to have it, and I s'pose 'e knows best, anyhow I wrote my name down along o' the rest." "But what did you write your name down for, John; was it to promise your vote?" "Well, I don't exactly mind what it was for, all I know is as how the labouring folk be to come by their rights."

There is consternation at the Rectory dinner-table that evening: not that the Rector himself is much disturbed, he has seen too many storms to be afraid of a puff of wind, and does not expect a revolution because a demagogue has promised his house to one man, and his glebe to another; but the ladies are full of indignation. Something must be done, they agree, to counteract the evil influences abroad: a large open-air meeting is the first idea, but this is gradually narrowed down till at last it is determined to give a Conservative lecture in the school to the parishioners, with liberty to ask questions at the close of the address. The next difficulty which presents itself is to find a lecturer. Two or three celebrities are applied to, the new candidate for the division of the county among others; but somehow or other, they are all too busy. Whether it is that this is really the case, or that they hold too cheap the votes of our not very extensive population, is a question which they can best decide: at all events they do not seem anxious to convert us, and though they write complimentary letters, and commend the energy of the ladies in the good cause, they do not step into the breach. However, a substitute is found in the shape of a young barrister, who had wasted a lot of time and breath in ingratiating himself with the electors of a borough which had since been disfranchised, a small man with a reputation for wit, which he has to support, when *bons mots* fail him, by cultivating a twinkle in the corner of his eye so as to convey to bystanders the conviction that, though he does not open his mouth, he has grasped the situation, and could put in a very telling epigram if he chose.

All the voters in the parish are invited, and moved partly by curiosity, partly perhaps by the hope of some fun, they come in their thou—no, to be quite correct, in their tens, and the room is full. The Rector, somewhat against his will (he had hoped to be allowed to stop at home in his own study) is forced to take the chair, and in a short speech in which he says that the possession of a vote lays an obligation upon the possessor to take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the Empire, introduces the speaker of the evening. The latter gentleman, having had some experience in electioneering, and being in reality rather a witty man, especially if he has had a little time beforehand to prepare his jokes, delivers a very interesting address; he criticises severely the foreign policy of the late Government, and compares their administration successively to all the agricultural plagues and pests which he thinks will appeal most strongly to the rustic minds of his present auditory. Turning to home politics, he claims for the Conservatives the merit of having been, if possible, more anxious than the Liberals themselves to enfranchise the working man, and concludes by asking in a most impressive voice what party it was, if not these boasted friends of the agricultural labourer, who had asked for a vote of eleven millions, and attempted to raise it by taxing the poor man's beer.

So far all has gone well, and the enthusiastic clappings from the front row of benches show that the fair dames of the Primrose League are well satisfied with the prowess of their champion. Now, think they, is the time for a few well-ordered questions to be put, which, by being easily answered, shall strengthen the lecturer's position, and at the same time triumphantly vindicate the fair spirit of the meeting. But just as one or other is about to rise, a large head and shoulders begin to tower in the air, and Mr. Jones the churchwarden steps on to the platform. This is a trying moment, for Mr. Jones is known to be a bigoted Tory, and not a popular man in the parish. But it does not do to stop him, in fact it would not be possible; for he is very full of his own importance, and determined to have his say. His opening sentences are not conciliatory. He begins by wondering how any man can be such a fool as not to be a Conservative: what the labouring man wanted with a vote he never could and never should understand, and if he had had anything to do with it, they might be whistling for it now: as for all this revolutionary talk of dividing the land among the people, it reminded him of an anecdote in Grecian history, how when the Persian ambassadors came to demand land and water, the Athenians threw them into a pit, and the Spartans into a pool, and bade them take both; and that, he thought, was the best way of treating such gentry.

Sounds of indignation begin to be audible in the meeting: the lecturer, who has been fidgeting uneasily ever since Mr. Jones' opening words, whispers to his hostess that "if that fellow is allowed to go on, he'll do more harm than fifty Radicals." Frantic endeavours are made by looks and gestures to bring the offender down to his seat, but the now open demonstrations of hostility among his audience only strengthen him in his resolve to say what he pleases.

All order and discipline have disappeared, the authority of the

chair is gone, and a wild hubbub of shrieks and groans supervenes varied only by that shrill and all-powerful whistle which every cad can extract from his lips by the aid of two fingers. Any restoration of silence being absolutely hopeless, the Rectory party, headed by the chairman, retire through a door at the back of the platform, leaving the Churchwarden still on his legs, and rather anxious than not to be personally attacked, if by that means alone he may prove his superiority to the new electors.

ICI.



MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A cheerful little ballad of a domestic type is "Wooing," written and composed by G. Stanbridge and Edith Cooke, published in two keys.—There is true pathos in "The Light Upon the River," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and A. H. Behrend.—Of a very ordinary type, albeit they will find some admirers, are three ballads, entitled respectively "Wind from the Sea," words and music by Mrs. Arthur Burton; "Our Troth," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Joseph Spaworth; and "Dear Memories," words by Grace H. Horr and Ciro Pinsuti. This is the best of the group, although scarcely up to the standard of this talented composer.—Two fairly good drawing-room pianoforte pieces are "Enone," a *gavotte*, by W. Mason; and "Phyllida," a *danse joyeuse*, by Hugh Clendon.

MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.—Of more than ordinary merit is "The Pilgrim's Shrine," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Vernon Key, who have also collaborated in "Rank and File," a somewhat boastful song of the period; both these songs are published in two keys.—"Once in a While" is a pleasing song, with violin accompaniment, compass G to F, written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Arthur J. Greenish.—"The Freebooter" is a dashing song, after the immortal "Vagabond," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by Morton Elliott.—A quaint little love song for a soprano is "The Magic Flute."—Book VII. of "The Vesper Voluntaries" for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, contains twelve original Voluntaries, by Arthur Graham, all more or less good, and suitable for various occasions.—"Danse Entrancing" is a merry little piece for the pianoforte, by E. Boggetti.—Of the same style and type is "Drucie," a dance for the pianoforte, by A. J. Carpenter.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Two songs, written and composed by G. C. Bingham and Frank L. Moir, are: "Children Asleep," suggested by Faed's picture in the Academy bearing that title, and "Her Answer." Both are simple, and suitable for the home circle.—"Sans Adieu," words by Cecil Lorraine, music by Jaques Blumenthal, is a very graceful song, worthy of its gifted composer, and likely to win popular and lasting favour.—"Music and Beauty," the words freely translated from the French of Alfred de Musset, by W. Boosey, and prettily set to music by Violet M. L. Isaacson, is a dainty song for the drawing-room.—The quaint frontispiece to "Grandpapa's Wooing" will attract attention to this song, and the pleasing words by D. F. Bloomfield and the music by Theo Marzials will fix it there; a long and prosperous career may be anticipated for this song, which is published in three keys.—A capital response to an encore is "The Three Beggars," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy.—"Crotchets," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Louis Diehl, is not one of the best compositions of either poet or composer.—Sydney Smith has arranged some of the most popular airs from Goring Thomas's opera, *Nadeshda*, in a florid style, as solo and duet.—A fairly good set of waltzes are "With the Stream," by Theo Marzials; the frontispiece is a very gorgeous sunset on the river.

MESSRS. W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—An ancient poem, by Sylvester (1565-1618), entitled "To My Love," has inspired A. A. Home to a very appropriate musical setting for a baritone voice.—A very good moral is contained in "Have Patience and Endure," words by Clement Scott, music by the Countess of Munster. It is a narrative song of medium compass.—By the above composer are words and music of a pathetic song, entitled "Look in My Face, Dear."—One of the best *pièces de circonstance* which the marriage of the Princess Beatrice has called forth is "Marche Joyeuse," by the Countess of Munster.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—"The Tournament," a dramatic cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra; libretto by Walter Spinney, music by John Storer, Mus. Bac., Oxon. The argument is founded upon fact. Mellet, the eldest daughter of Peverell, Lord of Whittington, declared that she would marry no one but a knight who had distinguished himself by his prowess in the field. Her father, admiring her spirit, proclaimed a tournament open to all noble comers, the prize being Mellet as a wife, her dower the castle and domain of Whittington. An unknown knight of Lorraine appears with a maiden shield of silver and a peacock for a crest; of course he wins the prize. The music is bright and melodious, and void of difficulty. For the first part of a concert this cantata would prove very effective, and not a bar too long.

C. B. TREE.—Of more than ordinary merit is "Our Darling," the sweet and pathetic words by Ray Lotinga, music by Lindsay Proctor, published in three keys; this song deserves to be a leading favourite this season.—A bright and well-written piece is "On the March," composed by Frederick Croft.—Two very good specimens of drawing-room music are "Danse Elegante," by Alberto Kessler, and "Feodora Gavotte," by A. H. Harvey; the latter has arrived at its twelfth edition, and is a well-established favourite.—A very pretty valise is "La Lettre," by Paul Melvere.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Untold and Unsung," written and composed by Arthur Salmon, is a pleasing song of medium compass.—"True Heart, Lie Still," is a pathetic poem by L. C. Masters, dedicated to the memory of Viscount St. Vincent and his comrades who fell at the battle of Abu Klea; the music, by Philip Harbord, is very appropriate (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—"Bootles' Baby Waltz," by A. Lancier, is a fairly good specimen of dance music; the frontispiece is attractive (C. Jefferys).—Characteristic and sprightly is "Ballyshannon," an Irish dance by Hubi Newcombe; it will surely make its mark at a popular concert (Messrs. Hutchings and Co.).—The frontispiece of "Sweet Moments," a valise by A. Colles, is pleasing and the music is very danceable (Messrs. Piggott and Co.).

THE SEA-SHELL MISSION AND CHILDREN'S SCRAP-BOOK MISSION appeals for gifts of shells which may be collected by children able to visit the sea-side during the holiday season; also for Christmas and birthday cards, and all kinds of small pictures from illustrated papers. The secretary wishes to thank those who have already assisted him in his collection, and begs for donations in order that he may purchase scrap-books and boxes whereon to mount the pictures and shells. Over 6,000 boxes of shells and 3,000 scrap-books have already been distributed, and donations should be sent to the Secretary of the Sea-Shell Mission, 26, Tunstall Road, Brixton Road, S.W.

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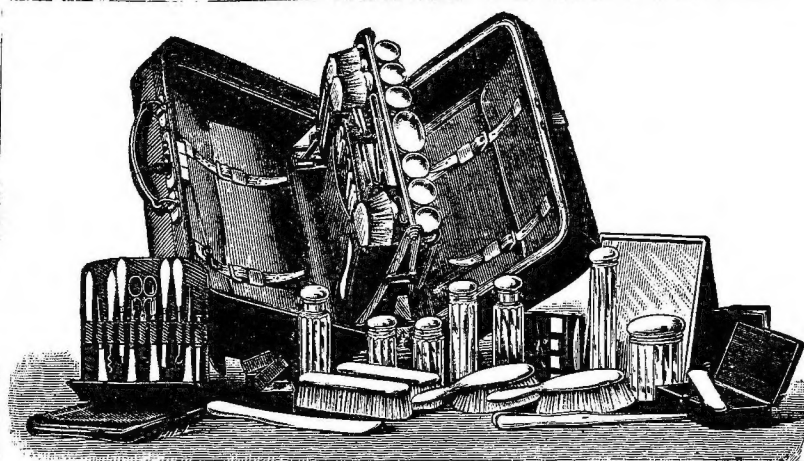
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ceases, and by continuing the inhalations several times daily the broken lung vessel
becomes cemented up with coagulated hæmorrhage. All educated medical scientists
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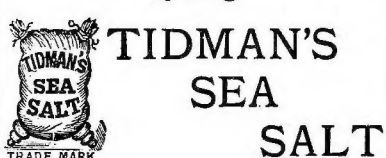
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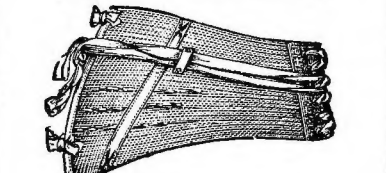
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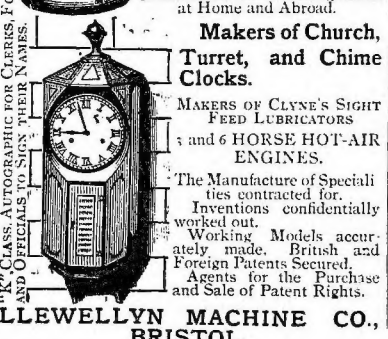


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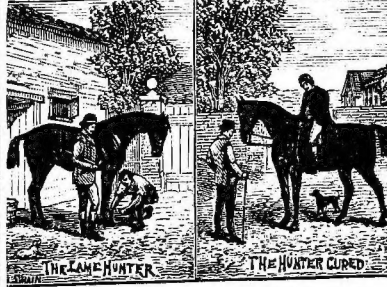
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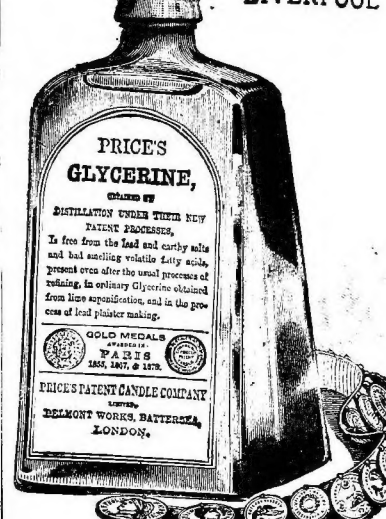
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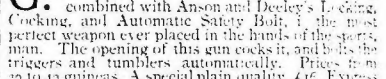
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